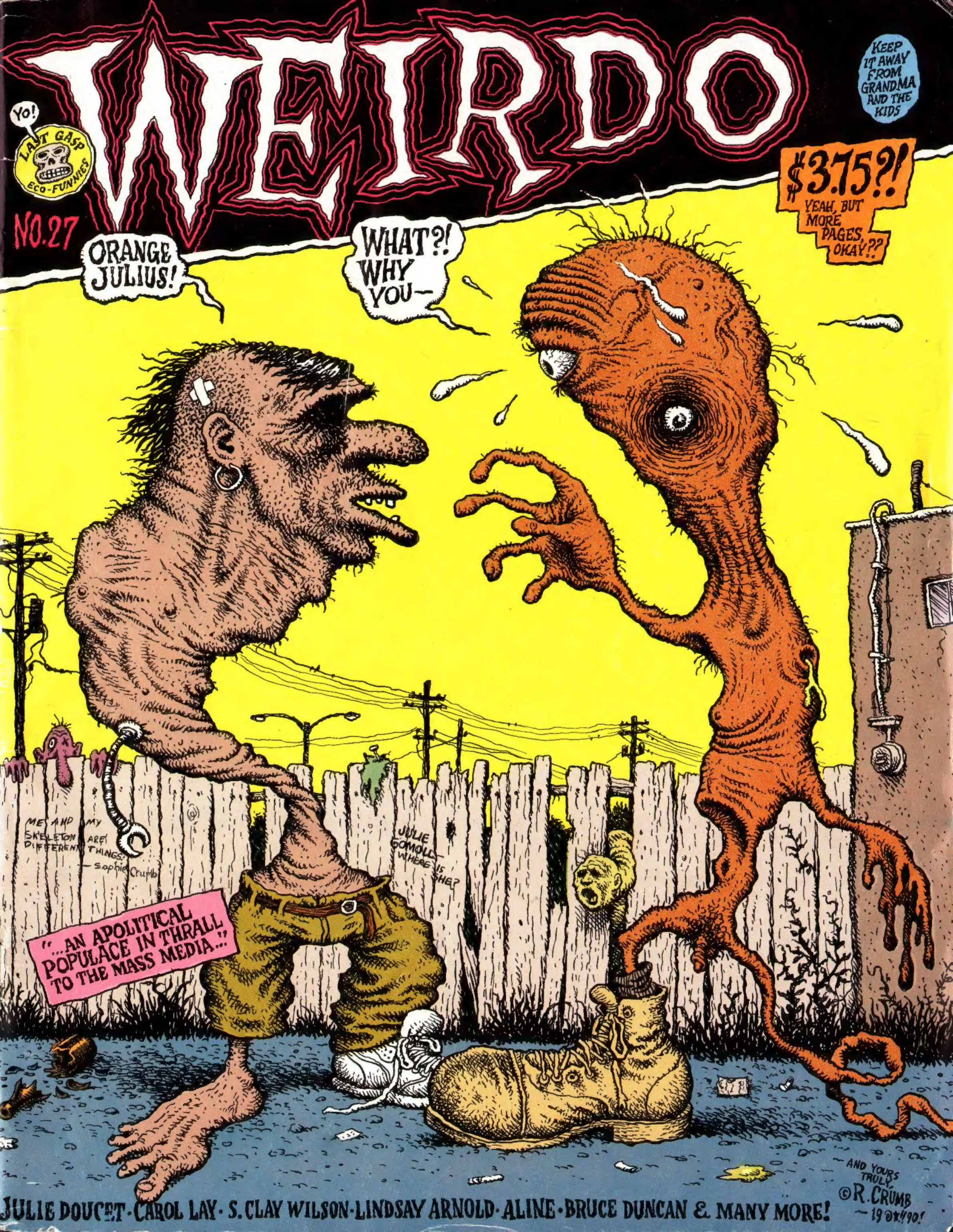
WEIRDO
YO!
LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
NO. 27
KEEP IT AWAY FROM GRANDMA AND THE KIDS
$3.75?! YEAH, BUT MORE PAGES, OKAY??
ORANGE JULIUS!
WHAT?! WHY YOU–
ME AND MY SKELETON ARE DIFFERENT THINGS! — Sophie Crumb
JULIE GOMOLL WHERE IS SHE?
"...AN APOLITICAL POPULACE IN THRALL TO THE MASS MEDIA..!"
AND YOURS TRULY, ©R. CRUMB — 19∂x!!90!
JULIE DOUCET · CAROL LAY · S. CLAY WILSON · LINDSAY ARNOLD · ALINE · BRUCE DUNCAN & MANY MORE!

JESUS' CRITTERS

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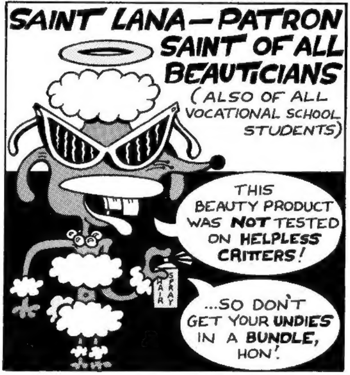
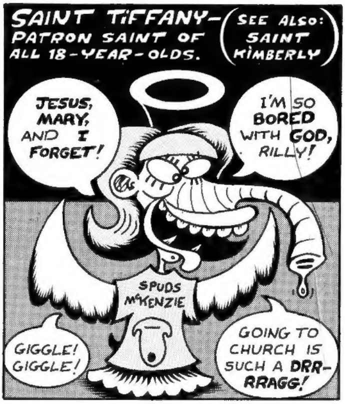
PROFILE OF SAINTS:


SAINT LANA—PATRON SAINT OF ALL BEAUTICIANS
(ALSO OF ALL VOCATIONAL SCHOOL STUDENTS)
THIS BEAUTY PRODUCT WAS NOT TESTED ON HELPLESS CRITTERS!
...SO DON'T GET YOUR UNDIES IN A BUNDLE, HON'.
HAIR SPRAY


SAINT TIFFANY—PATRON SAINT OF ALL 18-YEAR-OLDS.
(SEE ALSO: SAINT KIMBERLY)
JESUS, MARY, AND I FORGET!
I'M SO BORED WITH GOD, RILLY!
SPUDS McKENZIE
GIGGLE! GIGGLE!
GOING TO CHURCH IS SUCH A DRR-RRAGG!

AND DON'T FORGET:

ST. BUFFY
ST. TINA
ST. VELMA
ST. BETSY
ST. LULU
ST. MERCEDES
ST. LOLA
ST. NANCY
ST. EMMYLOU
ST. TABATHA
ST. MISSY
ST. BOBBY JO
ST. WINNIE

ST. RANDY
ST. BUSTER
ST. BUCKY
ST. RINGO
ST. STINKY
ST. TYRONE
ST. VERN
ST. BUBBA
ST. SKIPPY
ST. HANK
ST. DARRYL
ST. ELVIS
ST. BUTCH

JESUS' CRITTERS

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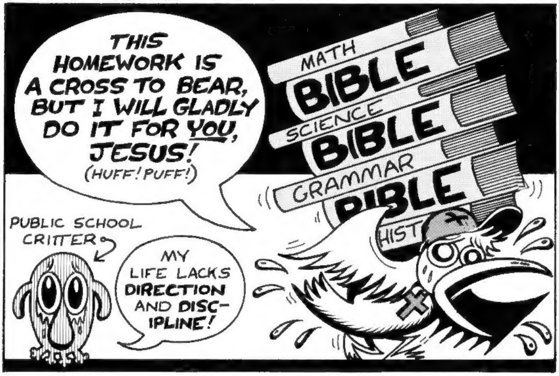
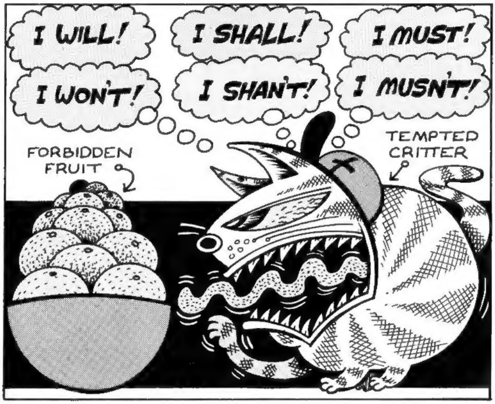
MORE CATHOLIC SCHOOL CRITTERS:


THIS HOMEWORK IS A CROSS TO BEAR, BUT I WILL GLADLY DO IT FOR YOU, JESUS! (HUFF! PUFF!)
MATH
BIBLE
SCIENCE
BIBLE
GRAMMAR
BIBLE
HIST
PUBLIC SCHOOL CRITTER
MY LIFE LACKS DIRECTION AND DISCIPLINE!


I WILL!
I SHALL!
I MUST!
I WON'T!
I SHAN'T!
I MUSN'T!
FORBIDDEN FRUIT
TEMPTED CRITTER

JESUS' CRITTERS

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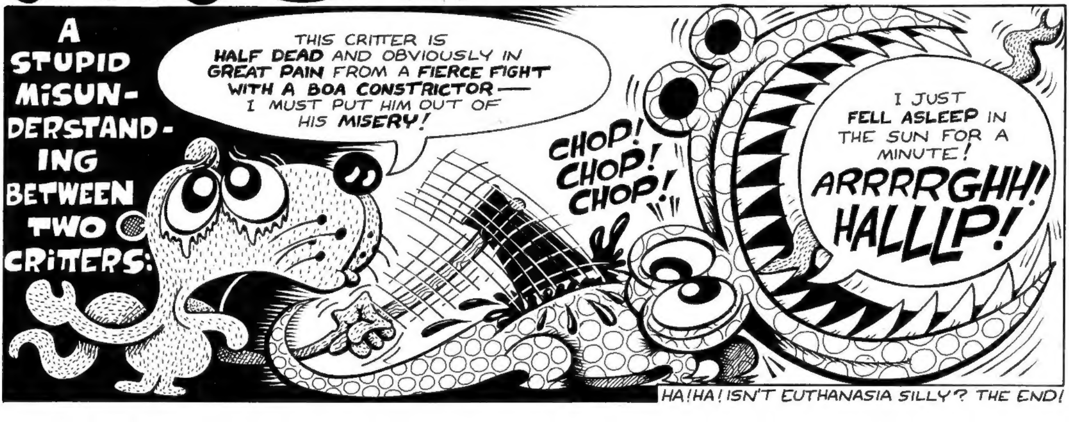
A STUPID MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN TWO CRITTERS:
THIS CRITTER IS HALF DEAD AND OBVIOUSLY IN GREAT PAIN FROM A FIERCE FIGHT WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR— I MUST PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY!
CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!
I JUST FELL ASLEEP IN THE SUN FOR A MINUTE! ARRRRGHH! HALLLP!
HA! HA! ISN'T EUTHANASIA SILLY? THE END!

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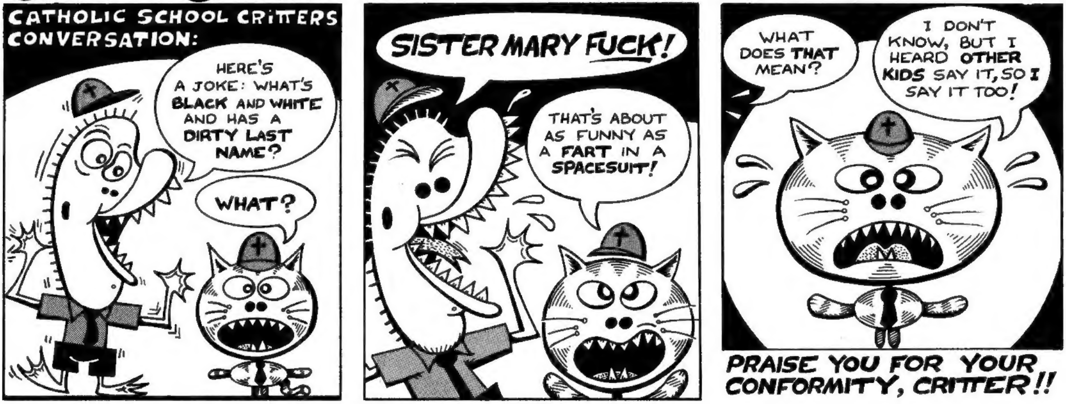
CATHOLIC SCHOOL CRITTERS CONVERSATION:
HERE'S A JOKE: WHAT'S BLACK AND WHITE AND HAS A DIRTY LAST NAME?
WHAT?
SISTER MARY FUCK!
THAT'S ABOUT AS FUNNY AS A FART IN A SPACESUIT!
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I HEARD OTHER KIDS SAY IT, SO I SAY IT TOO!
PRAISE YOU FOR YOUR CONFORMITY, CRITTER!!

JESUS' CRITTERS

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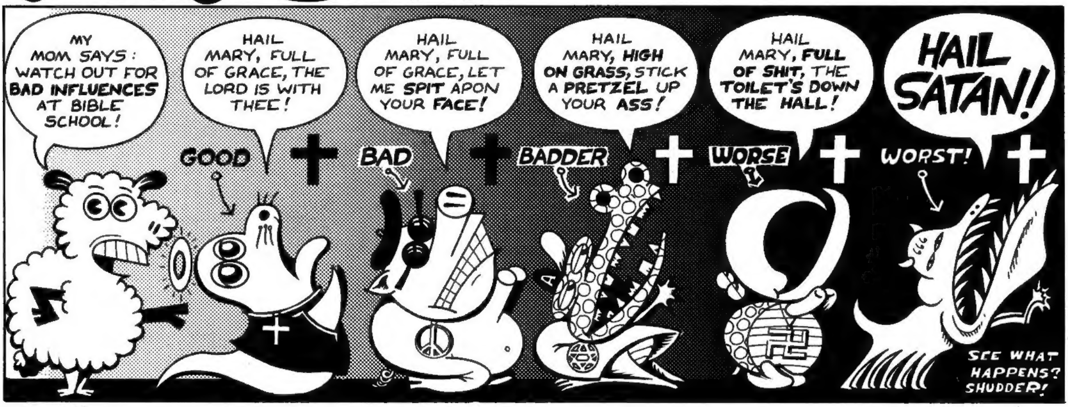
MY MOM SAYS: WATCH OUT FOR BAD INFLUENCES AT BIBLE SCHOOL!
HAIL MARY, FULL OF GRACE, THE LORD IS WITH THEE!
HAIL MARY, FULL OF GRACE, LET ME SPIT APON YOUR FACE!
HAIL MARY, HIGH ON GRASS, STICK A PRETZEL UP YOUR ASS!
HAIL MARY, FULL OF SHIT, THE TOILET'S DOWN THE HALL!
HAIL SATAN!
GOOD
BAD
BADDER
WORSE
WORST!
SEE WHAT HAPPENS? SHUDDER!

JESUS' CRITTERS

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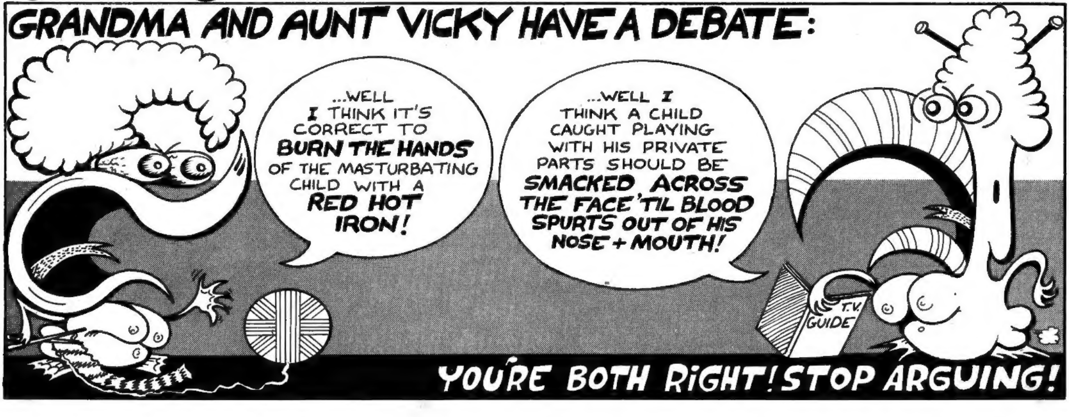
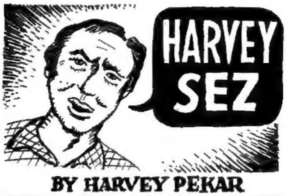

GRANDMA AND AUNT VICKY HAVE A DEBATE:
...WELL I THINK IT'S CORRECT TO BURN THE HANDS OF THE MASTURBATING CHILD WITH A RED HOT IRON!
...WELL I THINK A CHILD CAUGHT PLAYING WITH HIS PRIVATE PARTS SHOULD BE SMACKED ACROSS THE FACE 'TIL BLOOD SPURTS OUT OF HIS NOSE + MOUTH!
T.V. GUIDE
YOU'RE BOTH RIGHT! STOP ARGUING!

The Kiss Off Issue of WEIRDO

NO. 27

SPRING '90



HARVEY SEZ

BY HARVEY PEKAR

A WORD TO THE WISE

HERE ARE SOME COMICS THAT'VE COME OUT FAIRLY RECENTLY AND DESERVE ATTENTION:

UNSUPERVISED EXISTENCE BY TERRY LABAN. THIS IS A SEMI-AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WORK BY TERRY WHICH HAS AS ITS CENTRAL FIGURE, DANNY, A YOUNG, OVERQUALIFIED CAB DRIVER. HE AND HIS GIRL FRIEND, SUZY, LIVE TOGETHER IN A BOHEMIAN COMMUNITY THAT HAS SOME THINGS IN COMMON WITH DETROIT, SOME WITH ANN ARBOR (TERRY'S A U OF MICHIGAN GRAD-CLASS OF '84.)

TERRY'S WRITING IS FLUENT, PERCEPTIVE AND FUNNY. DANNY, A BRIGHT, LEVEL-HEADED GUY, REALLY DOES SEEM LIKE A LOT OF PEOPLE I'VE KNOWN WHO, AFTER GETTING OUT OF SCHOOL, TREAD WATER DOING MENIAL WORK WHILE TRYING TO DECIDE ON A VOCATION. HE'S A LITTLE DEPRESSED, BUT THEN, AREN'T WE ALL?

SUZY DOESN'T WORK. SHE'S KIND OF PUSHY AND TRENDY. WHILE MAKING BREAKFAST FOR DANNY SHE SAYS, "I'LL BET YOU'LL BE SURPRISED HOW YOUR ATTITUDE CHANGES ONCE THESE PROTEINS AND CARBOHYDRATES KICK IN. I PUT SAGE IN TOO. THEY SAY ITS GOOD FOR THE CORTEX.... AND IF YOU STILL FEEL BAD IN AN HOUR I KNOW SOME BREATHING EXERCISES YOU CAN DO."

SUZY'S FRIEND ANNADETTE IS ANOTHER FEATURED CHARACTER. IN ONE STORY SHE'S TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HER SEXUAL IDENTITY; SHE'S GOT A BOYFRIEND BUT ALSO HAS A CRUSH ON A WOMAN MUSICIAN. SUZY IS RIGHT THERE, TRYING TO HELP HER THROUGH THE CRISIS, BUT ANNADETTE'S DIFFICULTIES MAKE HER REFLECT ON HER RELATIONSHIP WITH DANNY. SHE WONDERS IF SHE'S BOGGED DOWN WITH HIM.

IN THE NEXT CHAPTER DANNY RUNS INTO AN OLD HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEART WHO MAKES A PASS AT HIM. HE RESISTS HER BUT IS UNSETTLED AND THINKS MAYBE HE SHOULD MARRY SUZY TO STABILIZE HIS LIFE. SHE SAYS SHE'S NOT READY YET. ON THAT NOTE THE STORY ENDS.

I'S A NICE PIECE, THOUGHTFUL AS WELL AS AMUSING.

TERRY'S FINE DRAWING REMINDS ME OF WILLY MURPHY'S WORK, BUT THAT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE, AS HE'S NOT FAMILIAR WITH WILLY. HIS STYLE HAS BEEN INFLUENCED BY GILBERT SHELTON'S, HOWEVER, AND EDITORIAL CARTOONISTS (WHICH TERRY WAS ONCE) INCLUDING OLIPHANT.

EIGHT BALL BY DAN CLOWES, IS ONE OF THE BEST COMICS ISSUED THIS YEAR. ITS FIRST PIECE "LIKE A VELVET GLOVE CAST IN IRON" DEALS WITH A GUY WHO VIEWS A "SICK" MOVIE WHICH CONFUSES HIM. AFTER IT'S OVER HE CONSULTS AN INDIAN WISE MAN IN THE MEN'S ROOM ABOUT IT AND IS TOLD IT WAS MADE IN ANOTHER TOWN ABOUT SIXTY FIVE MILES AWAY. HE RESOLVES TO GO THERE, AND BEGINS A CRAZY ODYSSEY TO DISCOVER THE MEANING OF THE FILM. ON THE WAY TO HIS DESTINATION HE'S ARRESTED BY COPS AND IS ON THE WAY TO THE STATION WHEN THEY PICK UP A THREE EYED WOMAN SUSPECTED OF BEING A PROSTITUTE. THE STORY IS SUPPOSED TO BE CONTINUED.

"DEVIL DOLL?" IS A CLEVER SEND UP OF JACK CHICK'S CARTOON RELIGIOUS TRACTS. IN "THE LAUGHIN SPITTIN MAN" LLOYD LLEWELLYN, A CLOWES REGULAR, INADVERTENTLY HAS A PART IN CAUSING A PRACTICAL JOKING NOVELTY SALESMAN'S DEATH AND SOON THEREAFTER FINDS HIMSELF BEDEVILED BY JOKES COMING

...CONT...

LETTERS TO THE EDITRESS...

SEND FAREWELL NOTES TO ME,

Aline Kominsky-Crumb
P.O. BOX 533
Winters
Ca. 95694
U.S.A.

I'M SURE BY NOW YOU ALL KNOW WHAT A HOPELESS NEUROTIC I AM. AND, OF COURSE, THAT I'M IN THE EPICENTER OF A MONUMENTAL MID LIFE CRISIS. I'VE SHOVED MY EGO DOWN YOUR THROATS FOR NINE ISSUES OF WEIRDO NOW. SOME OF YOU FELLOW SICKOS HAVE OBVIOUSLY IDENTIFIED WITH MY ANGST + WHINING BUT THEN THERE ARE THOSE WHO CRINGE WHEN THEY SEE MY PSYCHE HANGING OUT! AS YOU'LL SEE ON THIS LETTERS PAGE THE EXTREMES OF YOUR RESPONSES COVER A TOTAL RANGE OF REACTIONS FROM SYCOPHANTIC WORSHIP TO PATHOLOGICALLY VIOLENT HATRED. SO FAR NO ONE'S PHYSICALLY ASSAULTED ME, BUT ONE GUY THREATENED TO CUT MY HAIR OFF!!

BUT ANYWAY WHAT I REALLY HAVE TO TELL YOU IS, THAT FOR BETTER OR WORSE, THIS IS MY LAST ISSUE OF WEIRDO. THAT'S RIGHT!! YOU WON'T HAVE THE BUNCH TO KICK AROUND ANYMORE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUTURE FATE OF WEIRDO WILL BE. IT'S ALL VERY COMPLICATED. FOR ONE THING, ROBERT IS TIRED OF DOING EVERY COVER. BUT I GUESS HIS COVERS AUTOMATICALLY SELL A CERTAIN NUMBER OF MAGAZINES. I PERSONALLY THINK THAT WEIRDO IS FULL OF GREAT ART + SHOULD BE ABLE TO STAND ON ITS OWN MERITS, BUT UNFORTUNATELY THE AUDIENCE FOR THIS WORK IS VERY SMALL. TOO BAD AMERICANS DON'T READ VERY MUCH + TOO BAD WEIRDO IS SOLD IN COMIC BOOK STORES THAT CATER TO 14 YR. OLD BOYS WHO PREFER SUPER HEROES. IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO REACH THE INTELLIGENT AUDIENCE I BELIEVE EXISTS. ANYWAY THERE'S NOT ENOUGH FAME OR MONEY IN IT FOR ME! I'M TIRED OF DOING ALL THE WORK + ALWAYS HAVING SOME PEOPLE MAD AT ME. YES, I'M A BIG BABY... I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE... BOO HOO, SNIVEL!! SO WHAT'S THIS OVER-THE-HILL HOUSEWIFE GONNA DO NOW? I DUNNO... MY OWN WORK, WHATEVER THAT IS? OH YEAH IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE RUMORS, I MIGHT MOVE TO FRAHNCE!! THEY LOVE CARTOONISTS OVER THERE!! BUT WHO KNOWS... IT'S THE 90'S NOW + I GUESS ITS TIME FOR A CHANGE. ROBERT, PETER BAGGE + I EACH MANAGED TO PUT OUT NINE FABULOUS ISSUES OF THIS INTENSE + UNIQUE MAGAZINE. I'M GRATEFUL FOR HAVING HAD THIS CHANCE. SO... UH... YOU ALL HAVE A GOOD 'UN NOW!

* * *

DEAR ALINE,

JUST HAD TO WRITE TO INFORM YOU HOW SICK I AM OF WATCHING YOU PIMP YOURSELF AND YOUR FRIENDS OFF VIA YOUR HUSBAND'S TALENT + MAGAZINE. DAHLING, I DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHAT LISA SLEEZE'S BODY LOOKS LIKE-SHE IS MINDLESS, AS ARE YOU. YOU HAVE AN INCREDIBLE FANTASY GOING THAT YOU ARE SOME KIND OF AHTIST. EVERYBODY (EXCEPT YOU IT SEEMS) KNOWS THAT WITHOUT ROBERT'S INFLUENCE NOTHING YOU HAVE EVER DRAWN OR WRITTEN WOULD HAVE SEEN PRINT...ANYWHERE! I WOULD LIKE TO SEE SOME OF THE SUBMISSIONS THAT YOU CLAIM ARE NOT UP TO WEIRDO'S STANDARDS-I CANNOT IN MY WILDEST FUCKING DREAMS IMAGINE THAT THEY COULD BE AS BAD AS THE CRAP YOU LAY DOWN ON PAPER. FACE IT-WHY ELSE DO YOUR PIECES NOT APPEAR ANYWHERE WHERE YOU HAVE NOT LEFT A TRAIL OF ASS-KISSING BEHIND YOU? FACE IT, YOU ARE A JOKE IN A POSITION OF POWER DUE TO ROBERT'S SELF-ADMITTED PUSSY-WHIPPED NATURE. IT'S TOO BAD CAUSE WEIRDO IS STILL A GOOD MAGAZINE-DESPITE YOUR AND YOUR FRIENDS' TOO-FREQUENT CONTRIBUTIONS. YOU MAKE ME SICK-YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO OFFER THE COMICS MEDIUM BUT SETBACKS, OR TO SERVE AS A BAD EXAMPLE TO OTHERS. I HATE THE FACT THAT WOMEN LIKE YOU CAN NOT ONLY FUCK THEIR WAY INTO HOLLYWOOD, BUT ALSO INTO THE MEDIUM OF COMMIX.

I KNOW THIS LETTER WILL ALMOST CERTAINLY NOT SEE PRINT DUE TO YOUR FRAGILE BUT IMMENSE EGO, OR, IF IT DOES, WILL HAVE SOME MINDLESS CUTE REJOINDER SINCE YOU HAVE EDITORIAL POWER OF THE LAST WORD, BUT DO YOU HAVE THE BRAINS OR BALLS TO INTELLIGENTLY DENY MY OBSERVATIONS, OR THE GUTS TO GIVE US ALL A BREAK AND THROW AWAY YOUR DRAWING IMPLEMENTS BEFORE YOU HURT YOURSELF AND OTHERS?

-A FAN IN SACTO

DEAR ALINE,

I FEEL THE GREAT NEED TO WRITE AND THANK YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY CHOPPED LIVER FOR YOUR WONDERFUL, SENSATIONAL SENSE OF BOTH HEART-FELT HONESTY AND HUMOR. I'M A JEW-GIRL FROM LONG ISLAND-VERY NEUROTIC/MANIC (POOR SELF-IMAGE TOO!) I'M 37 (OI!) AND AM MARRIED TO AN EX-PROFESH JAZZ MUSICIAN NOW LAW STUDENT (MY MOTHER'S THRILLED) AND WE'RE RIGHT HERE IN SACRAMENTO. I'VE GOT A REAL CUTE/SWEET/BRAT NAMED ZOE. ANYWAY-WE JUST RELOCATED TO THIS AREA VIA LOTS OF PLACES (MAUI, S.F, SO. CAL.) AND SUDDENLY I'M FEELING QUITE ALONE-I GET THESE REAL MANIC/FATALISTIC FLUSHES AND IMMEDIATELY TURN TO MY MEDICINE CABINET AND PULL OUT A "DIRTY LAUNDRY" "TWISTED SISTERS," "WEIRDO," "WOMMENS COMIX" AND THEN YOU + A COUPLE 'A OTHERS MAKE ME LAFF AND VOILA I DO FEEL BETTER. JUST AS NORMAN COUSINS SAYS-LAFTER IS SOME GOOD MEDICINE! MY FIRST COUPLE OF WEEKS HERE I JUST BURIED MYSELF IN THE ABOVE MENTIONED BOOKS WHENEVER I STARTED TO GET WEEPY OR NAUSHUS AND I FELT BETTER. ONE GOOD THING-AS A RESULT OF THESE BAD FEELINGS I LOST 12 LBS. IN 2½ WEEKS. BY THE WAY MY GUT FEELING TELLS ME YOU'RE THIN AND EXOTIC. I NEED MORE OF YOUR WORK 'CAUSE I'VE ALREADY READ EVERYTHING 20X. THERE'S NO WAY THAT THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE ON THE PAGES IS BECAUSE YOU'RE A "GOOD LAY"-YOU'RE TALENTED AND YOU'RE PROBABLY A GOOD LAY TOO BECAUSE YOU AND ROBERT IMPLY THIS QUITE OFTEN AND YA KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT US "JEWISH" GIRLS!!

ANYWAY-WE'RE KINDA NEIGHBORS NOW (AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED YOU PUT DIXON ON THE MAP)-AND I'M NOT REALLY THE PUSHY JEWISH TYPE BUT IT WOULD BE FUN TO MEET YOU-MAYBE DRINK WINE + EAT ANYTHING -HAVE SOPHIE + ZOE PLAY AND JUST TALK! CAUSE I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR CAREER FOR 11 YRS. REALLY HOPE TO HEAR FROM YOU ALINE. THANKS AGAIN.

SANDEE BASS
SACTO, CALIF.

DEAR ALINE,

WEIRDO #26 WAS A PRETTY COOL ISSUE, NOT AS GOOD AS #25 BUT PETER BAGGE'S WEIRDO WILL ALWAYS BE THE TRUE ESSENCE OF WEIRDNESS TO ME.

R. CRUMB'S PIECE WAS ONE OF HIS BEST SO FAR; NEGATIVE AND EXISTENTIAL, IT LOOKS LIKE CRUMB HAS LOST HIS BATTLE AGAINST NIHILISM. HIS COVER FOR THE ISSUE WAS ALSO GREAT. IF I WAS A RICH CAPITALIST I'D HIRE CRUMB TO PAINT MURALS OF THAT KIND OF ANTI-CAPITALIST PROPAGANDA ON THE SIDES OF THE BUILDINGS I OWNED, JUST LIKE WHEN THE RICH CAPITALISTS HIRED DIEGO RIVERA TO PAINT MARXIST IDEOLOGY ON THEIR BUILDINGS TO SHOW PEOPLE THEY WERE CULTURED. GREAT STUFF.

A POSITIVE DEVELOPMENT I SAW IN THIS ISSUE WAS THE TITS + CLITS-FEMINIST-GROSS-OUT TYPE HUMOR, IN STORIES LIKE PHOEBE GLOECKNER'S PLAN AGAINST THE BOYS AND JULIE DOUCET'S "HEAVY FLOW"! THAT STUFF IS GOOD AS LONG AS YOU GIRLS DRAW THE LINE AT POLITICAL TIRADES AGAINST PORNOGRAPHY.

BRITT IVIE
AUSTIN, TEXAS

ALINE + PETER

WEIRDO #25 + 26 EFFECTIVELY SQUEALCHED THE RAGING CONTROVERSY. JUST WHO IS OF MORE WORTHY TIMBRE, EDITORIALLY, TO MAN/WOMAN THE HELM OF THE S.S. WEIRDO? YOU'RE BOTH RIGHT!! 25 + 26 WERE BACK TO BACK DOUBLE HEADERS-DOUBLED MY PLEASURE.

I'VE ENJOYED WEIRDO SINCE ITS INCEPTION. HAPPY TO SEE YOU'RE IN THERE KICKING, BITING SCRATCHING AND LICKING YOUR WOUNDS. KEEP ON SWINGING. LEAD WITH YOUR LEFT.

SO SAD ABOUT TERRY BOYCE. (PSALMS 66:6) PRAY FOR A BACKSLIDE (GEN. 4:9) SAY A SPELL (MATT. 11:4) DOES THIS MEAN THAT HER "PETER" IS NOW ST. PETER? (2 PETER 8:0) WILL "PETER" STILL "KNOW" HER IN THE BIBLICAL SENSE? (LEVIT. 3:14) HEY, TERRY, READ SONG OF SOLOMON, BABE. I WOULDN'T MIND KIDNAPPING AND DEPROGRAMMING MS. BOYCE IF SHE LOOKS ANYTHING LIKE THE SEXY LITTLE MINX IN HER NOW CONSIGNED TO HELL-FIRE ARTWORK (ESTHER 34:23,36). I'M AGNOSTIC ABOUT THINGS SPIRITUAL. (NUMBERS 7:11) ("LEAVE THE UNKNOWN ALONE." ALEISTER CROWLEY) I DO KNOW I CAN CUT TERRY BOYCE DOWN TO SIZE. (EZEKIAL 4:9) BELIEVE IT, TERRY! (REV. 6:9)

BEAST,
JAZON ROYLE
AKA SPOKESMAN
KANSAS CITY, MO.

WEIRDO NO. 27, SPRING, 1990. PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES, P.O. BOX 410067, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, 94141.

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WEIRDO SHITSUCKERS,

I PICKED UP *WEIRDO* #25 IN MEMPHIS TENNESSEE, BUSING FROM DALLAS TO WASHINGTON D.C. TO GET A JOB AND LIVE WITH MY GRANDPARENTS FOR AWHILE. ANYWAY I SPENT SOME TIME IN THE NOWHERE CITY OF MEMPHIS AND GOT *WEIRDO* 25. MY ONLY PURCHASE AT COMIC/BOOK/MUSIC/COLLECTOR JUNK STORE, PASSING OVER THE OH SO EXPENSIVE NEW ISSUE OF *RAW* AND VARIOUS OTHER STUFF THAT ALL LOOKED THE SAME + BORING. NOT THAT EVERYTHING LOOKED THE SAME, BUT THAT IT MOSTLY LOOKED LIKE SHIT, WHICH IS VERY BORING. AND I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO HAVE A THREE DOLLAR PIECE OF SHIT YUK-YUK, THE WORLD IS SHIT, LETTING ME PUT MY PENIS IN YOUR MOUTH SO I CAN PISS IN YOUR BRAINS AND COME OUT YOUR NOSE-MAGAZINE PULP THING THAT HAS MAYBE ONE OR TWO DECENT STORIES AND MAYBE A COUPLE OF PAGES OF SOMETHING GOOD OR NEW OR FUCKING REAL, NOT ALL THIS PERVERT CLICHE UNREALISTIC WARPED LOSER SHIT. I MEAN, WE'RE *ALL* FUCKING *REAL* LOSERS; JUST TELL YOUR OWN FUCKING STORY. I DON'T GIVE A SHIT WHAT'S WRONG WITH MODERN MAN, MR. MIDDLE AMERICA, AND EVERYFUCKINGBODY ELSE - I CAN SEE THAT SHIT MYSELF. YOU'RE ONLY MAKING RETARDO WEIRDO FANBOYS LAUGH THERE. IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT, UNAWARE SELF-PARODY THROUGH PARODY OF EVERYTHING ELSE. I JUST FUCKING WANT YOU YOUR FUCKING REAL STORY, NOT BIG-DICKS, NOT YUK-YUKS, NOT CHARLES BUKOWSKI'S, I CAN READ, I DON'T NEED GROSS-OUT PICTURES; BUT EVERY NOW + THEN IS SOMETHING THAT IS FUCKING GOOD + REAL IN COMICS OR WHATEVER YOU WANT TO CALL THIS SHIT-MEDIUM. *WEIRDO* 25 WAS NOT IT. WE CAN'T HELP IT WHEN WE SUCK, BUT *WEIRDO*, YOU DON'T NEED TO PRINT IT - I GET ENOUGH SHIT ON THE TOILET. NOT ONLY ALL THAT SHIT I'VE ALREADY MENTIONED BUT THERE'S TOO MUCH BORING FAR-OUT FANTASY, HARD NOSED DUMB LAFFS, ETC., ETC. ETFUCKINGCETERA. THE BEST THING IN THERE WAS, SADLY, CRUMB'S GRATEFUL GUILT-RIDDEN OVER-SEXED BOURGEOIS PATRONIZATION. I LOVE CRUMB, BUT I DON'T NEED THAT FROM ANYBODY. ALINE + BOB HAVE TOLD GREAT TALES OF REAL LIFE; WE NEED MORE LIKE THEIR BEST WORK, FOR THEY HAVE SHIT TOO. CORCORAN'S PIECE WAS PRETTY GOOD, BUT LET'S HEAR MORE ABOUT HIS THIRST AND LESS ABOUT HIS DRINKING - HEY, YOU SAID IT.

BUT HEY I BOUGHT *WEIRDO*, I DIDN'T BUY ANYTHING ELSE. I'LL KEEP LOOKING FOR GOOD SHIT BUT *WEIRDO* 25 WASN'T IT, I'LL PROBABLY TOSS IT. I HAVE BOOKS TO READ, GOOD BOOKS, AND I'LL GO TO THE COMIC SHOP AGAIN - BUT I HOPE TO FUCK I'D RATHER NOT HAVE SENT THE MONEY OF MY PURCHASE TO MY MOTHER OR SOMETHING. AND TO CONTINUE THE METAPHOR: I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF DRINKING, WHAT I NEED IS THIRST. I CAN'T REMEMBER WHY I WOULD EVER WANT A DRINK, WHEN YOU DROWN ME IN YOUR PISS, ALL I EVER WANTED WAS JUST ONE MORE DROP OF THE GOOD STUFF, HEY, I LOVE YOU FUCKERS.

JOE ROBERTSON
BETHESDA, MD.

DEAR ALINE,

HI! I'M BETH, A 12 YEAR OLD WHO WAS CLEANING THE HOUSE ONE DAY AND FOUND 2 OF YOUR COMICS. THEY WERE REALLY FUNNY! MY AUNT BARBARA SENT THEM TO MY MOM A LONG TIME AGO. I'M GOING TOMORROW TO SEE IF I CAN BUY MORE OF YOUR STUFF BUT I DOUBT THEY LET KIDS BUY THEM! TOO BAD, THEY'RE REALLY FUNNY! AND DOITY TOO!

KEEP UP THE GREAT WORK
LOVE,
BETH LEWIS
BURKE, VA.

DEAR ALINE,

WHY DOES *WEIRDO* SUCK SO MUCH THESE DAYS? I THINK IT IS *BECAUSE* YOU ARE THE EDITOR. ISSUE #26 WAS NOT TOO GOOD. #25 WAS BETTER WITH PETER BAGGE.

ARE YOU TRYING TO TURN *WEIRDO* INTO SOME SORT OF WOMEN'S COMIC? IT SEEMS THAT WAY. YOUR ART + STORIES SUCK. KRYSTINE KRYTTRE IS VERY GOOD. I THOUGHT PHOEBE GLOECKNER'S, STORY WAS SHIT. TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, THE "HARVEY SEZ" COLUMN IS THE BEST THING IN THE MAGAZINE. OK OK PENNY MORAN'S STORY WAS OK. *WEIRDO* USED TO BE THE BEST COMIC OUT BUT IT IS SLOWLY TURNING TO CRAP. WHAT A WASTE OF BACK COVER SPACE, DIANE NOOMIN'S "DIDI'S DEPRESSION CHAMBER". I THOUGHT THE ART SUCKED AND IT WAS VERY FAR FROM FUNNY. WHY DID YOU CHOOSE IT? ARE YOU UN-FUNNY OR DID YOU PUT IT BACK THERE CAUSE DIANE IS A GIRL?

WHY CAN'T YOU MAKE *WEIRDO* INTO THE FINE PIECE OF READING IT ONCE WAS? TERRY BOYCE IS AN ASSHOLE. I'M LOOKIN' AT YOUR STORY RIGHT NOW, "ARNIE'S GIRL" AND BOY DOES IT SUCK SHIT. IT KIND OF MAKES ME WANT TO SLAP YOU ACROSS THE FACE. THE FUCKED UP THING IS I'LL PROBABLY BUY *WEIRDO* 27, BUT I'M TELLING YOU IT BETTER BE GOOD.

WEIRDO #16 WAS GOOD.

SINCERELY AN AVID FAN
KUN KIM
BAYVILLE, N.Y.

DEAR ALINE,

JUST GOT THROUGH *WEIRDO* 26. A GOOD WAY TO SPEND A BORING NOCTURNAL TRAIN RIDE FROM LONDON, ONTARIO TO TORONTO. AFTER READING UMPTEEN DOZEN LETTERS COMPLAINING ABOUT YOUR (+ PETER'S) EDITORIAL DIRECTION, I FELT COMPELLED TO WRITE + TELL YOU NOT TO LISTEN TO THE MISPLACED AGRESSIVE TENDENCIES OF A BUNCH OF TWO-BIT NO-ACCOUNT SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED + SEMI-LITERATE PUDS (EVEN IF THEY MAKE UP THE VAST MAJORITY OF YOUR READERS.) I JUST WISH YOU WOULDN'T TAKE SO MANY STEPS TO APPEASE THEM.

WELL LET'S DO THE REVIEW THING + GET IT OUT OF THE WAY. FIRST THE BAD STUFF: LESLIE STERNBERG'S PIECE WAS COMPETENT BUT KINDA' LAME. MAYBE IT'S THAT THIS KIND OF FEMINIST CLAP-TRAP REALLY GETS UP MY ASS, BUT BEYOND THAT, THE STORY'S ONLY POINT SEEMS TO BE THAT SOME GUYS ARE ASSHOLES. NEXT, LLOYD DANGLE'S STORY IS THE SORT OF ANGST-RIDDEN SOPHOMORIC "HUMOR" THAT THE READERS ALLUDED TO ABOVE SEEM TO REVEL IN. NOW, I LIKE SPAIN'S ART - BUT BIG BITCH IS REALLY STARTING TO PISS ME OFF. FUN'S FUN, BUT THIS FEMALE BOND/BATMAN PARODY THING IS A PIECE O' SHIT + SHOULD BE PUT TO SLEEP. THEN, ROY TOMPKIN'S "WHERE AM I?" WHEN IT COMES TO PSYCHOSIS I PREFER MINE GENUINE. THIS IS JUST A BIT TOO CONTRIVED.

BETTER WERE PENNY MORAN'S "A BIRD IN THE BEARD" (A NICELY DONE SLICE O' LIFE, VISUALLY STRONG + WELL WRITTEN) + STAN GOLDSTEIN'S "THE GAL FOR STAN" (KINDA SMARMY, BUT YA GOTTA STAND UP FOR THOSE SENSITIVE YOUNG FUCKERS.

ON TO THE GOOD STUFF. I'VE LIKED MARY FLEENER'S STUFF EVER SINCE I FIRST SAW IT IN *GROUND ZERO*. THIS PIECE SITS OPPOSITE STERNBERG'S, USES SAME FORMAT, NUMBER OF PANELS + CENTRAL PREMIS + YET IT IS SO MUCH MORE INVOLVING. YOU ARE LEFT WITH THE FEELING OF HAVING JUST HEARD A CONFESSION RATHER THAN HAVING WITNESSED A STAGED EVENT.

BOB'S - NOT HIS BEST WORK EVER, BUT HEAD + SHOULDERS ABOVE THE CROWD. THERE'S MORE CHARACTER IN ONE OF HIS PANELS THAN IN MOST ARTISTS' WHOLE STORIES.

I DON'T RECOGNIZE PHOEBE GLOECKNER'S NAME, BUT HER WORK MAKES ME WISH I DID. IT'S DELIGHTFULLY AMORAL IN AN OBVIOUSLY TRUE + CHILD-LIKE WAY. TOUCHES OF WINDSOR McKAY + A HINT OF JUSTIN GREEN. I COULDN'T BE HAPPIER THAT YOU'VE BROUGHT IN A SLEW OF TALENTED FEMALE ARTISTS.

WHICH BRINGS US TO YOUR PIECE. WHAT CAN I SAY? I WANT TO BARE YOUR LOVE-CHILD. IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE IN GOOD HANDS WITH BOB I'D BE ON MY WAY OUT TO CHASE YOU AROUND MYSELF + SAVE YOU FROM A FATE WORSE THAN BOREDOM.

I WAS SHOCKED TO DISCOVER THAT "MOMSTER" WAS NOT DRAWN BY A FEMALE, BUT TED JOUFLAS. I WAS ALMOST DISAPPOINTED. THERE'S A TWISTED SENSUALITY IN THE ART I FIND DARKLY APPEALING, AUTHENTIC + DISTURBING. THE WORK OF A FUCKED UP GENIUS. THE RABID RABBIT PIECE REMINDS ME OF BEARDSLEY + VON BYROS WITHOUT BEING THE SLIGHTEST BIT DERIVATIVE.

ANOTHER NEW NAME IS JULIE DOUCET. LIKED HER STORY QUITE A BIT. IT'S SLIGHTLY DERIVATIVE OF SOME OF THE *RAW* ARTISTS - MUÑOZ COMES TO MIND - BUT ONE COULD BORROW FROM MUCH WORSE PLACES.

AND LAST, NOT LEAST, THE DOUBLE THREAT OF KRYSTINE KRYTTRE + DIANE NOOMIN. WHY THESE WOMEN DON'T HAVE THEIR OWN BOOKS IS BEYOND ME. I KNOW DIANE HAS PUT OUT MORE WORK IN THE PAST, BUT WHAT'S SHE DOING NOW? SITTING AROUND POPPING M+M'S + VALIUM, WATCHING HER CELLULITE ACCUMULATE? CHRIST, WOMAN, GET YOURSELF A YOUNGER LOVER + SOME MOTIVATION (MY ADDRESS IS ON THIS LETTER SOMEWHERE) WAKE-UP + SMELL THE COFFEE!

AS FOR KRYSTINE, SHE'S PROBLY TOO BUSY GETTIN' FUCKED + FUCKED UP, COMMITTING ACTS OF PETTY VANDALISM, TO PUT TOGETHER A WHOLE BOOK ANY WAY. HECK, ANY FRIEND OF DORI SEDA'S IS ALRIGHT IN MY BOOK.

LET'S WRAP UP WITH "HARVEY SEZ". THE MORE PLACES PEKAR HAS TO RANT + RAVE IN PRINT THE SAFER I FEEL. GOD KNOWS WHAT HE'D DO WITHOUT THAT RELATIVELY SAFE OUTLET. HARV'S ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE YOU'D PROBABLY WANT TO KILL IN REAL LIFE, BUT I ENJOY *AMERICAN SPLENDOR* JUST THE SAME.

LET ME JUST SAY WHAT A FINE JOB YOUR DOING, ALINE. NOT THAT I DIDN'T ENJOY PETER BAGGE'S TENURE - I DID. BUT IT'S YOURS NOW + I IMPLORE YOU TO RUN IT THE WAY YOU SEE FIT!

AS FOR ALL YOU BUTHOLE SURFER/SKATEBOARD MANIACS WHO GREW UP ON MTV + GILLAGAN'S ISLAND REPEATS, I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING PISSED AT THE WORLD BUT I GREW UP IN THE FUCKIN' 70'S, MAN. I HAD TO EAT FUCKIN' DISCO MUSIC UNTIL I PUKED 160 BEATS A MINUTE. THE BEST THING ON TV WAS *MASH*!! IF DRUGS HADN'T BEEN SO CHEAP MY WHOLE GENERATION WOULD HAVE FORMED A GIANT SUICIDE PACT. YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT IT ROUGH? TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, THERE'S NOT BEEN A MORE CULTURALLY EMPTY PERIOD IN THE HISTORY OF THIS DIRTBALL. YUPPIES ON ONE SIDE O' ME + JOHN TRAVOLTA ON THE OTHER. AT LEAST NOW THERE'S SOME GOOD READING MATERIAL OUT THERE. STUFF LIKE *YUMMY FUR*, *NEAT STUFF*, *LOVE + ROCKETS*, *RAW* + OF COURSE *WEIRDO*. WISE UP, JUST SAY NO TO ACID RAIN AND GET YOURSELF A LIFE STYLE.

SHIT. I GOTTA GET TO BED. SAY GOODNIGHT ALINE!

CAIO
BRETT LIST
SCARBOROUGH
ONTARIO

ED. NOTE... WHEW... SOME LONGWINDED KIDS OUT THERE... SORRY I COULDN'T FIT EVERYONE'S RANTING IN... BUT YOU CAN SEE FROM THIS RANDOM SAMPLING THAT NOBODY AGREES ON ANYTHING + THAT THE FABULOUSLY TALENTED ARTISTS OF *WEIRDO* INSPIRE READERS TO EXTREMES.... FOR ME ITS AMAZING SINCE I NEVER WRITE TO ANYONE... IT TAKES A LOT TO STIMULATE READERS TO POUR THEIR HEARTS (GUTS-BILE) OUT + ITS OBVIOUS THAT THE *WEIRDO* ARTISTS ARE DOING SOME OUTRAGEOUSLY STRONG WORK... IN MY OPINION SOME OF THE BEST, MOST HONEST + INTERESTING ART BEING DONE ANYWHERE HAS APPEARED IN *WEIRDO*... SO... THE GOD DAMNED EIGHTIES ARE FINALLY OVER; MAYBE WE'LL ALL GET RICH + FAMOUS IN THE NINETIES!!

A.K.C.

HARVEY SEZ...

CONTINUED

FROM HE KNOWS NOT WHERE. THEN HIS TORMENTOR REVEALS HIMSELF. IT IS THE LAFFIN' SPITTIN' MAN, WHO MAKES A "RARE APPEARANCE IN THE MATERIAL PLANE" TO INFORM LLOYD THAT SINCE HE HAS STOLEN "FROM THIS WORLD A BEARER OF MIRTH" HE MUST ASSUME HIS BURDEN. LLOYD PROTESTS HIS INNOCENCE BUT AT THE END OF THE STORY WE SEE HIM, IN A LOUD PLAID SPORT COAT, ASKING HIS FRIENDS "CAN I INTEREST YOU GUYS IN SOME NOVELTIES?" THIS IS A FUNNY, DISTURBING STORY... ACTUALLY ALL THE STORIES IN THIS COMIC ARE DISTURBING TO SOME EXTENT.

CLOWES SAVES HIS BEST FOR LAST WITH *YOUNG DAN PUSSEY*, A BRILLIANT PARODY OF SUPER HERO COMIC PRODUCTION. THE PROLOGUE CONTAINS AN INCIDENT THAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME MANY TIMES. CLOWES IS WALKING DOWN THE STREET WITH A GUY WHO TELLS HIM, "Y'KNOW, I'VE HAD AN IDEA FOR A GREAT COMIC BOOK FOR A LONG TIME... BUT I CAN'T REALLY DRAW, Y'KNOW! MAYBE YOU SHOULD DRAW IT AND I'LL GIVE YOU A PERCENTAGE OF THE PROFITS." EVEN BEFORE I WROTE COMIC BOOK STORIES, WHEN I WAS A JAZZ CRITIC, PEOPLE WOULD TELL ME THEY'D HAD FASCINATING EXPERIENCES BUT COULDN'T WRITE. "YOU WRITE 'EM UP AND WE'LL MAKE A MILLION," THEY'D TELL ME.

O.K., BACK TO DAN PUSSEY. HE AND FIVE OTHER ARTISTS ARE CONFINED IN THE LOFT OF THEIR EMPLOYER, THE LEGENDARY DR. INFINITY, OF INFINITY COMICS, WHO TELLS THEM THAT THEY STAND ON THE THRESHOLD OF A "NEW COMICS GOLDEN AGE." THEIR FLAGSHIP TITLES WILL BE *THE ARMY BOYS*, *INFINITY HOMBRE*, *MUSCLEMASTER*, *THE TEN YEAR ROBOT WAR*, *NEW AGE KRYSTALL* AND *MARIONETTE SQUAD*. AN ARTIST ASKS DR. INFINITY IF THESE ARE SUPER HERO TITLES. "NO," HE SAYS, "WE AT INFINITY COMICS PUBLISH THE SEQUENTIALLY DELINEATED EXPLOITS OF SUPER CHAMPIONS." YEAH. RIGHT.

CLOWES HAS AN ORIGINAL DRAWING STYLE. IT COULD BE CALLED CARTOONEY, BUT HE DOESN'T EXAGGERATE AS MUCH AS MOST CARTOONISTS. HE'S MORE SUBTLE, BUT STILL MANAGE'S TO DRAW SOME REAL UGLY PEOPLE [ANOTHER THING - HE USES VERTICAL LINES A LOT, IN CONTRAST TO MANY CARTOON ILLUSTRATERS WHO DRAW MORE ROUNDED, LUMPY PEOPLE. HE EVEN USES VERTICAL LINES TO APPROXIMATE GRAY TONES, RATHER THAN DIAGONAL LINES OR CROSS HATCHING.]

WUZZAT, ALINE? I'M RUNNIN' OUTTA SPACE? W'JUS' LEMME PLUG CHESTER BROWN'S TRADE PAPERBACK *ED THE HAPPY CLOWN*, REPRINTED FROM THE PAGES OF *YUMMY FUR*, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF A FOUR PAGE INTRODUCTION WRITTEN AND HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY YOURS TRULY AND CUNNINGLY ILLUSTRATED BY CHESTER. I'D SAY CHESTER WAS AN "AMERICAN ORIGINAL" IF HE DIDN'T COME FROM CANADA. GUESS THAT MAKES HIM A CANADIAN ORIGINAL. HIS DRAWING - HE DRAWS ALL THESE TEENY PEOPLE - MIGHT LOOK A BIT CRUDE TO THE UNSOPHISTICATED EYE BUT HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING; HE IS A SOPHISTICATED AND UNIQUE STYLIST. LIKE IN THE INTRODUCTION, HE'S REALLY GOT THE BODY LANGUAGE, GESTURES AND FACIAL EXPRESSIONS OF THE CHARACTERS IN SYNC WITH THE WRITING. AS AN ILLUSTRATOR HE'S A FINE STORY TELLER.

HIS WRITING CONTAINS A STRANGE MIX OF INFLUENCES AND CHARACTERISTICS. ED THE CLOWN, A QUIET, GOOD HEARTED GUY, DOESN'T LOOK FOR TROUBLE, BUT IT FINDS HIM. HE REMINDS ME A LITTLE OF LEMUEL PITKIN, THE PROTAGONIST OF NATHANIAL WEST'S *THE COOL MILLION* (A SATIRE OF THE HORATIO ALGER STORIES.) HE GOES ON A CRAZY TRIP HERE, INVOLVING PARALLEL WORLDS, TWO PRESIDENT REAGANS, WHO ACTUALLY LOOK MORE LIKE SPIRO AGNEWS, A VAMPIRE] A GUY WHO CAN'T STOP SHITTING, VICIOUS LITTLE PYGMIES... ALONG THE WAY THERE ARE ALL SORTS OF SATIRICAL REFERENCES TO POLITICS, RELIGION, STRAIGHT COMICS... CHESTER SEES A LOT OF CRUELTY AND HYPOCRACY GOING ON, IT BOTHERS HIM A LOT AND HE PROTESTS AGAINST IT IN *ED, THE HAPPY CLOWN*, A FUNNY BUT SERIOUS BOOK...

PUT A *BAG* ON IT!!

Yes, my friends, you must *bag* those precious *BACK ISSUES* of *WEIRDO*; then when it comes time to *UNLOAD*, they'll be *MINT*!

ISSUES 2,3 & 4: $2.25 EACH
ISSUES 5, 10, 11, 12, 14, 16 & 17: $2.50 E.
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LITTLE UP-CHUX

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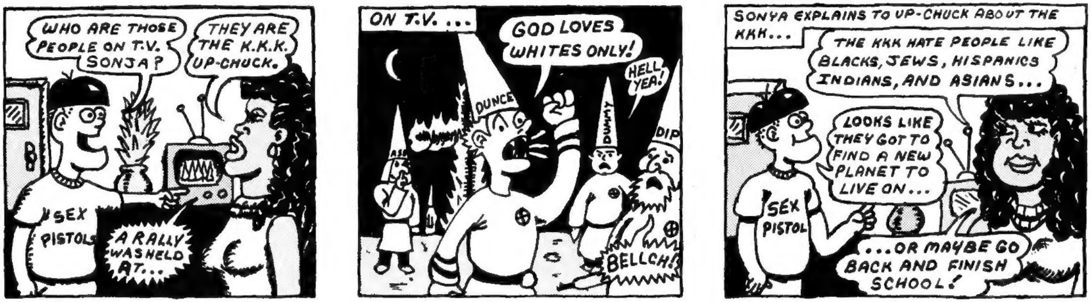
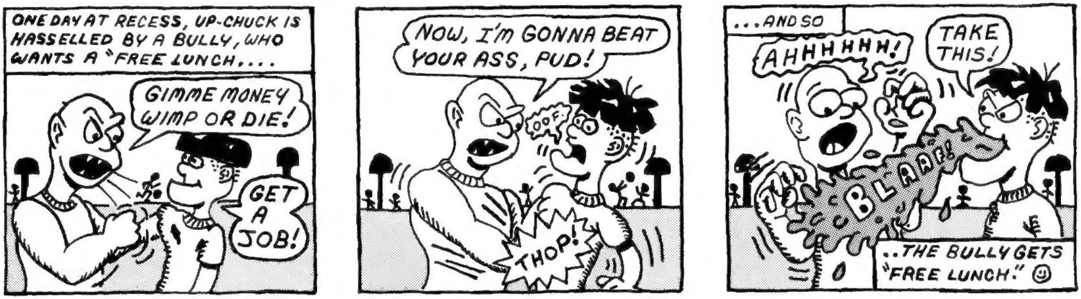
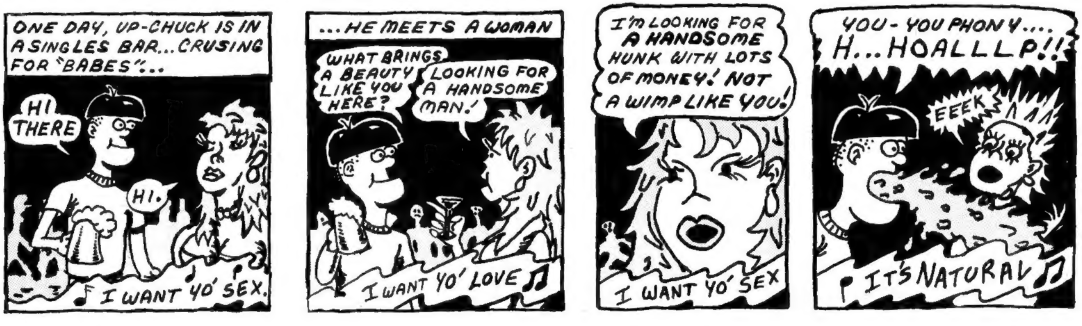
THE NEWS WITH UP-CHUCK

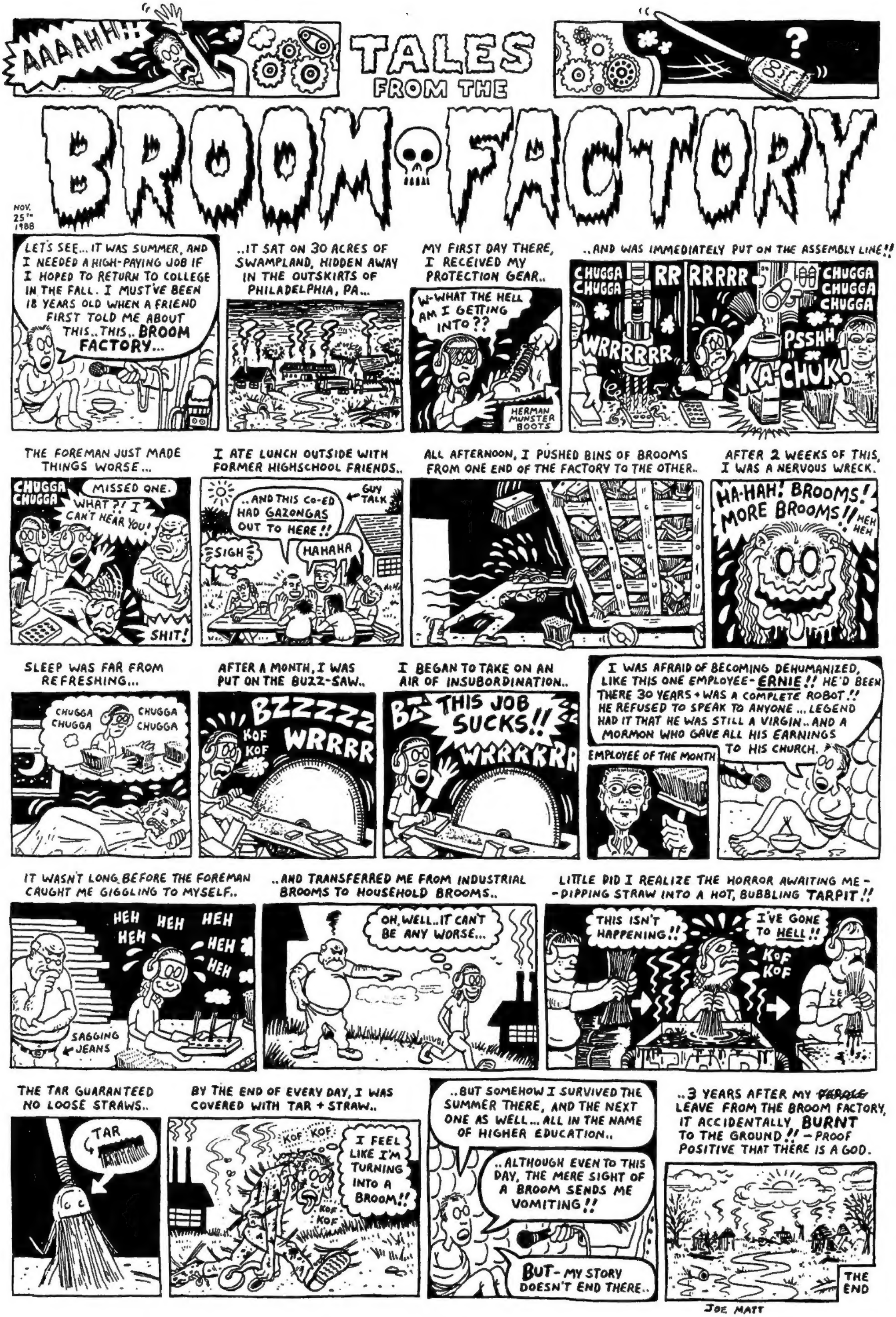

WHO ARE THOSE PEOPLE ON T.V. SONJA?
THEY ARE THE K.K.K. UP-CHUCK.
SEX PISTOLS
A RALLY WAS HELD AT...
ON T.V. ...
GOD LOVES WHITES ONLY!
HELL YEA!
DUNCE
DUMMY
DIP
ASS
BELLCH!
SONYA EXPLAINS TO UP-CHUCK ABOUT THE KKK...
THE KKK HATE PEOPLE LIKE BLACKS, JEWS, HISPANICS INDIANS, AND ASIANS...
LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT TO FIND A NEW PLANET TO LIVE ON...
SEX PISTOL
...OR MAYBE GO BACK AND FINISH SCHOOL!

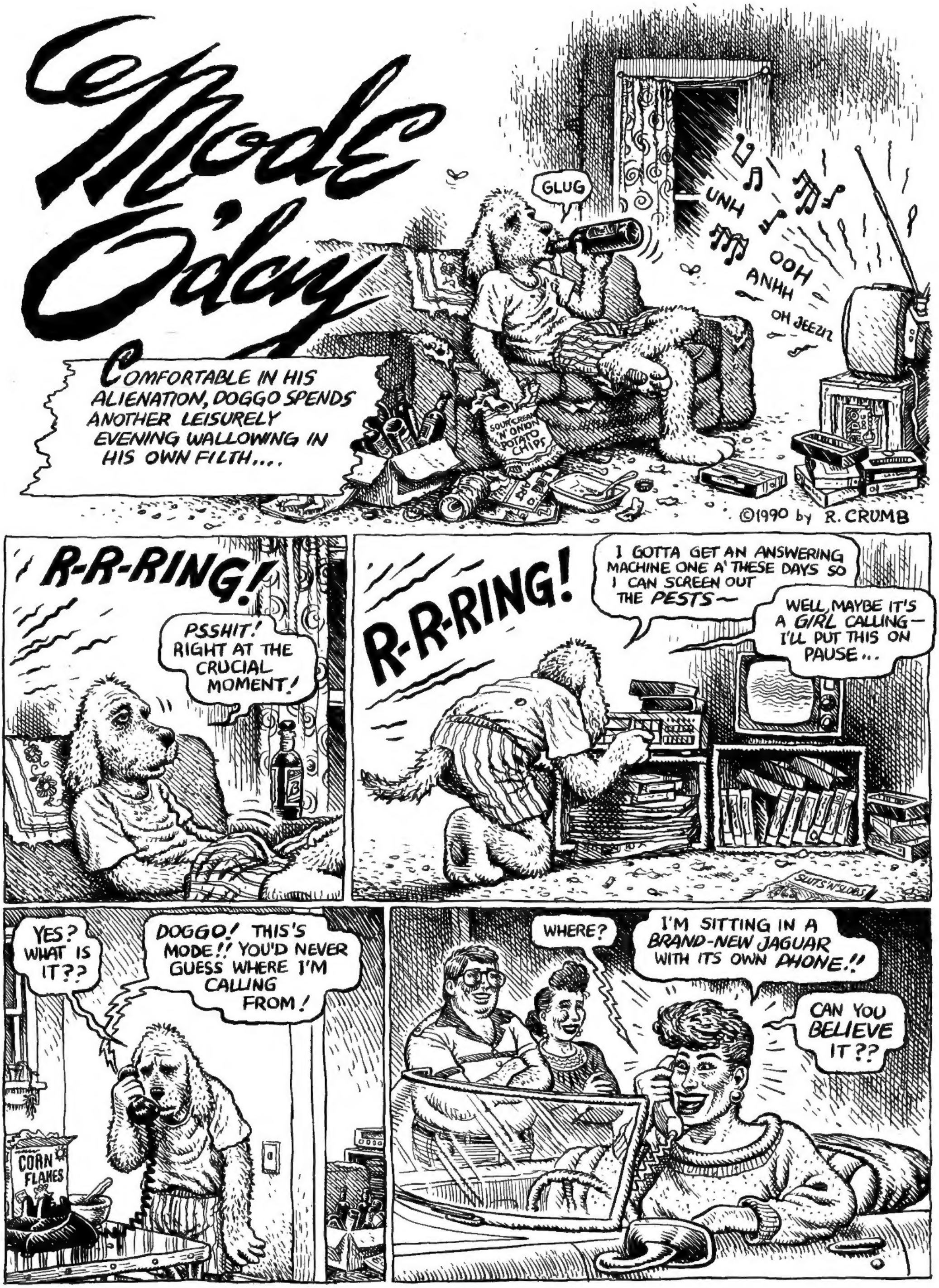
UP-CHUCK-IN-"HAVE MY LUNCH"

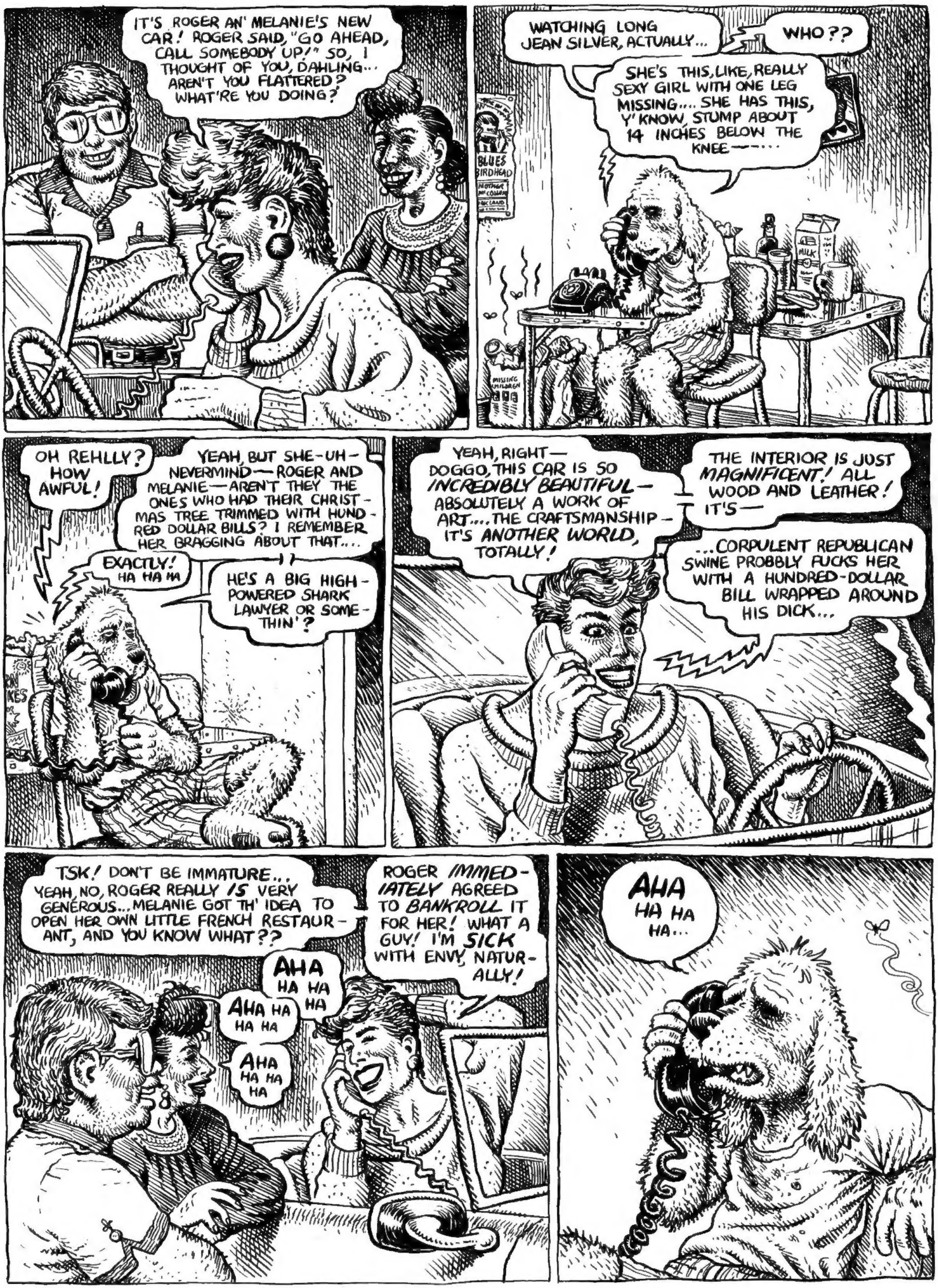

ONE DAY AT RECESS, UP-CHUCK IS HASSELLED BY A BULLY, WHO WANTS A "FREE LUNCH....
GIMME MONEY WIMP OR DIE!
GET A JOB!
NOW, I'M GONNA BEAT YOUR ASS, PUD!
OOF!
THOP!
...AND SO
AHHHHHH!
TAKE THIS!
BLAAA!
..THE BULLY GETS "FREE LUNCH." ☺

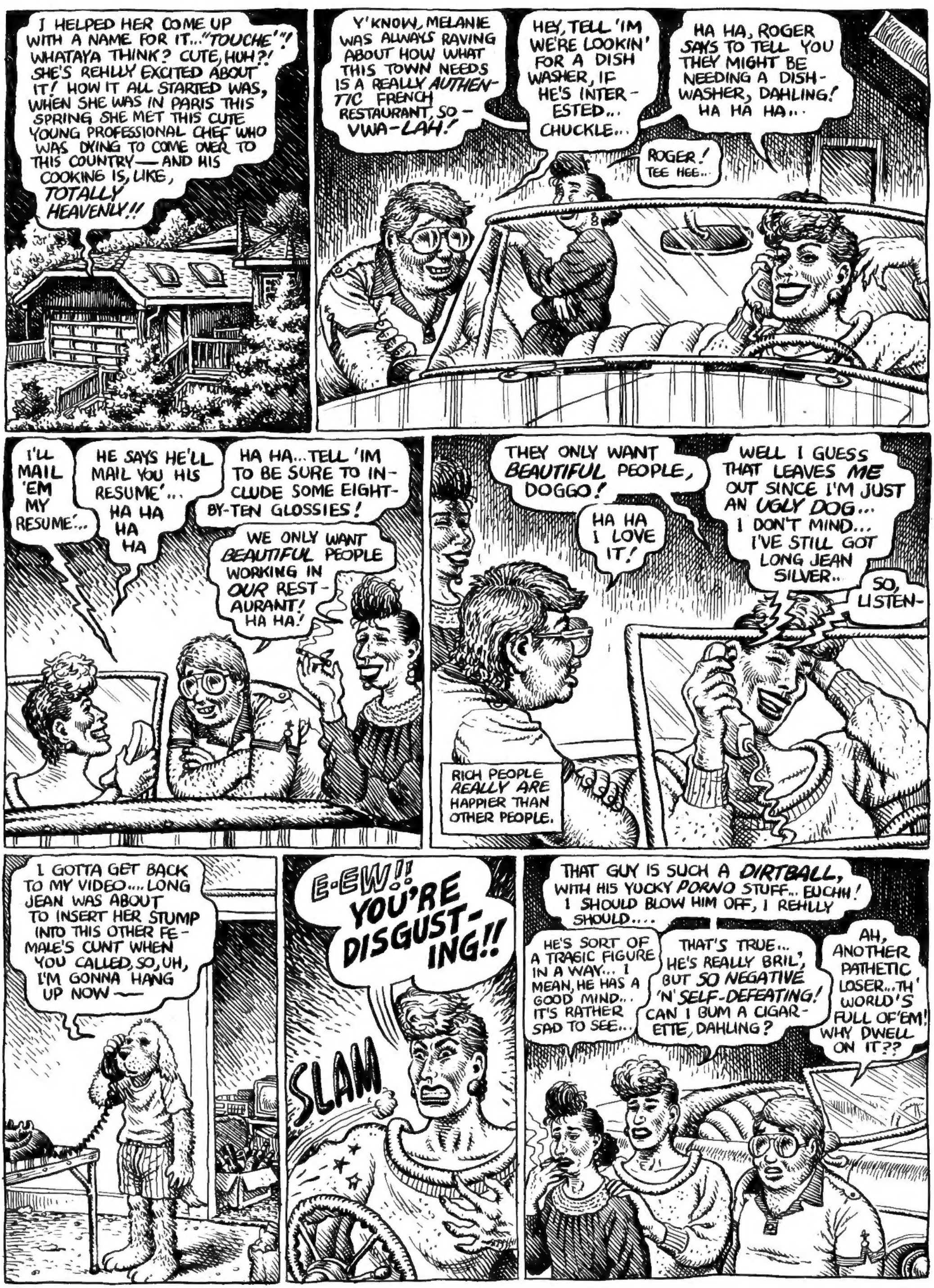
UP-CHUCK -IN- "REJECTED MEAT"

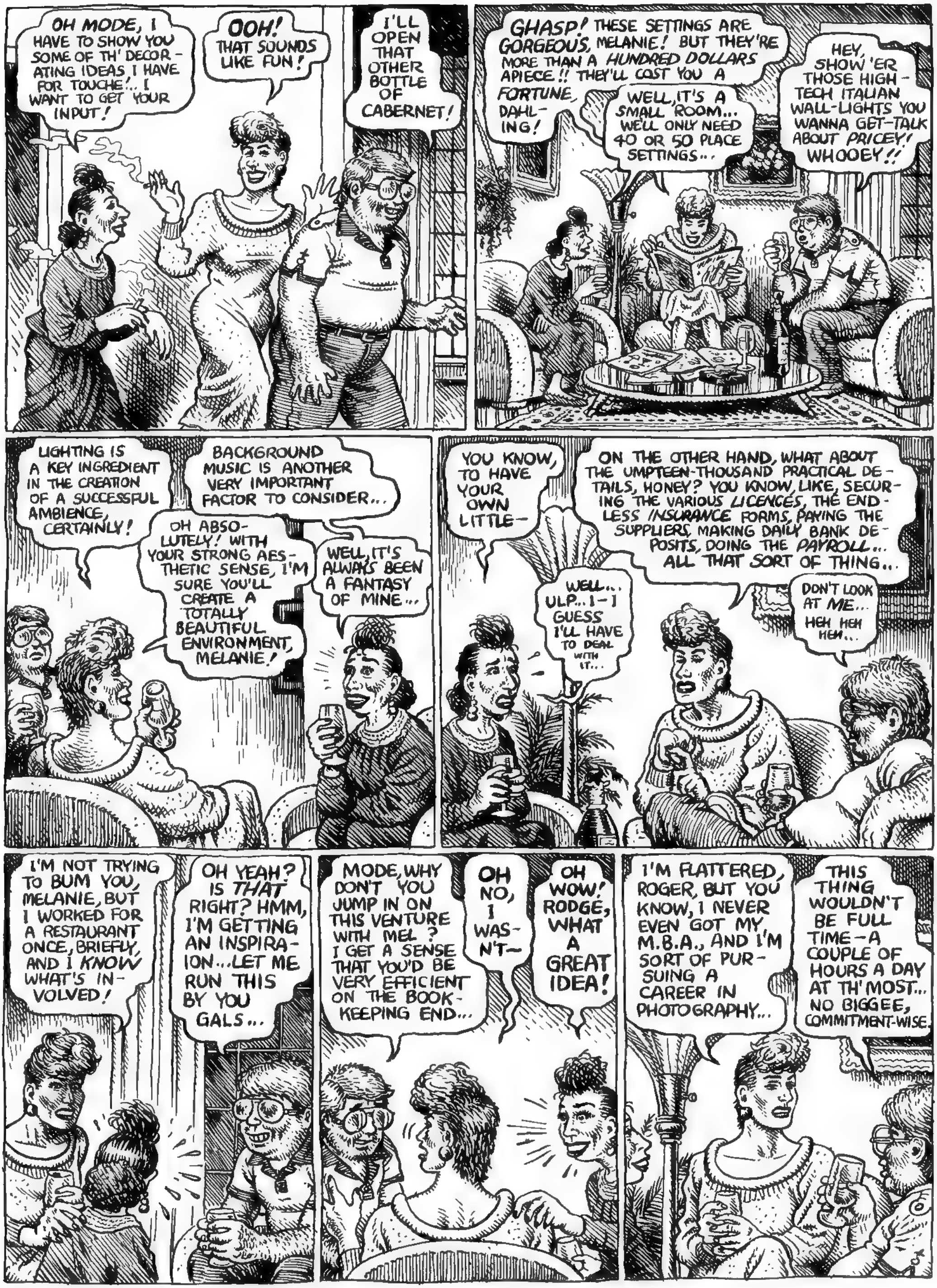

ONE DAY, UP-CHUCK IS IN A SINGLES BAR...CRUSING FOR "BABES"...
HI THERE
HI.
I WANT YO' SEX.
...HE MEETS A WOMAN
WHAT BRINGS A BEAUTY LIKE YOU HERE?
LOOKING FOR A HANDSOME MAN!
I WANT YO' LOVE ♫
I'M LOOKING FOR A HANDSOME HUNK WITH LOTS OF MONEY! NOT A WIMP LIKE YOU!
I WANT YO' SEX
YOU- YOU PHONY....
H...HOALLLP!!
EEEK
♪ IT'S NATURAL ♫

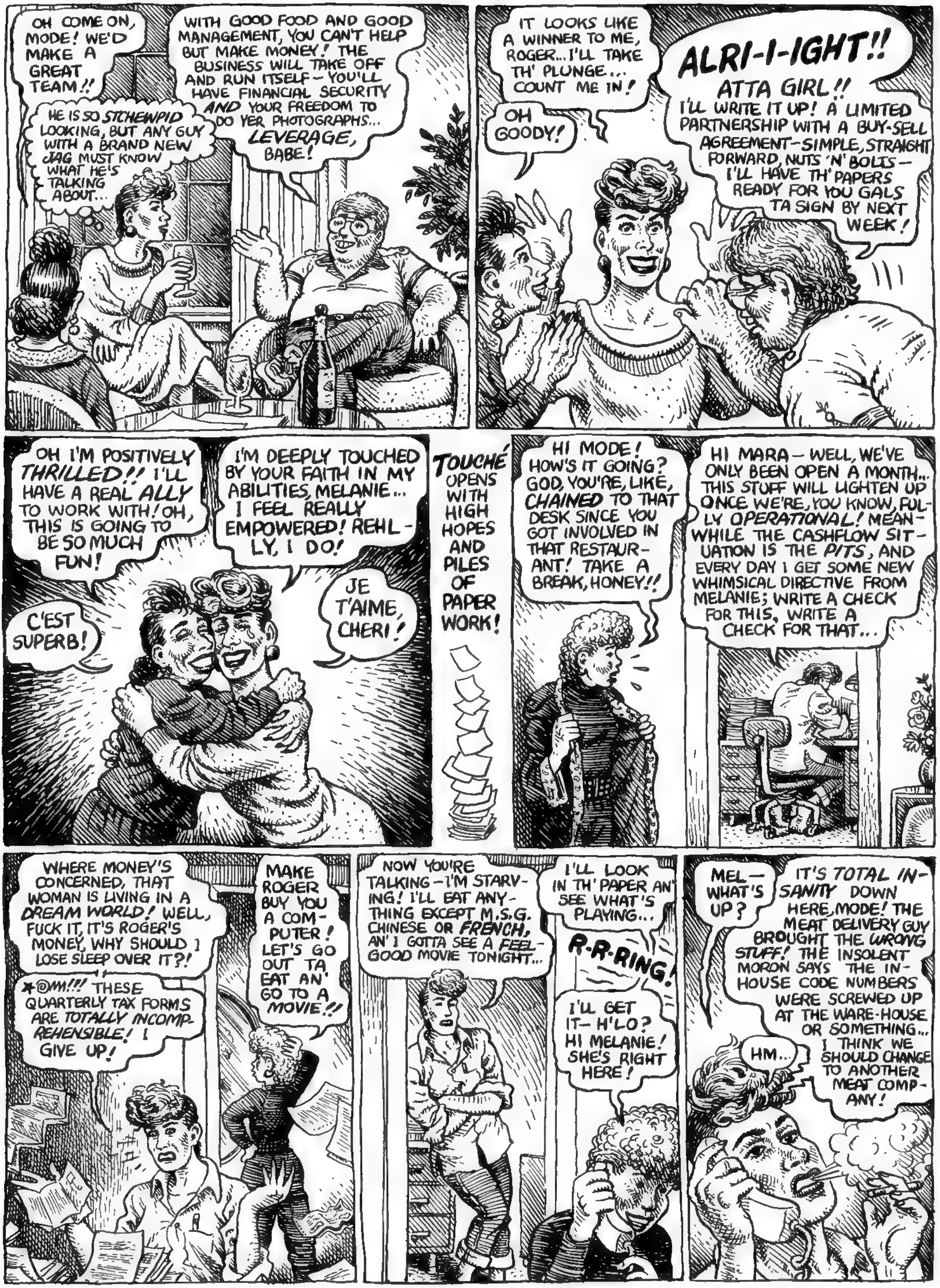

AAAAHH!!
TALES FROM THE BROOM FACTORY
?
NOV. 25TH 1988
LET'S SEE... IT WAS SUMMER, AND I NEEDED A HIGH-PAYING JOB IF I HOPED TO RETURN TO COLLEGE IN THE FALL. I MUST'VE BEEN 18 YEARS OLD WHEN A FRIEND FIRST TOLD ME ABOUT THIS.. THIS.. BROOM FACTORY...
..IT SAT ON 30 ACRES OF SWAMPLAND, HIDDEN AWAY IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF PHILADELPHIA, PA...
MY FIRST DAY THERE, I RECEIVED MY PROTECTION GEAR..
W-WHAT THE HELL AM I GETTING INTO??
HERMAN MUNSTER BOOTS
..AND WAS IMMEDIATELY PUT ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE!!
CHUGGA CHUGGA
RR RRRRR
CHUGGA CHUGGA CHUGGA
WRRRRRR
PSSHH
KA-CHUK!
THE FOREMAN JUST MADE THINGS WORSE...
CHUGGA CHUGGA
MISSED ONE.
WHAT?! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!
SHIT!
I ATE LUNCH OUTSIDE WITH FORMER HIGHSCHOOL FRIENDS..
..AND THIS CO-ED HAD GAZONGAS OUT TO HERE!!
GUY TALK
SIGH
HAHAHA
ALL AFTERNOON, I PUSHED BINS OF BROOMS FROM ONE END OF THE FACTORY TO THE OTHER..
AFTER 2 WEEKS OF THIS, I WAS A NERVOUS WRECK.
HA-HAH! BROOMS! MORE BROOMS!!
HEH HEH
SLEEP WAS FAR FROM REFRESHING...
CHUGGA CHUGGA
CHUGGA CHUGGA
AFTER A MONTH, I WAS PUT ON THE BUZZ-SAW..
BZZZZZ
KOF KOF
WRRRR
I BEGAN TO TAKE ON AN AIR OF INSUBORDINATION..
BZ
THIS JOB SUCKS!!
ZZ
WRRRKRR
I WAS AFRAID OF BECOMING DEHUMANIZED, LIKE THIS ONE EMPLOYEE- ERNIE!! HE'D BEEN THERE 30 YEARS + WAS A COMPLETE ROBOT!! HE REFUSED TO SPEAK TO ANYONE ... LEGEND HAD IT THAT HE WAS STILL A VIRGIN.. AND A MORMON WHO GAVE ALL HIS EARNINGS TO HIS CHURCH.
EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH
IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE FOREMAN CAUGHT ME GIGGLING TO MYSELF..
HEH HEH HEH
HEH HEH
HEH
SAGGING JEANS
..AND TRANSFERRED ME FROM INDUSTRIAL BROOMS TO HOUSEHOLD BROOMS..
OH, WELL.. IT CAN'T BE ANY WORSE...
LITTLE DID I REALIZE THE HORROR AWAITING ME- -DIPPING STRAW INTO A HOT, BUBBLING TARPIT!!
THIS ISN'T HAPPENING!!
I'VE GONE TO HELL!!
KOF KOF
THE TAR GUARANTEED NO LOOSE STRAWS..
TAR
BY THE END OF EVERY DAY, I WAS COVERED WITH TAR + STRAW..
KOF KOF
I FEEL LIKE I'M TURNING INTO A BROOM!!
KOF KOF
..BUT SOMEHOW I SURVIVED THE SUMMER THERE, AND THE NEXT ONE AS WELL... ALL IN THE NAME OF HIGHER EDUCATION..
..ALTHOUGH EVEN TO THIS DAY, THE MERE SIGHT OF A BROOM SENDS ME VOMITING!!
BUT- MY STORY DOESN'T END THERE..
..3 YEARS AFTER MY ~~PAROLE~~ LEAVE FROM THE BROOM FACTORY, IT ACCIDENTALLY BURNT TO THE GROUND!! -PROOF POSITIVE THAT THERE IS A GOD.
THE END
JOE MATT

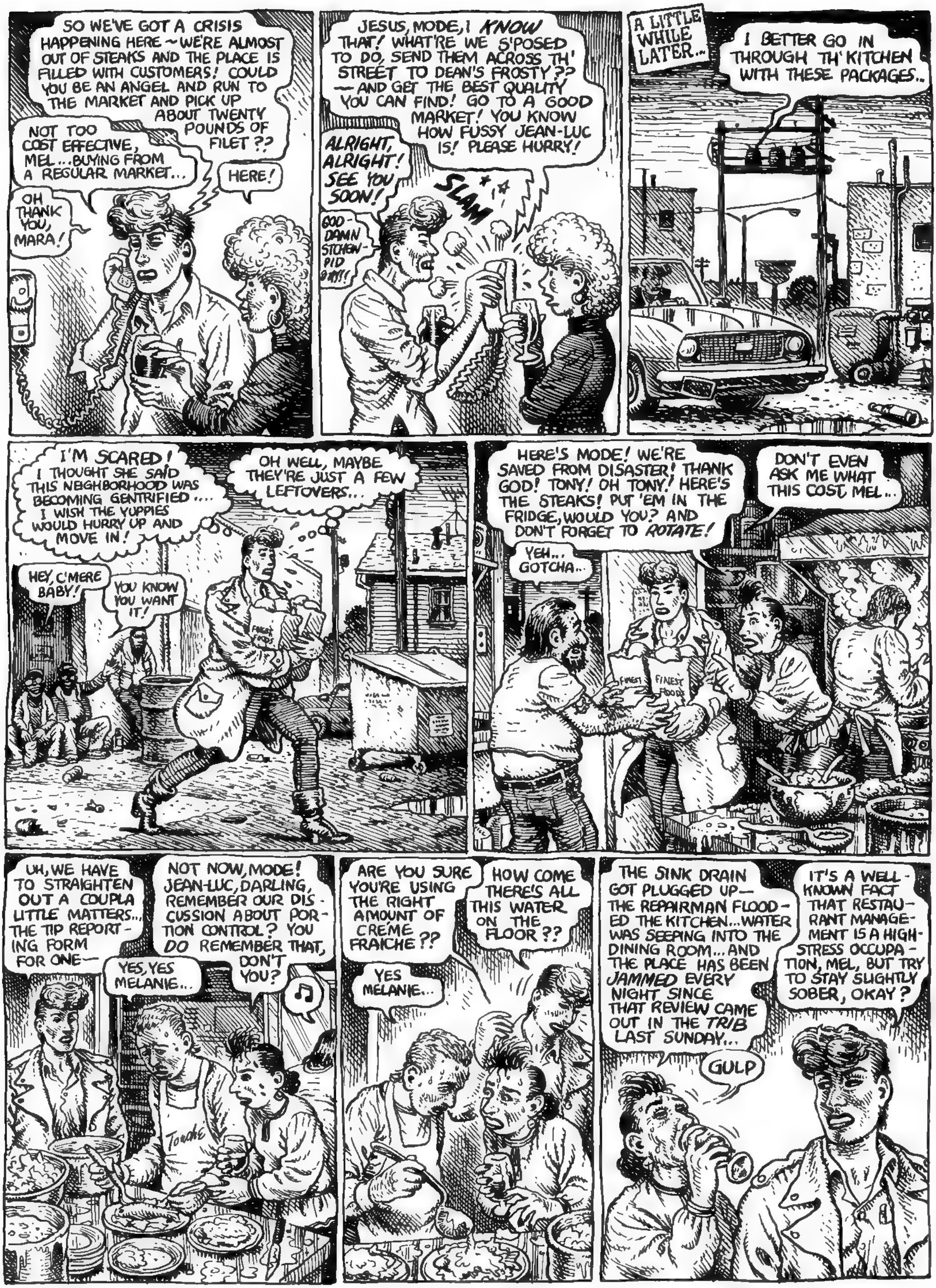

Mode O'day
COMFORTABLE IN HIS ALIENATION, DOGGO SPENDS ANOTHER LEISURELY EVENING WALLOWING IN HIS OWN FILTH....
GLUG
UNH
OOH
ANHH
OH JEEZ!!
SOUR CREAM 'N' ONION POTATO CHIPS
©1990 by R. CRUMB
R-R-RING!
PSSHIT! RIGHT AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT!
R-R-RING!
I GOTTA GET AN ANSWERING MACHINE ONE A' THESE DAYS SO I CAN SCREEN OUT THE *PESTS*—
WELL, MAYBE IT'S A *GIRL* CALLING— I'LL PUT THIS ON PAUSE...
SLUTS 'N' SLOBS
YES? WHAT IS IT??
DOGGO! THIS'S MODE!! YOU'D NEVER GUESS WHERE I'M CALLING FROM!
CORN FLAKES
WHERE?
I'M SITTING IN A *BRAND-NEW JAGUAR* WITH ITS OWN *PHONE!!*
CAN YOU *BELIEVE* IT??

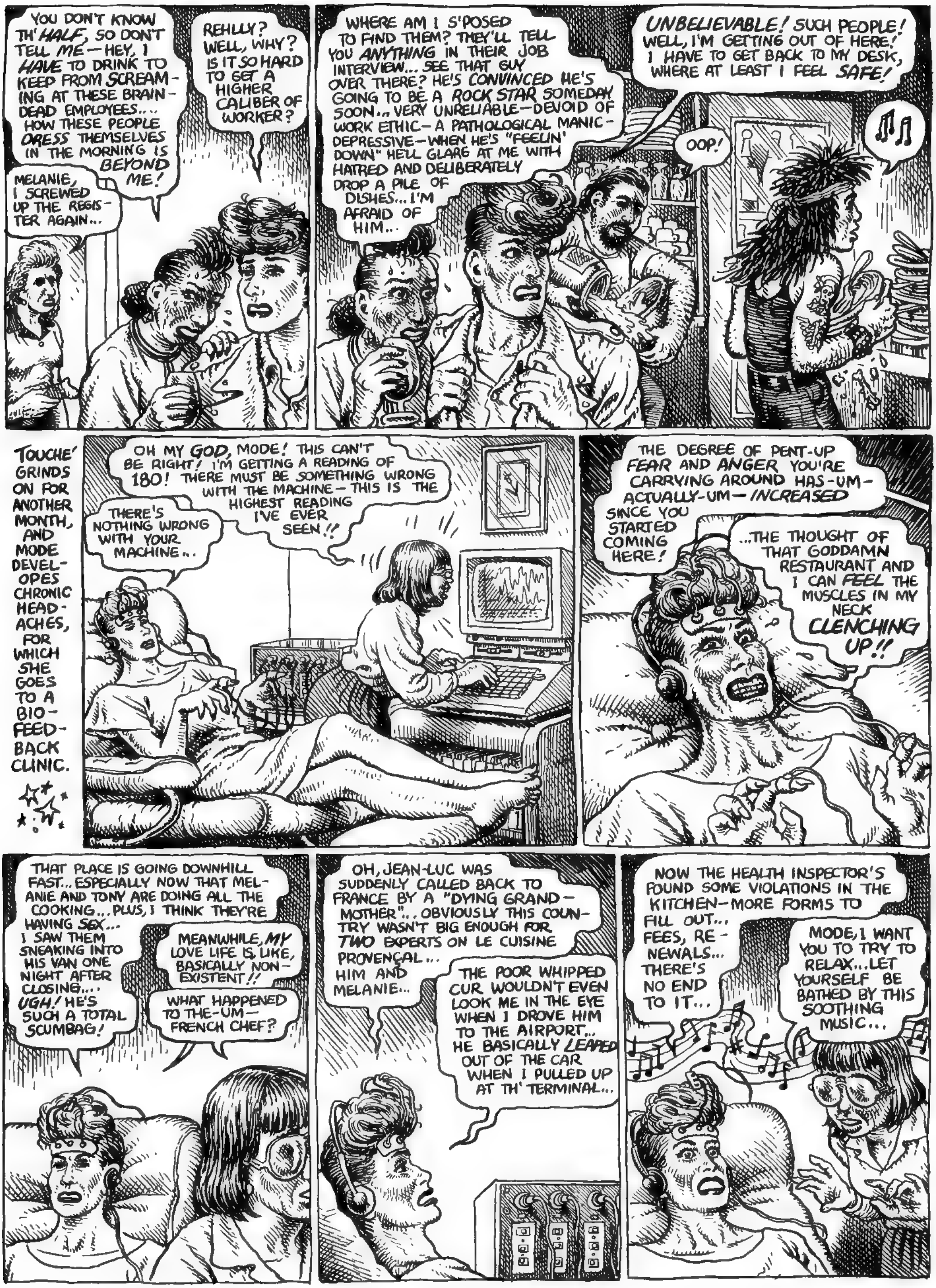

IT'S ROGER AN' MELANIE'S NEW CAR! ROGER SAID, "GO AHEAD, CALL SOMEBODY UP!" SO, I THOUGHT OF YOU, DAHLING... AREN'T YOU FLATTERED? WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
WATCHING LONG JEAN SILVER, ACTUALLY...
WHO??
SHE'S THIS, LIKE, REALLY SEXY GIRL WITH ONE LEG MISSING.... SHE HAS THIS, Y'KNOW, STUMP ABOUT 14 INCHES BELOW THE KNEE—...
BLUES BIRDHEAD
MISSING CHILDREN
MILK
OH REHLLY? HOW AWFUL!
YEAH, BUT SHE-UH- NEVERMIND— ROGER AND MELANIE— AREN'T THEY THE ONES WHO HAD THEIR CHRISTMAS TREE TRIMMED WITH HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS? I REMEMBER HER BRAGGING ABOUT THAT...
EXACTLY! HA HA HA
HE'S A BIG HIGH-POWERED SHARK LAWYER OR SOMETHIN'?
YEAH, RIGHT— DOGGO, THIS CAR IS SO *INCREDIBLY BEAUTIFUL*— ABSOLUTELY A WORK OF ART.... THE CRAFTSMANSHIP— IT'S *ANOTHER WORLD*, TOTALLY!
THE INTERIOR IS JUST *MAGNIFICENT*! ALL WOOD AND LEATHER! IT'S—
...CORPULENT REPUBLICAN SWINE PROBBLY FUCKS HER WITH A HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL WRAPPED AROUND HIS DICK...
TSK! DON'T BE IMMATURE... YEAH, NO, ROGER REALLY *IS* VERY GENEROUS... MELANIE GOT TH' IDEA TO OPEN HER OWN LITTLE FRENCH RESTAURANT, AND YOU KNOW WHAT??
ROGER *IMMEDIATELY* AGREED TO *BANKROLL* IT FOR HER! WHAT A GUY! I'M *SICK* WITH ENVY, NATURALLY!
AHA HA HA HA
AHA HA HA HA
AHA HA HA HA
AHA HA HA HA...

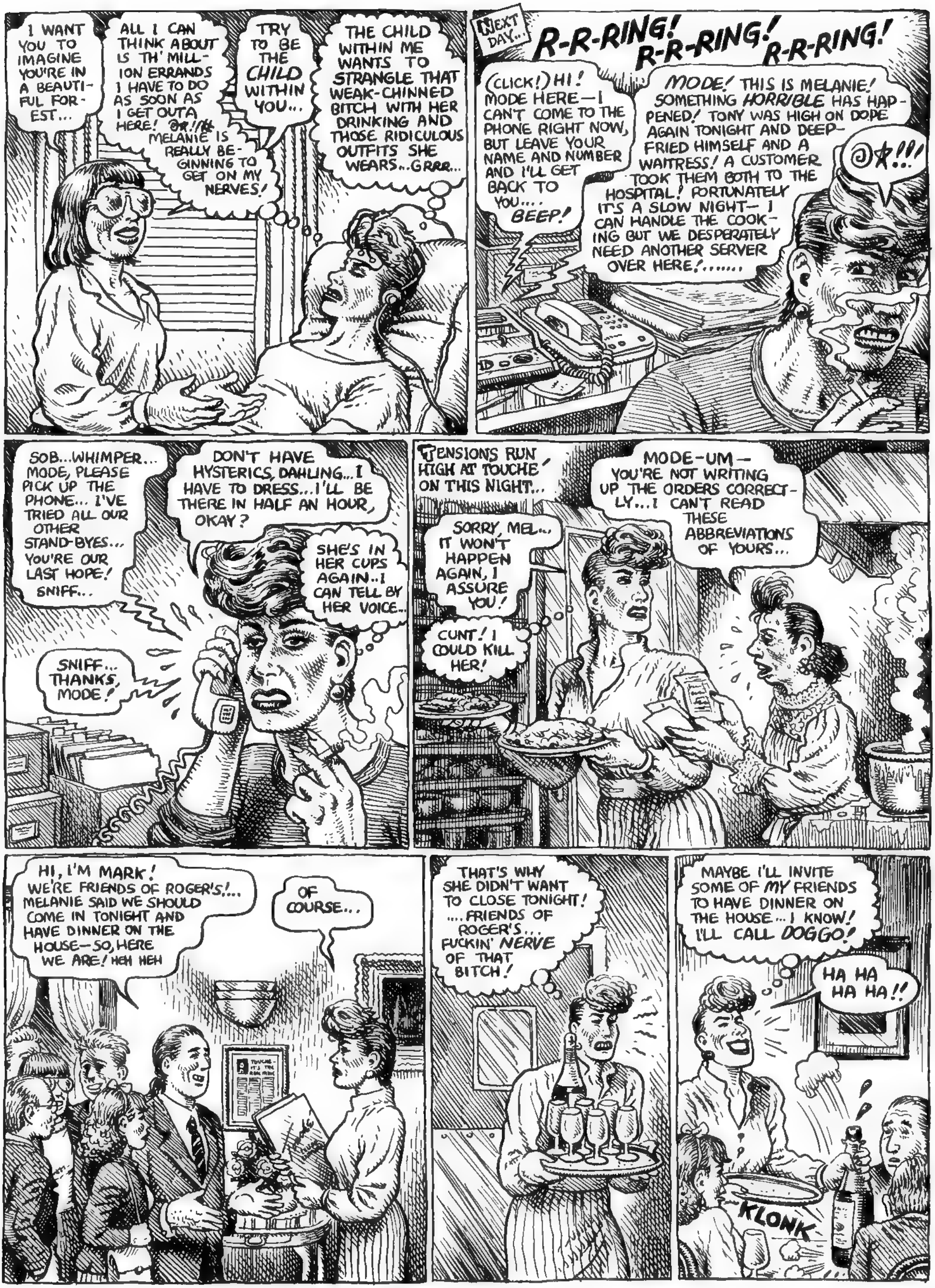

I HELPED HER COME UP WITH A NAME FOR IT... "TOUCHE"! WHATAYA THINK? CUTE, HUH?! SHE'S REHLLY EXCITED ABOUT IT! HOW IT ALL STARTED WAS, WHEN SHE WAS IN PARIS THIS SPRING SHE MET THIS CUTE YOUNG PROFESSIONAL CHEF WHO WAS DYING TO COME OVER TO THIS COUNTRY— AND HIS COOKING IS, LIKE, TOTALLY HEAVENLY!!
Y'KNOW, MELANIE WAS ALWAYS RAVING ABOUT HOW WHAT THIS TOWN NEEDS IS A REALLY AUTHENTIC FRENCH RESTAURANT, SO— VWA-LAH!
HEY, TELL 'IM WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR A DISH WASHER, IF HE'S INTERESTED... CHUCKLE...
HA HA, ROGER SAYS TO TELL YOU THEY MIGHT BE NEEDING A DISH-WASHER, DAHLING! HA HA HA...
ROGER! TEE HEE...
I'LL MAIL 'EM MY RESUME'...
HE SAYS HE'LL MAIL YOU HIS RESUME'... HA HA HA HA
HA HA... TELL 'IM TO BE SURE TO INCLUDE SOME EIGHT-BY-TEN GLOSSIES!
WE ONLY WANT BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE WORKING IN OUR RESTAURANT! HA HA!
THEY ONLY WANT BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, DOGGO!
HA HA I LOVE IT!
WELL I GUESS THAT LEAVES ME OUT SINCE I'M JUST AN UGLY DOG... I DON'T MIND... I'VE STILL GOT LONG JEAN SILVER...
SO, LISTEN-
RICH PEOPLE REALLY ARE HAPPIER THAN OTHER PEOPLE.
I GOTTA GET BACK TO MY VIDEO.... LONG JEAN WAS ABOUT TO INSERT HER STUMP INTO THIS OTHER FEMALE'S CUNT WHEN YOU CALLED, SO, UH, I'M GONNA HANG UP NOW—
E-EW!! YOU'RE DISGUSTING!!
SLAM
THAT GUY IS SUCH A DIRTBALL, WITH HIS YUCKY PORNO STUFF... EUCHH! I SHOULD BLOW HIM OFF, I REHLLY SHOULD....
HE'S SORT OF A TRAGIC FIGURE IN A WAY... I MEAN, HE HAS A GOOD MIND... IT'S RATHER SAD TO SEE...
THAT'S TRUE... HE'S REALLY BRIL', BUT SO NEGATIVE 'N' SELF-DEFEATING! CAN I BUM A CIGARETTE, DAHLING?
AH, ANOTHER PATHETIC LOSER... TH' WORLD'S FULL OF 'EM! WHY DWELL ON IT??

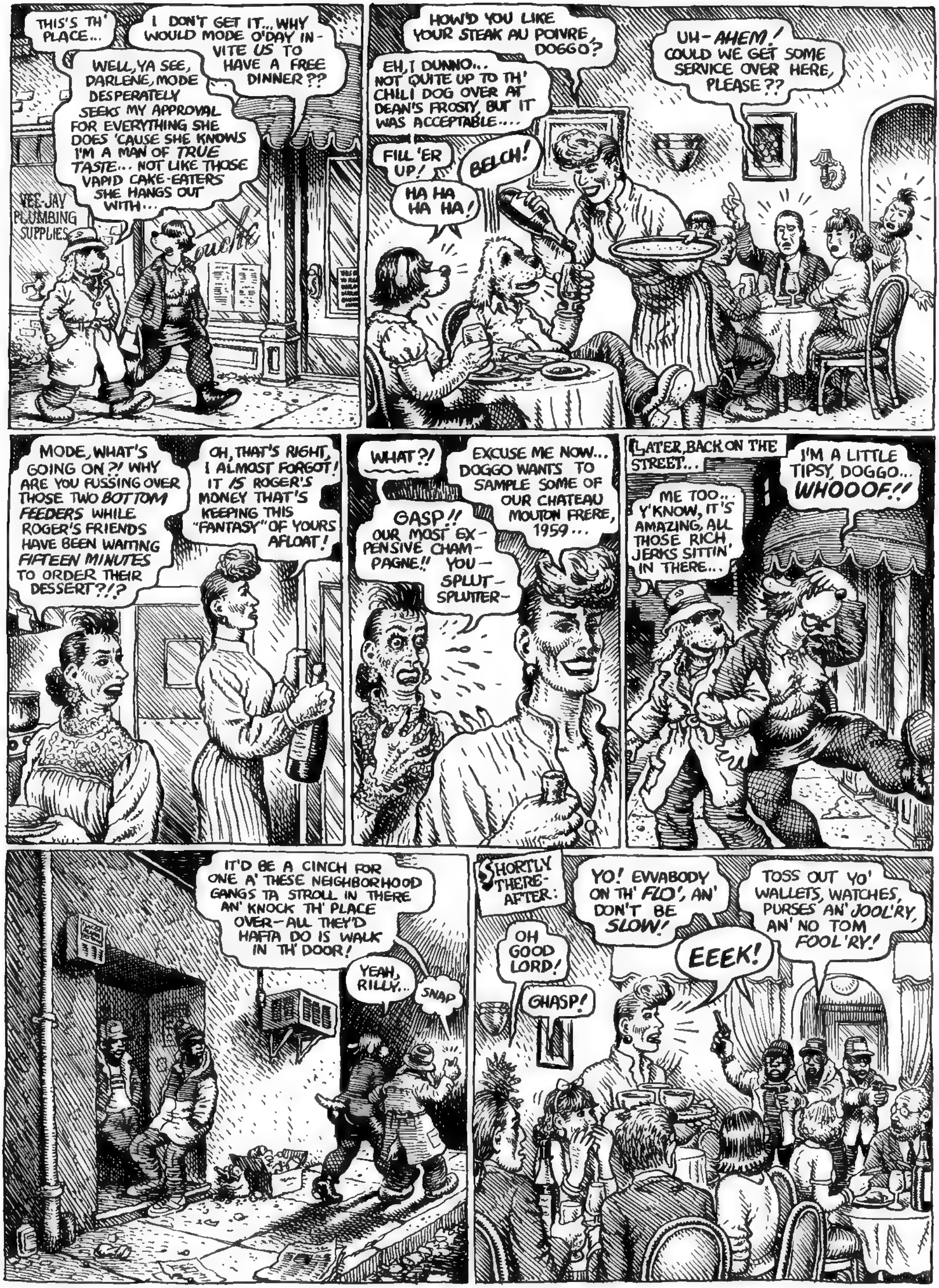

OH MODE, I HAVE TO SHOW YOU SOME OF TH' DECORATING IDEAS I HAVE FOR TOUCHE!.. I WANT TO GET YOUR INPUT!
OOH! THAT SOUNDS LIKE FUN!
I'LL OPEN THAT OTHER BOTTLE OF CABERNET!
GHASP! THESE SETTINGS ARE *GORGEOUS*, MELANIE! BUT THEY'RE MORE THAN A *HUNDRED DOLLARS* APIECE!! THEY'LL COST YOU A *FORTUNE*, DAHLING!
WELL, IT'S A SMALL ROOM... WE'LL ONLY NEED 40 OR 50 PLACE SETTINGS...
HEY, SHOW 'ER THOSE HIGH-TECH ITALIAN WALL-LIGHTS YOU WANNA GET-TALK ABOUT *PRICEY*! WHOOEY!!
LIGHTING IS A KEY INGREDIENT IN THE CREATION OF A SUCCESSFUL AMBIENCE, CERTAINLY!
BACKGROUND MUSIC IS ANOTHER VERY IMPORTANT FACTOR TO CONSIDER...
OH ABSOLUTELY! WITH YOUR STRONG AESTHETIC SENSE, I'M SURE YOU'LL CREATE A TOTALLY BEAUTIFUL ENVIRONMENT, MELANIE!
WELL, IT'S ALWAYS BEEN A FANTASY OF MINE...
YOU KNOW, TO HAVE YOUR OWN LITTLE-
ON THE OTHER HAND, WHAT ABOUT THE UMPTEEN-THOUSAND PRACTICAL DETAILS, HONEY? YOU KNOW, LIKE, SECURING THE VARIOUS *LICENCES*, THE ENDLESS *INSURANCE* FORMS, PAYING THE SUPPLIERS, MAKING DAILY BANK DEPOSITS, DOING THE *PAYROLL*... ALL THAT *SORT* OF THING...
WELL... ULP... I-I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH IT...
DON'T LOOK AT *ME*... HEH HEH HEH...
I'M NOT TRYING TO BUM YOU, MELANIE, BUT I WORKED FOR A RESTAURANT ONCE, BRIEFLY, AND I *KNOW* WHAT'S INVOLVED!
OH YEAH? IS *THAT* RIGHT? HMM, I'M GETTING AN INSPIRATION... LET ME RUN THIS BY YOU GALS...
MODE, WHY DON'T YOU JUMP IN ON THIS VENTURE WITH MEL? I GET A SENSE THAT YOU'D BE VERY EFFICIENT ON THE BOOKKEEPING END...
OH NO, I WASN'T-
OH WOW! RODGE, WHAT A GREAT IDEA!
I'M FLATTERED, ROGER, BUT YOU KNOW, I NEVER EVEN GOT MY M.B.A., AND I'M SORT OF PURSUING A CAREER IN PHOTOGRAPHY...
THIS THING WOULDN'T BE FULL TIME-A COUPLE OF HOURS A DAY AT TH' MOST... NO BIGGEE, COMMITMENT-WISE.

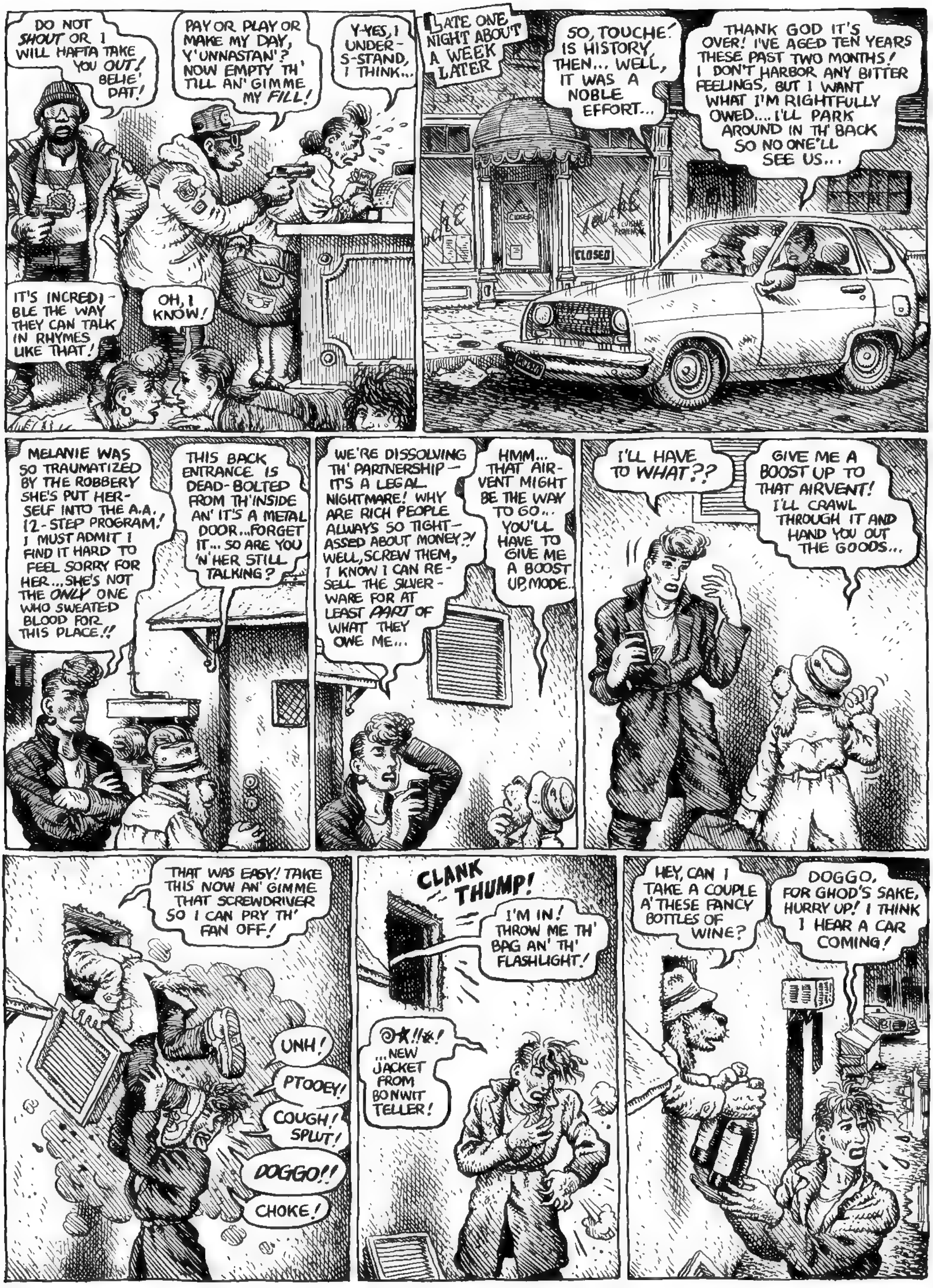

OH COME ON, MODE! WE'D MAKE A GREAT TEAM!!
HE IS SO STICHEWPID LOOKING, BUT ANY GUY WITH A BRAND NEW JAG MUST KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT...
WITH GOOD FOOD AND GOOD MANAGEMENT, YOU CAN'T HELP BUT MAKE MONEY! THE BUSINESS WILL TAKE OFF AND RUN ITSELF– YOU'LL HAVE FINANCIAL SECURITY AND YOUR FREEDOM TO DO YER PHOTOGRAPHS... LEVERAGE, BABE!
IT LOOKS LIKE A WINNER TO ME, ROGER... I'LL TAKE TH' PLUNGE... COUNT ME IN!
OH GOODY!
ALRI-I-IGHT!! ATTA GIRL!! I'LL WRITE IT UP! A LIMITED PARTNERSHIP WITH A BUY-SELL AGREEMENT– SIMPLE, STRAIGHT FORWARD, NUTS 'N' BOLTS– I'LL HAVE TH' PAPERS READY FOR YOU GALS TA SIGN BY NEXT WEEK!
OH I'M POSITIVELY THRILLED!! I'LL HAVE A REAL ALLY TO WORK WITH! OH, THIS IS GOING TO BE SO MUCH FUN!
I'M DEEPLY TOUCHED BY YOUR FAITH IN MY ABILITIES, MELANIE... I FEEL REALLY EMPOWERED! REHLLY, I DO!
C'EST SUPERB!
JE T'AIME, CHERI!
TOUCHÉ OPENS WITH HIGH HOPES AND PILES OF PAPER WORK!
HI MODE! HOW'S IT GOING? GOD, YOU'RE, LIKE, CHAINED TO THAT DESK SINCE YOU GOT INVOLVED IN THAT RESTAURANT! TAKE A BREAK, HONEY!!
HI MARA– WELL, WE'VE ONLY BEEN OPEN A MONTH.. THIS STUFF WILL LIGHTEN UP ONCE WE'RE, YOU KNOW, FULLY OPERATIONAL! MEANWHILE THE CASHFLOW SITUATION IS THE PITS, AND EVERY DAY I GET SOME NEW WHIMSICAL DIRECTIVE FROM MELANIE; WRITE A CHECK FOR THIS, WRITE A CHECK FOR THAT...
WHERE MONEY'S CONCERNED, THAT WOMAN IS LIVING IN A DREAM WORLD! WELL, FUCK IT, IT'S ROGER'S MONEY, WHY SHOULD I LOSE SLEEP OVER IT?!
*@M!!! THESE QUARTERLY TAX FORMS ARE TOTALLY INCOMPREHENSIBLE! I GIVE UP!
MAKE ROGER BUY YOU A COMPUTER! LET'S GO OUT TA EAT AN' GO TO A MOVIE!!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING– I'M STARVING! I'LL EAT ANYTHING EXCEPT M.S.G. CHINESE OR FRENCH, AN' I GOTTA SEE A FEEL-GOOD MOVIE TONIGHT...
I'LL LOOK IN TH' PAPER AN' SEE WHAT'S PLAYING...
R-R-RING!
I'LL GET IT– H'LO? HI MELANIE! SHE'S RIGHT HERE!
MEL– WHAT'S UP?
IT'S TOTAL INSANITY DOWN HERE, MODE! THE MEAT DELIVERY GUY BROUGHT THE WRONG STUFF! THE INSOLENT MORON SAYS THE IN-HOUSE CODE NUMBERS WERE SCREWED UP AT THE WARE-HOUSE OR SOMETHING... I THINK WE SHOULD CHANGE TO ANOTHER MEAT COMPANY!
HM...

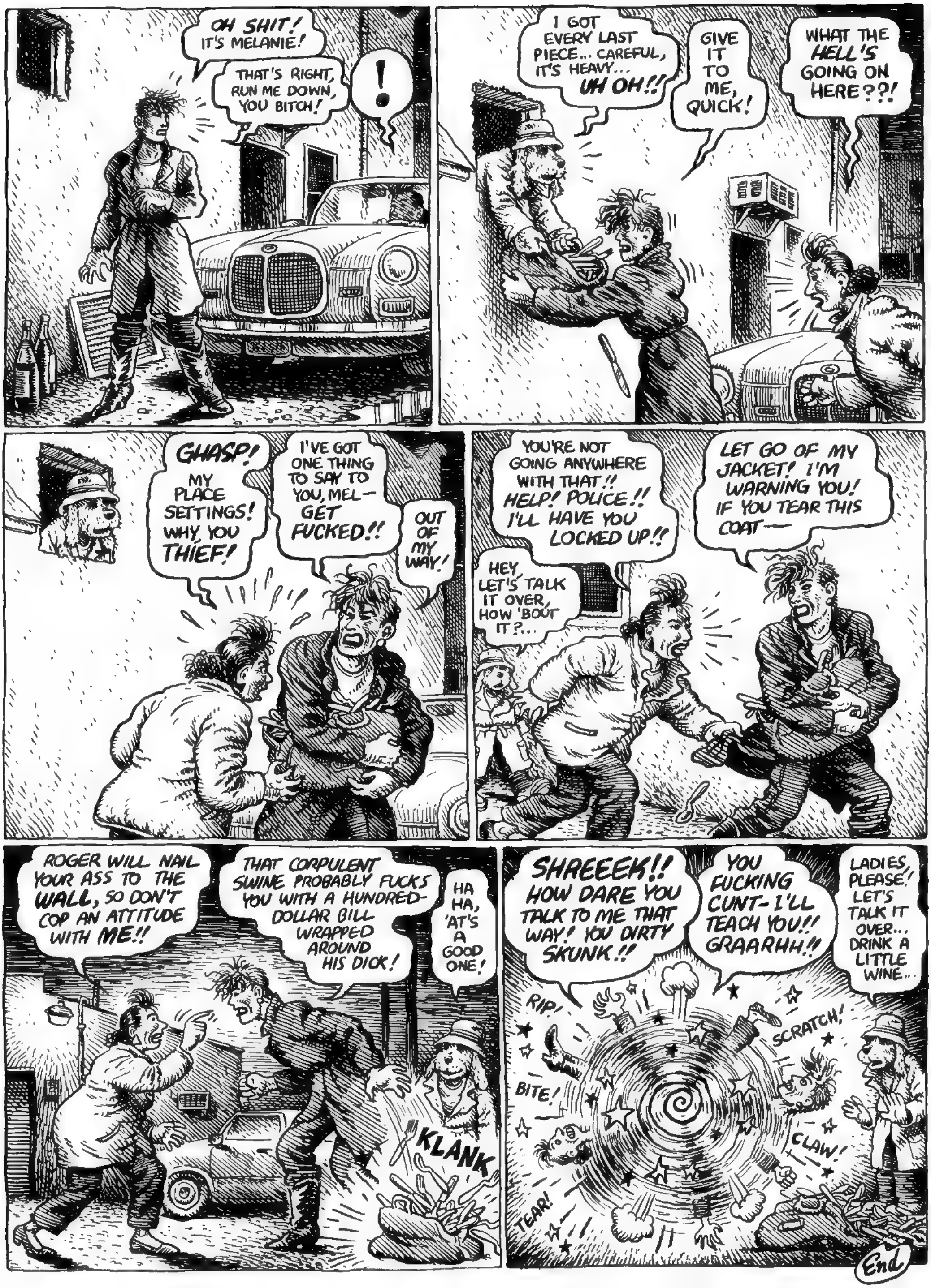

SO WE'VE GOT A CRISIS HAPPENING HERE ~ WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF STEAKS AND THE PLACE IS FILLED WITH CUSTOMERS! COULD YOU BE AN ANGEL AND RUN TO THE MARKET AND PICK UP ABOUT TWENTY POUNDS OF FILET ??
NOT TOO COST EFFECTIVE, MEL ...BUYING FROM A REGULAR MARKET...
HERE!
OH THANK YOU, MARA!
JESUS, MODE, I *KNOW* THAT! WHAT'RE WE S'POSED TO DO, SEND THEM ACROSS TH' STREET TO DEAN'S FROSTY ?? — AND GET THE BEST QUALITY YOU CAN FIND! GO TO A GOOD MARKET! YOU KNOW HOW FUSSY JEAN-LUC IS! PLEASE HURRY!
ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT! SEE YOU SOON!
SLAM
GOD-DAMN STICHEN-PID GUYS!!
A LITTLE WHILE LATER...
I BETTER GO IN THROUGH TH' KITCHEN WITH THESE PACKAGES...
I'M *SCARED*! I THOUGHT SHE *SAID* THIS NEIGHBORHOOD WAS BECOMING GENTRIFIED.... I WISH THE YUPPIES WOULD HURRY UP AND MOVE IN!
OH WELL, MAYBE THEY'RE JUST A FEW LEFTOVERS...
HEY, C'MERE BABY!
YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!
FINEST FOODS
HERE'S MODE! WE'RE SAVED FROM DISASTER! THANK GOD! TONY! OH TONY! HERE'S THE STEAKS! PUT 'EM IN THE FRIDGE, WOULD YOU? AND DON'T FORGET TO *ROTATE*!
DON'T EVEN ASK ME WHAT THIS COST, MEL...
YEH... GOTCHA...
FINEST FOODS
UH, WE HAVE TO STRAIGHTEN OUT A COUPLA LITTLE MATTERS... THE TIP REPORTING FORM FOR ONE—
NOT NOW, MODE! JEAN-LUC, DARLING, REMEMBER OUR DISCUSSION ABOUT PORTION CONTROL? YOU *DO* REMEMBER THAT, DON'T YOU?
YES, YES MELANIE...
♪
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE USING THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF CRÈME FRAICHE ??
HOW COME THERE'S ALL THIS WATER ON THE FLOOR ??
YES MELANIE...
THE SINK DRAIN GOT PLUGGED UP— THE REPAIRMAN FLOODED THE KITCHEN... WATER WAS SEEPING INTO THE DINING ROOM... AND THE PLACE HAS BEEN *JAMMED* EVERY NIGHT SINCE THAT REVIEW CAME OUT IN THE *TRIB* LAST SUNDAY...
GULP
IT'S A WELL-KNOWN FACT THAT RESTAURANT MANAGEMENT IS A HIGH-STRESS OCCUPATION, MEL, BUT TRY TO STAY SLIGHTLY SOBER, OKAY?


YOU DON'T KNOW TH' *HALF*, SO DON'T TELL *ME* — HEY, I *HAVE* TO DRINK TO KEEP FROM *SCREAMING* AT THESE BRAIN-DEAD EMPLOYEES.... HOW THESE PEOPLE *DRESS* THEMSELVES IN THE MORNING IS *BEYOND* ME!
REHLLY? WELL, WHY? IS IT SO HARD TO GET A HIGHER CALIBER OF WORKER?
MELANIE, I SCREWED UP THE REGISTER AGAIN...
WHERE AM I S'POSED TO FIND THEM? THEY'LL TELL YOU *ANYTHING* IN THEIR JOB INTERVIEW... SEE THAT GUY OVER THERE? HE'S *CONVINCED* HE'S GOING TO BE A *ROCK STAR* SOMEDAY SOON.,, VERY UNRELIABLE — DEVOID OF WORK ETHIC — A PATHOLOGICAL MANIC-DEPRESSIVE — WHEN HE'S "FEELIN' DOWN" HE'LL GLARE AT ME WITH HATRED AND DELIBERATELY DROP A PILE OF DISHES... I'M AFRAID OF HIM...
OOP!
UNBELIEVABLE! SUCH PEOPLE! WELL, I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! I HAVE TO GET BACK TO MY DESK, WHERE AT LEAST I FEEL *SAFE!*
TOUCHE' GRINDS ON FOR ANOTHER MONTH, AND MODE DEVELOPES CHRONIC HEADACHES, FOR WHICH SHE GOES TO A BIO-FEEDBACK CLINIC.
OH MY *GOD*, MODE! THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT! I'M GETTING A READING OF 180! THERE MUST BE *SOMETHING* WRONG WITH THE MACHINE — THIS IS THE HIGHEST READING I'VE EVER SEEN!!
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR MACHINE...
THE DEGREE OF PENT-UP *FEAR* AND *ANGER* YOU'RE CARRYING AROUND HAS-UM-ACTUALLY-UM — *INCREASED* SINCE YOU STARTED COMING HERE!
...THE THOUGHT OF THAT GODDAMN RESTAURANT AND I CAN *FEEL* THE MUSCLES IN MY NECK *CLENCHING UP!!*
THAT PLACE IS GOING DOWNHILL FAST... ESPECIALLY NOW THAT MELANIE AND TONY ARE DOING ALL THE COOKING... PLUS, I THINK THEY'RE HAVING *SEX*... I SAW THEM SNEAKING INTO HIS VAN ONE NIGHT AFTER CLOSING... *UGH!* HE'S SUCH A TOTAL SCUMBAG!
MEANWHILE, *MY* LOVE LIFE IS LIKE, BASICALLY NON-EXISTENT!!
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE-UM-FRENCH CHEF?
OH, JEAN-LUC WAS SUDDENLY CALLED BACK TO FRANCE BY A "DYING GRANDMOTHER"... OBVIOUSLY THIS COUNTRY WASN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR *TWO* EXPERTS ON LE CUISINE PROVENÇAL... HIM AND MELANIE...
THE POOR WHIPPED CUR WOULDN'T EVEN LOOK ME IN THE EYE WHEN I DROVE HIM TO THE AIRPORT... HE BASICALLY *LEAPED* OUT OF THE CAR WHEN I PULLED UP AT TH' TERMINAL...
NOW THE HEALTH INSPECTOR'S FOUND SOME VIOLATIONS IN THE KITCHEN — MORE FORMS TO FILL OUT... FEES, RENEWALS... THERE'S NO END TO IT...
MODE, I WANT YOU TO TRY TO RELAX... LET YOURSELF BE BATHED BY THIS SOOTHING MUSIC...

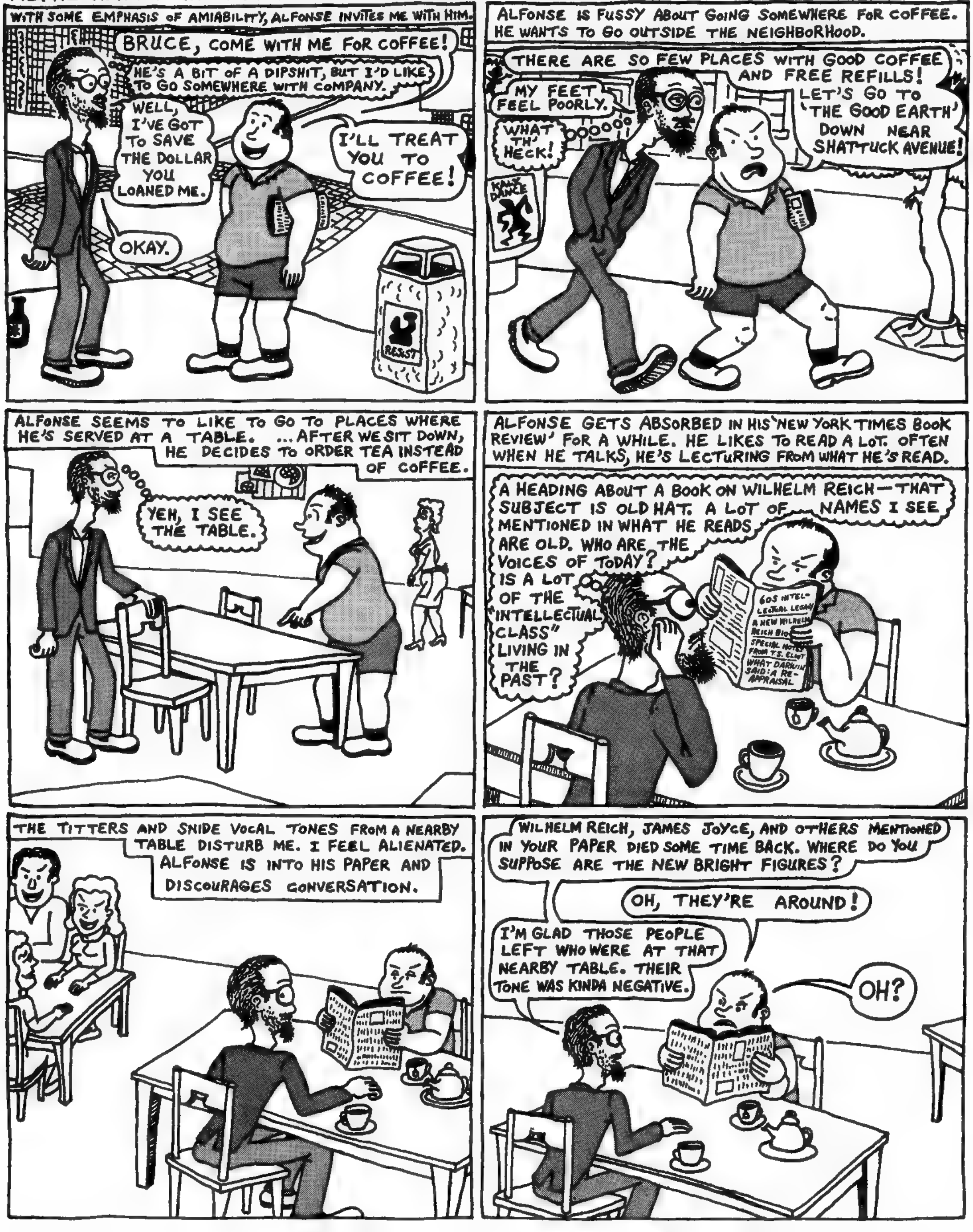

I WANT YOU TO IMAGINE YOU'RE IN A BEAUTIFUL FOREST...
ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS TH' MILLION ERRANDS I HAVE TO DO AS SOON AS I GET OUTA HERE! @*!!#! MELANIE IS REALLY BEGINNING TO GET ON MY NERVES!
TRY TO BE THE CHILD WITHIN YOU...
THE CHILD WITHIN ME WANTS TO STRANGLE THAT WEAK-CHINNED BITCH WITH HER DRINKING AND THOSE RIDICULOUS OUTFITS SHE WEARS...GRRR...
NEXT DAY...
R-R-RING! R-R-RING! R-R-RING!
(CLICK!) HI! MODE HERE—I CAN'T COME TO THE PHONE RIGHT NOW, BUT LEAVE YOUR NAME AND NUMBER AND I'LL GET BACK TO YOU.... BEEP!
MODE! THIS IS MELANIE! SOMETHING HORRIBLE HAS HAPPENED! TONY WAS HIGH ON DOPE AGAIN TONIGHT AND DEEP-FRIED HIMSELF AND A WAITRESS! A CUSTOMER TOOK THEM BOTH TO THE HOSPITAL! FORTUNATELY IT'S A SLOW NIGHT—I CAN HANDLE THE COOKING BUT WE DESPERATELY NEED ANOTHER SERVER OVER HERE!.......
@*!!!...
SOB...WHIMPER... MODE, PLEASE PICK UP THE PHONE... I'VE TRIED ALL OUR OTHER STAND-BYES... YOU'RE OUR LAST HOPE! SNIFF...
DON'T HAVE HYSTERICS, DAHLING...I HAVE TO DRESS...I'LL BE THERE IN HALF AN HOUR, OKAY?
SHE'S IN HER CUPS AGAIN..I CAN TELL BY HER VOICE..
SNIFF... THANKS, MODE!
TENSIONS RUN HIGH AT TOUCHE' ON THIS NIGHT...
MODE-UM— YOU'RE NOT WRITING UP THE ORDERS CORRECTLY...I CAN'T READ THESE ABBREVIATIONS OF YOURS...
SORRY, MEL... IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN, I ASSURE YOU!
CUNT! I COULD KILL HER!
HI, I'M MARK! WE'RE FRIENDS OF ROGER'S!... MELANIE SAID WE SHOULD COME IN TONIGHT AND HAVE DINNER ON THE HOUSE—SO, HERE WE ARE! HEH HEH
OF COURSE...
THAT'S WHY SHE DIDN'T WANT TO CLOSE TONIGHT! ....FRIENDS OF ROGER'S... FUCKIN' NERVE OF THAT BITCH!
MAYBE I'LL INVITE SOME OF MY FRIENDS TO HAVE DINNER ON THE HOUSE... I KNOW! I'LL CALL DOGGO!
HA HA HA HA!!
KLONK


THIS'S TH' PLACE...
I DON'T GET IT... WHY WOULD MODE O'DAY INVITE *US* TO HAVE A FREE DINNER??
WELL, YA SEE, DARLENE, MODE DESPERATELY SEEKS MY APPROVAL FOR EVERYTHING SHE DOES 'CAUSE SHE KNOWS I'M A MAN OF *TRUE TASTE*... NOT LIKE THOSE VAPID CAKE-EATERS SHE HANGS OUT WITH...
VEE-JAY PLUMBING SUPPLIES
HOW'D YOU LIKE YOUR STEAK AU POIVRE, DOGGO?
EH, I DUNNO... NOT QUITE UP TO TH' CHILI DOG OVER AT DEAN'S FROSTY, BUT IT WAS ACCEPTABLE...
FILL 'ER UP!
BELCH!
HA HA HA HA!
UH-*AHEM!* COULD WE GET SOME SERVICE OVER HERE, PLEASE??
MODE, WHAT'S GOING ON?! WHY ARE YOU FUSSING OVER THOSE TWO *BOTTOM FEEDERS* WHILE ROGER'S FRIENDS HAVE BEEN WAITING *FIFTEEN MINUTES* TO ORDER THEIR DESSERT?!?
OH, THAT'S RIGHT, I ALMOST FORGOT! IT *IS* ROGER'S MONEY THAT'S KEEPING THIS "FANTASY" OF YOURS AFLOAT!
WHAT?!
EXCUSE ME NOW... DOGGO WANTS TO SAMPLE SOME OF OUR CHATEAU MOUTON FRERE, 1959...
GASP!! OUR MOST EXPENSIVE CHAMPAGNE!! YOU— SPLUT-SPLUTTER—
LATER, BACK ON THE STREET...
I'M A LITTLE TIPSY, DOGGO... *WHOOOF!!*
ME TOO... Y'KNOW, IT'S AMAZING, ALL THOSE RICH JERKS SITTIN' IN THERE...
IT'D BE A CINCH FOR ONE A' THESE NEIGHBORHOOD GANGS TA STROLL IN THERE AN' KNOCK TH' PLACE OVER— ALL THEY'D HAFTA DO IS WALK IN TH' DOOR!
YEAH, RILLY...
SNAP
SHORTLY THEREAFTER:
YO! EVVABODY ON TH' *FLO'*, AN' DON'T BE *SLOW!*
TOSS OUT YO' WALLETS, WATCHES, PURSES AN' JOOL'RY, AN' NO TOM *FOOL'RY!*
OH GOOD LORD!
GHASP!
EEEK!

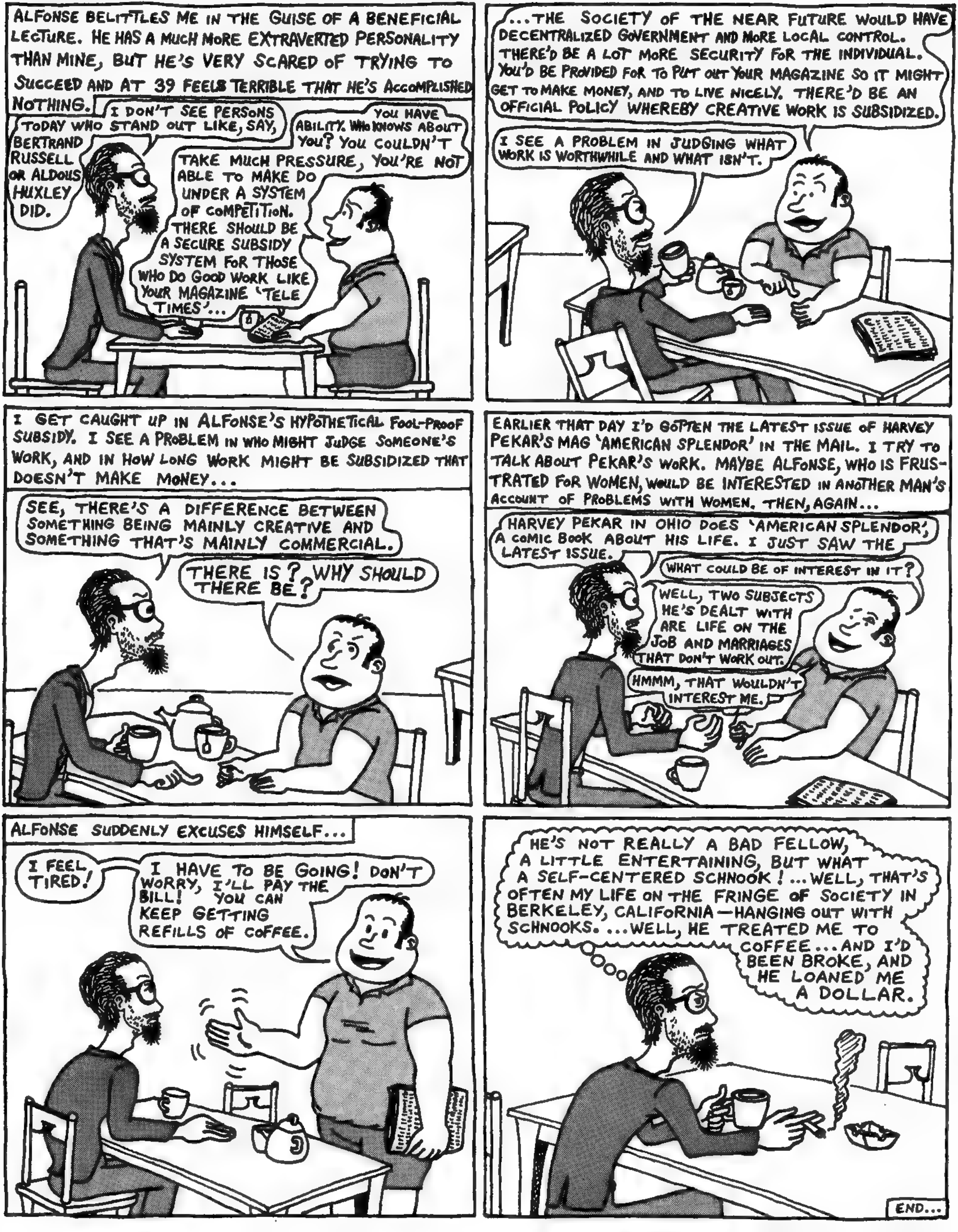

DO NOT *SHOUT* OR I WILL HAFTA TAKE YOU *OUT!* BELIE' DAT!
PAY OR PLAY OR MAKE MY DAY, Y'UNNASTAN'? NOW EMPTY TH' TILL AN' GIMME MY *FILL!*
Y-YES, I UNDER-S-STAND, I THINK...
IT'S INCREDIBLE THE WAY THEY CAN TALK IN RHYMES LIKE THAT!
OH, I KNOW!
LATE ONE NIGHT ABOUT A WEEK LATER
SO, TOUCHE' IS HISTORY, THEN... WELL, IT WAS A NOBLE EFFORT...
THANK GOD IT'S OVER! I'VE AGED TEN YEARS THESE PAST TWO MONTHS! I DON'T HARBOR ANY BITTER FEELINGS, BUT I WANT WHAT I'M RIGHTFULLY OWED.... I'LL PARK AROUND IN TH' BACK SO NO ONE'LL SEE US...
Touché
CLOSED
CLOSED
MELANIE WAS SO TRAUMATIZED BY THE ROBBERY SHE'S PUT HERSELF INTO THE A.A. 12-STEP PROGRAM! I MUST ADMIT I FIND IT HARD TO FEEL SORRY FOR HER... SHE'S NOT THE *ONLY* ONE WHO SWEATED BLOOD FOR THIS PLACE.!!
THIS BACK ENTRANCE IS DEAD-BOLTED FROM TH'INSIDE AN' IT'S A METAL DOOR... FORGET IT... SO ARE YOU 'N HER STILL TALKING?
WE'RE DISSOLVING TH' PARTNERSHIP — IT'S A LEGAL NIGHTMARE! WHY ARE RICH PEOPLE ALWAYS SO TIGHT-ASSED ABOUT MONEY?! WELL, SCREW THEM, I KNOW I CAN RESELL THE *SILVERWARE* FOR AT LEAST *PART* OF WHAT THEY OWE ME...
HMM... THAT AIRVENT MIGHT BE THE WAY TO GO.. YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME A BOOST UP, MODE..
I'LL HAVE TO *WHAT??*
GIVE ME A BOOST UP TO THAT AIRVENT! I'LL CRAWL THROUGH IT AND HAND YOU OUT THE GOODS...
THAT WAS *EASY!* TAKE THIS NOW AN' GIMME THAT SCREWDRIVER SO I CAN PRY TH' FAN OFF!
UNH!
PTOOEY!
COUGH! SPLUT!
DOGGO!!
CHOKE!
CLANK
THUMP!
I'M IN! THROW ME TH' BAG AN' TH' FLASHLIGHT!
@★!!✱! ...NEW JACKET FROM BONWIT TELLER!
HEY, CAN I TAKE A COUPLE A' THESE FANCY BOTTLES OF WINE?
DOGGO, FOR GHOD'S SAKE, HURRY UP! I THINK I HEAR A CAR COMING!

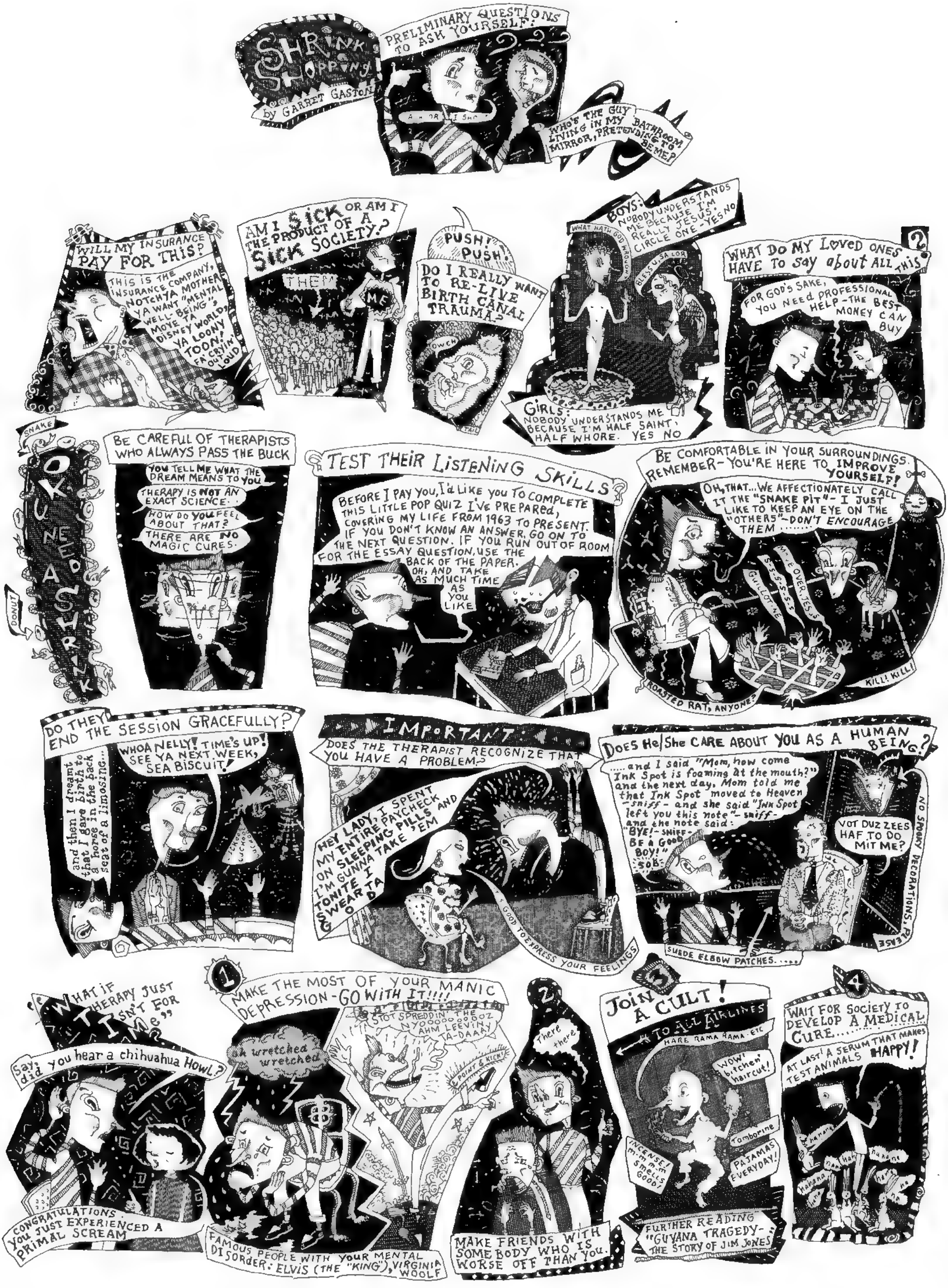

OH SHIT! IT'S MELANIE!
THAT'S RIGHT, RUN ME DOWN, YOU BITCH!
!
I GOT EVERY LAST PIECE... CAREFUL, IT'S HEAVY... UH OH!!
GIVE IT TO ME, QUICK!
WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE??!
GHASP! MY PLACE SETTINGS! WHY, YOU THIEF!
I'VE GOT ONE THING TO SAY TO YOU, MEL— GET FUCKED!!
OUT OF MY WAY!
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE WITH THAT!! HELP! POLICE!! I'LL HAVE YOU LOCKED UP!!
LET GO OF MY JACKET! I'M WARNING YOU! IF YOU TEAR THIS COAT—
HEY, LET'S TALK IT OVER, HOW 'BOUT IT?...
ROGER WILL NAIL YOUR ASS TO THE WALL, SO DON'T COP AN ATTITUDE WITH ME!!
THAT CORPULENT SWINE PROBABLY FUCKS YOU WITH A HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL WRAPPED AROUND HIS DICK!
HA HA, 'AT'S A GOOD ONE!
KLANK
SHREEEK!! HOW DARE YOU TALK TO ME THAT WAY! YOU DIRTY SKUNK!!
YOU FUCKING CUNT-I'LL TEACH YOU!! GRAARHH!!
LADIES, PLEASE! LET'S TALK IT OVER... DRINK A LITTLE WINE...
RIP!
SCRATCH!
BITE!
CLAW!
TEAR!
End

REFRESHMENT WITH ALFONSE — BY BRUCE N. DUNCAN — ©1983


WITH SOME EMPHASIS OF AMIABILITY, ALFONSE INVITES ME WITH HIM.
BRUCE, COME WITH ME FOR COFFEE!
HE'S A BIT OF A DIPSHIT, BUT I'D LIKE TO GO SOMEWHERE WITH COMPANY.
WELL, I'VE GOT TO SAVE THE DOLLAR YOU LOANED ME.
I'LL TREAT YOU TO COFFEE!
OKAY.
RESIST
ALFONSE IS FUSSY ABOUT GOING SOMEWHERE FOR COFFEE. HE WANTS TO GO OUTSIDE THE NEIGHBORHOOD.
THERE ARE SO FEW PLACES WITH GOOD COFFEE AND FREE REFILLS!
MY FEET FEEL POORLY.
WHAT TH' HECK!
LET'S GO TO 'THE GOOD EARTH' DOWN NEAR SHATTUCK AVENUE!
ALFONSE SEEMS TO LIKE TO GO TO PLACES WHERE HE'S SERVED AT A TABLE. ...AFTER WE SIT DOWN, HE DECIDES TO ORDER TEA INSTEAD OF COFFEE.
YEH, I SEE THE TABLE.
ALFONSE GETS ABSORBED IN HIS 'NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW' FOR A WHILE. HE LIKES TO READ A LOT. OFTEN WHEN HE TALKS, HE'S LECTURING FROM WHAT HE'S READ.
A HEADING ABOUT A BOOK ON WILHELM REICH — THAT SUBJECT IS OLD HAT. A LOT OF NAMES I SEE MENTIONED IN WHAT HE READS ARE OLD. WHO ARE THE VOICES OF TODAY? IS A LOT OF THE "INTELLECTUAL CLASS" LIVING IN THE PAST?
60S INTELLECTUAL LEGACY
A NEW WILHELM REICH BIO
SPECIAL NOTES FROM T.S. ELIOT
WHAT DARWIN SAID: A RE-APPRAISAL
THE TITTERS AND SNIDE VOCAL TONES FROM A NEARBY TABLE DISTURB ME. I FEEL ALIENATED. ALFONSE IS INTO HIS PAPER AND DISCOURAGES CONVERSATION.
WILHELM REICH, JAMES JOYCE, AND OTHERS MENTIONED IN YOUR PAPER DIED SOME TIME BACK. WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE ARE THE NEW BRIGHT FIGURES?
OH, THEY'RE AROUND!
I'M GLAD THOSE PEOPLE LEFT WHO WERE AT THAT NEARBY TABLE. THEIR TONE WAS KINDA NEGATIVE.
OH?

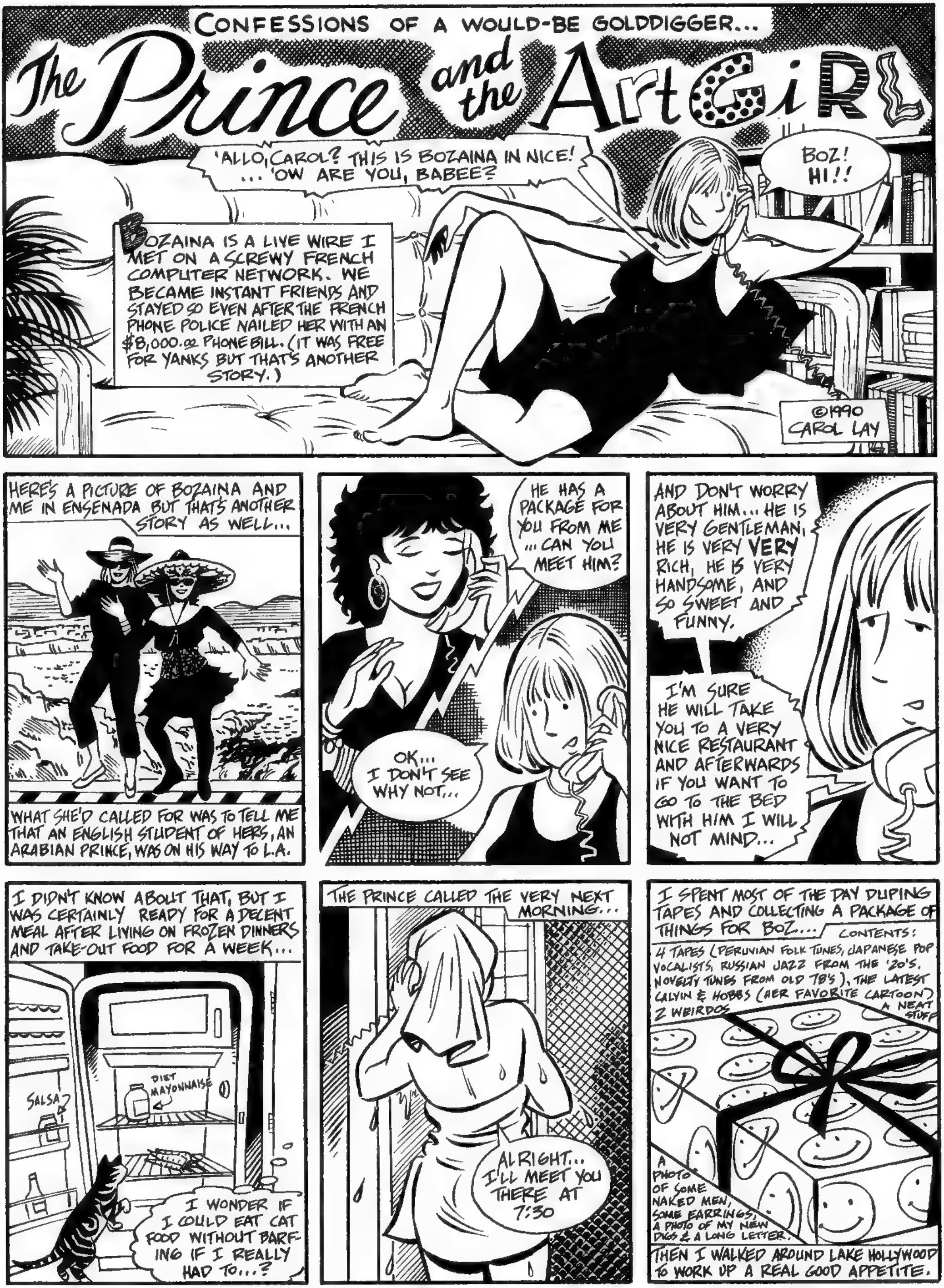
REFRESHMENT WITH ALFONSE — PAGE 2.

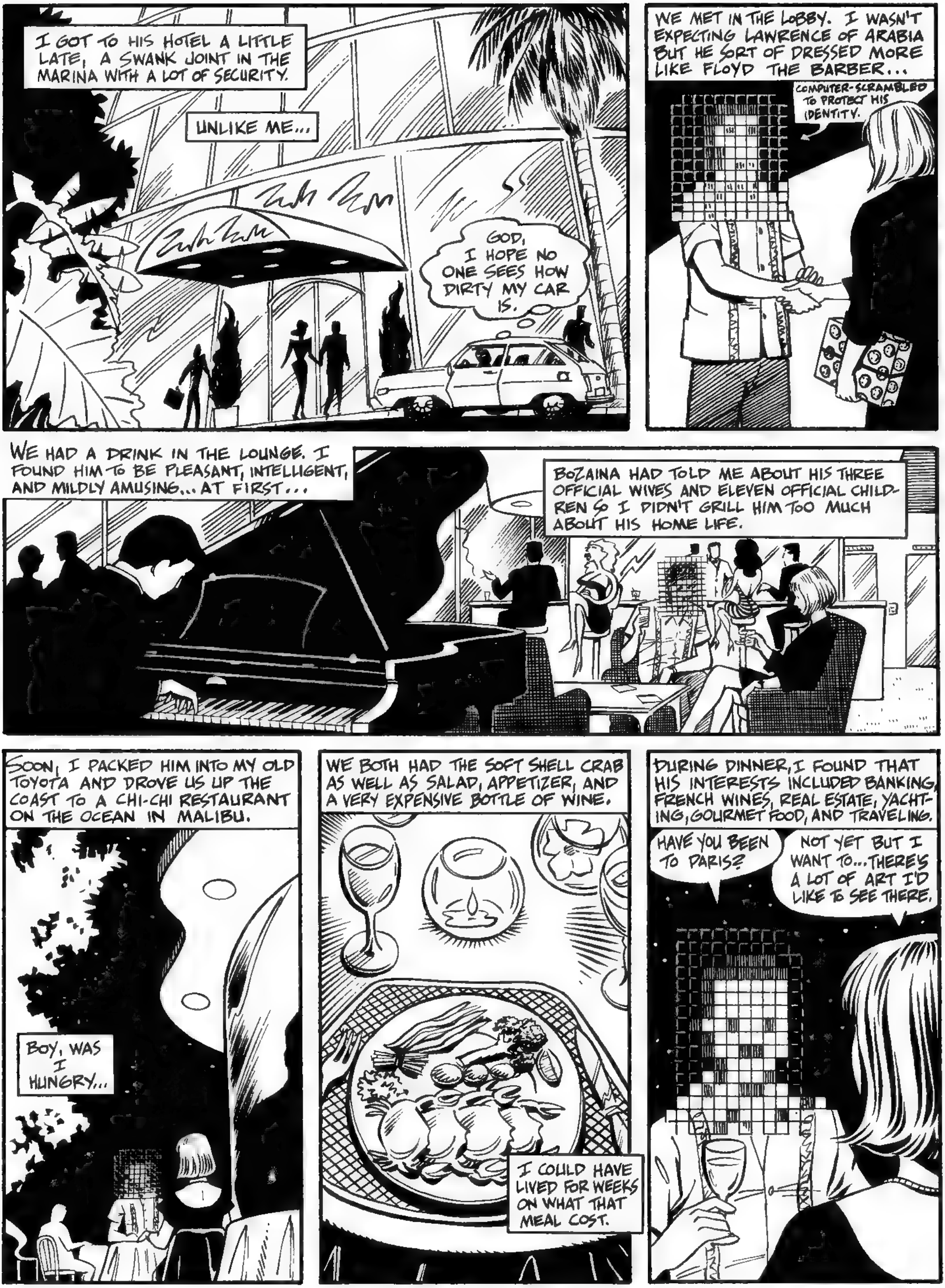

ALFONSE BELITTLES ME IN THE GUISE OF A BENEFICIAL LECTURE. HE HAS A MUCH MORE EXTRAVERTED PERSONALITY THAN MINE, BUT HE'S VERY SCARED OF TRYING TO SUCCEED AND AT 39 FEELS TERRIBLE THAT HE'S ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING.
I DON'T SEE PERSONS TODAY WHO STAND OUT LIKE, SAY, BERTRAND RUSSELL OR ALDOUS HUXLEY DID.
YOU HAVE ABILITY. WHO KNOWS ABOUT YOU? YOU COULDN'T TAKE MUCH PRESSURE, YOU'RE NOT ABLE TO MAKE DO UNDER A SYSTEM OF COMPETITION. THERE SHOULD BE A SECURE SUBSIDY SYSTEM FOR THOSE WHO DO GOOD WORK LIKE YOUR MAGAZINE 'TELE TIMES'...
...THE SOCIETY OF THE NEAR FUTURE WOULD HAVE DECENTRALIZED GOVERNMENT AND MORE LOCAL CONTROL. THERE'D BE A LOT MORE SECURITY FOR THE INDIVIDUAL. YOU'D BE PROVIDED FOR TO PUT OUT YOUR MAGAZINE SO IT MIGHT GET TO MAKE MONEY, AND TO LIVE NICELY. THERE'D BE AN OFFICIAL POLICY WHEREBY CREATIVE WORK IS SUBSIDIZED.
I SEE A PROBLEM IN JUDGING WHAT WORK IS WORTHWHILE AND WHAT ISN'T.
I GET CAUGHT UP IN ALFONSE'S HYPOTHETICAL FOOL-PROOF SUBSIDY. I SEE A PROBLEM IN WHO MIGHT JUDGE SOMEONE'S WORK, AND IN HOW LONG WORK MIGHT BE SUBSIDIZED THAT DOESN'T MAKE MONEY...
SEE, THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SOMETHING BEING MAINLY CREATIVE AND SOMETHING THAT'S MAINLY COMMERCIAL.
THERE IS? WHY SHOULD THERE BE?
EARLIER THAT DAY I'D GOTTEN THE LATEST ISSUE OF HARVEY PEKAR'S MAG 'AMERICAN SPLENDOR' IN THE MAIL. I TRY TO TALK ABOUT PEKAR'S WORK. MAYBE ALFONSE, WHO IS FRUSTRATED FOR WOMEN, WOULD BE INTERESTED IN ANOTHER MAN'S ACCOUNT OF PROBLEMS WITH WOMEN. THEN, AGAIN...
HARVEY PEKAR IN OHIO DOES 'AMERICAN SPLENDOR', A COMIC BOOK ABOUT HIS LIFE. I JUST SAW THE LATEST ISSUE.
WHAT COULD BE OF INTEREST IN IT?
WELL, TWO SUBJECTS HE'S DEALT WITH ARE LIFE ON THE JOB AND MARRIAGES THAT DON'T WORK OUT.
HMMM, THAT WOULDN'T INTEREST ME.
ALFONSE SUDDENLY EXCUSES HIMSELF...
I FEEL TIRED!
I HAVE TO BE GOING! DON'T WORRY, I'LL PAY THE BILL! YOU CAN KEEP GETTING REFILLS OF COFFEE.
HE'S NOT REALLY A BAD FELLOW, A LITTLE ENTERTAINING, BUT WHAT A SELF-CENTERED SCHNOOK! ...WELL, THAT'S OFTEN MY LIFE ON THE FRINGE OF SOCIETY IN BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—HANGING OUT WITH SCHNOOKS. ...WELL, HE TREATED ME TO COFFEE...AND I'D BEEN BROKE, AND HE LOANED ME A DOLLAR.
END...

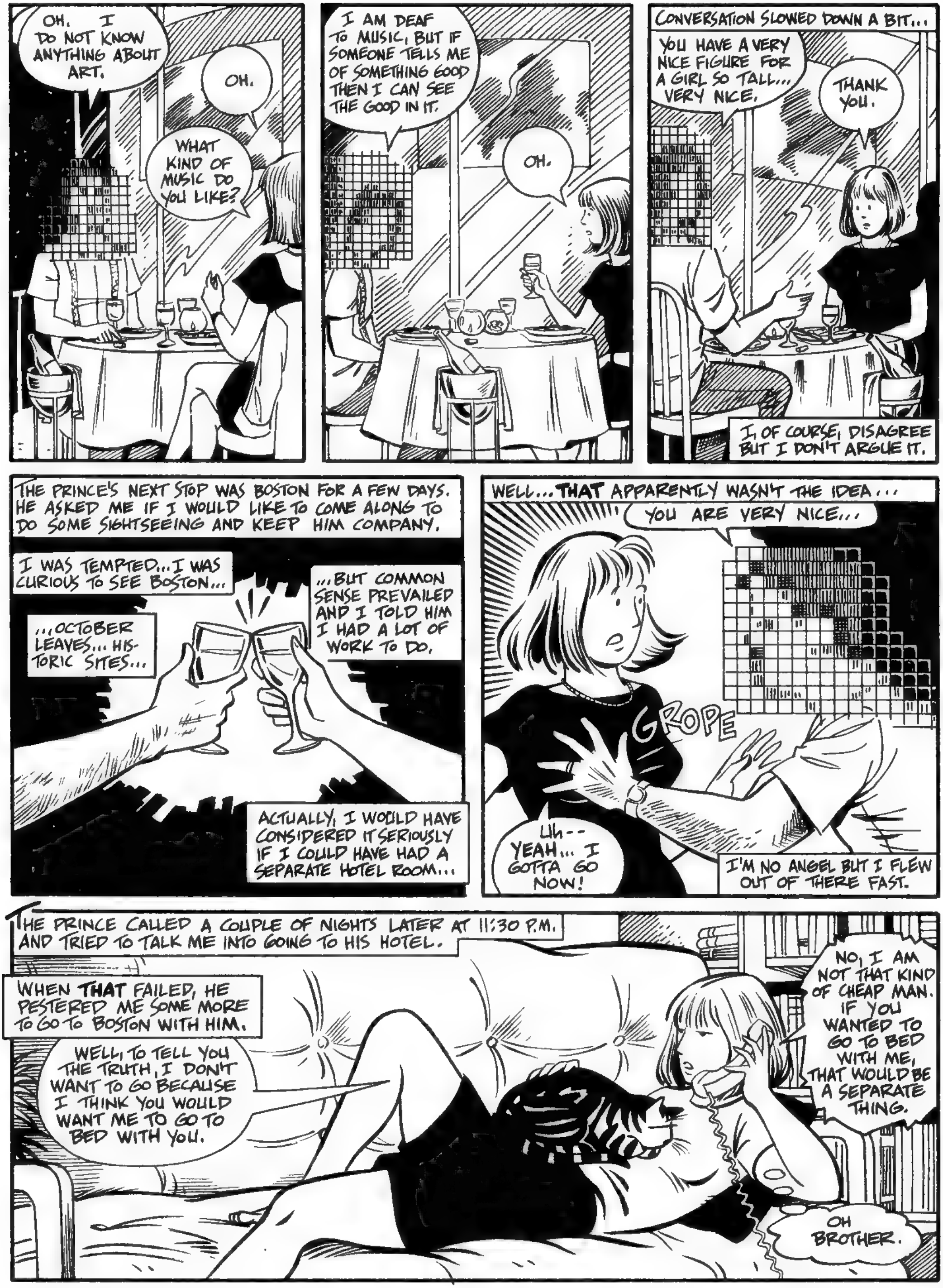

SHRINK SHOPPING
by GARRET GASTON
PRELIMINARY QUESTIONS TO ASK YOURSELF:
WHO'S THE GUY LIVING IN MY BATHROOM MIRROR, PRETENDING TO BE ME?
WILL MY INSURANCE PAY FOR THIS?
THIS IS THE INSURANCE COMPANY, NOTCHYA MOTHER. YA WANT "MENTAL WELL-BEING", MOVE TA DISNEY WORLD, YA LOONY TOON! FA' CRYIN' OUT LOUD
AM I SICK OR AM I THE PRODUCT OF A SICK SOCIETY?
THEM
ME
PUSH! PUSH!
DO I REALLY WANT TO RE-LIVE BIRTH CANAL TRAUMA?
OWCH
TAIL
BOYS: NOBODY UNDERSTANDS ME BECAUSE I'M REALLY JESUS. CIRCLE ONE - YES NO
WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT
BLESS U, SAILOR
GIRLS: NOBODY UNDERSTANDS ME BECAUSE I'M HALF SAINT, HALF WHORE. YES NO
WHAT DO MY LOVED ONES HAVE TO SAY ABOUT ALL THIS?
FOR GOD'S SAKE, YOU NEED PROFESSIONAL HELP - THE BEST MONEY CAN BUY
SNAKE
OK, U NEED A SHRINK
DONUT
BE CAREFUL OF THERAPISTS WHO ALWAYS PASS THE BUCK
YOU TELL ME WHAT THE DREAM MEANS TO YOU
THERAPY IS NOT AN EXACT SCIENCE.
HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THAT?
THERE ARE NO MAGIC CURES.
TEST THEIR LISTENING SKILLS
BEFORE I PAY YOU, I'D LIKE YOU TO COMPLETE THIS LITTLE POP QUIZ I'VE PREPARED, COVERING MY LIFE FROM 1963 TO PRESENT. IF YOU DON'T KNOW AN ANSWER, GO ON TO THE NEXT QUESTION. IF YOU RUN OUT OF ROOM FOR THE ESSAY QUESTION, USE THE BACK OF THE PAPER. OH, AND TAKE AS MUCH TIME AS YOU LIKE
BE COMFORTABLE IN YOUR SURROUNDINGS. REMEMBER - YOU'RE HERE TO IMPROVE YOURSELF!
OH, THAT... WE AFFECTIONATELY CALL IT THE "SNAKE PIT" - I JUST LIKE TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE "OTHERS" - DON'T ENCOURAGE THEM.......
GUILLOTINE
S-S-S-S-S
M...E OVER, JESUS
ROASTED RAT, ANYONE?
KILL! KILL!
DO THEY END THE SESSION GRACEFULLY?
and then I dreamt that I gave birth to a horse in the back seat of a limosine...
WHOA NELLY! TIME'S UP! SEE YA NEXT WEEK, SEA BISCUIT!
CUCKOO CUCKOO
IMPORTANT:
DOES THE THERAPIST RECOGNIZE THAT YOU HAVE A PROBLEM?
HEY LADY, I SPENT MY ENTIRE PAYCHECK ON SLEEPING PILLS AND I'M GUNNA TAKE 'EM TONITE I SWEAR TA GOD
IT'S GOOD TO EXPRESS YOUR FEELINGS
DOES HE/SHE CARE ABOUT YOU AS A HUMAN BEING?
.....and I said "Mom, how come Ink Spot is foaming at the mouth?" and the next day, Mom told me that Ink Spot moved to Heaven - sniff - and she said "Ink Spot left you this note" - sniff - and the note said: "BYE! - SNIFF - BE A GOOD BOY!" SOB
VOT DUZ ZEES HAF TO DO MIT ME?
NO SPOOKY DECORATIONS, PLEASE
SUEDE ELBOW PATCHES.....
"WHAT IF THERAPY JUST ISN'T FOR ME?"
TIME
Say, did you hear a chihuahua Howl?
CONGRATULATIONS. YOU JUST EXPERIENCED A PRIMAL SCREAM
1
MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR MANIC DEPRESSION - GO WITH IT!!!!!
STOT SPREDDIN' THE NYOOOOOOOOZ AHM LEEVIN' TA-DAAAY
oh wretched wretched
POINT & KICK!
FAMOUS PEOPLE WITH YOUR MENTAL DISORDER: ELVIS (THE "KING"), VIRGINIA WOOLF
2
There there
MAKE FRIENDS WITH SOMEBODY WHO IS WORSE OFF THAN YOU.
3
JOIN A CULT!
TO ALL AIRLINES
HARE RAMA RAMA - ETC
WOW! bitchen' haircut!
Tamborine
INCENSE! m-m-m-m smells Good!
PAJAMAS EVERYDAY!
FURTHER READING "GUYANA TRAGEDY - THE STORY OF JIM JONES"
4
WAIT FOR SOCIETY TO DEVELOP A MEDICAL CURE.........
AT LAST! A SERUM THAT MAKES TEST ANIMALS HAPPY!
hahaha
hah
hahaha
hahaha
haha
ha ha

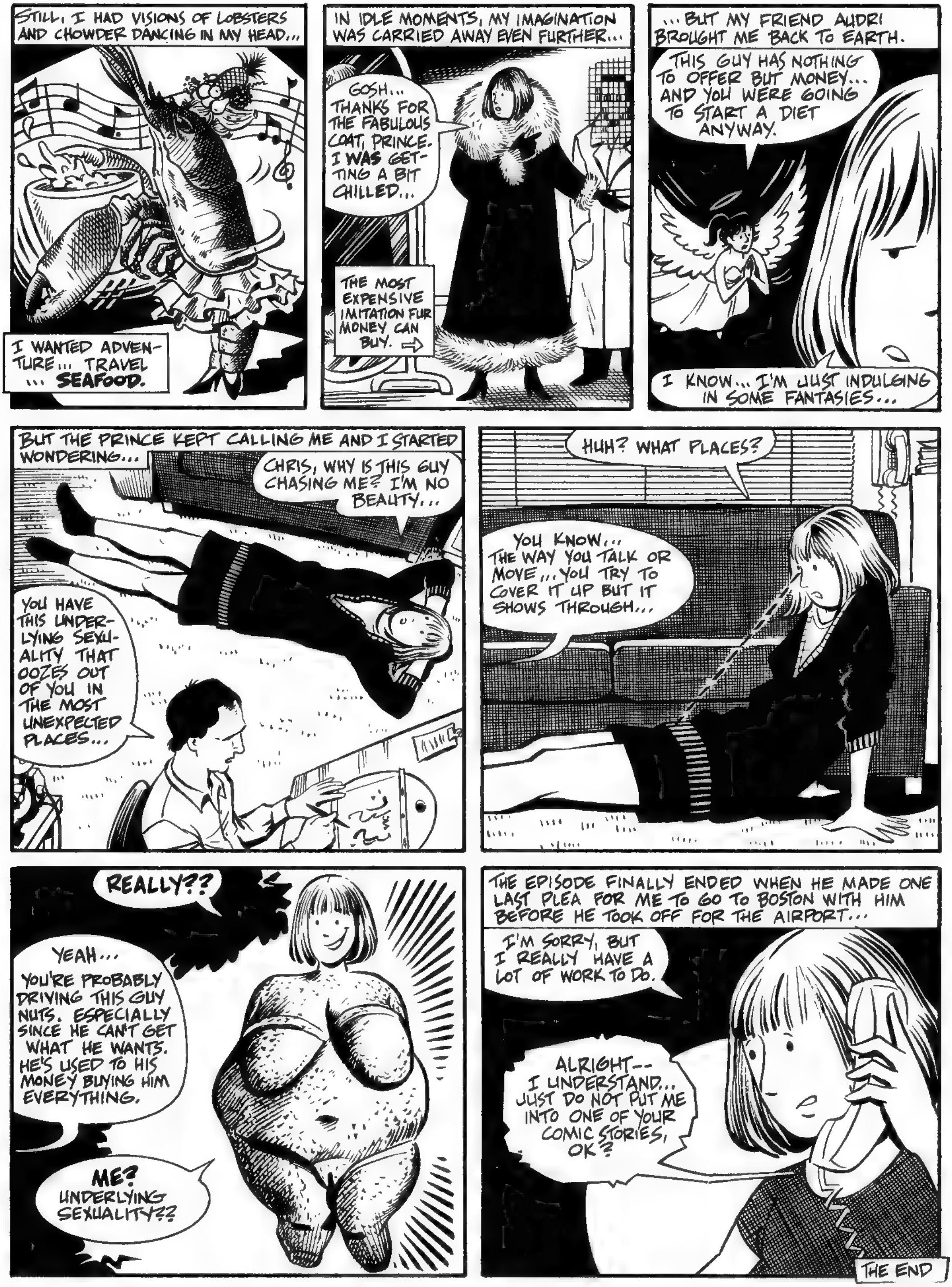
CONFESSIONS OF A WOULD-BE GOLDDIGGER...

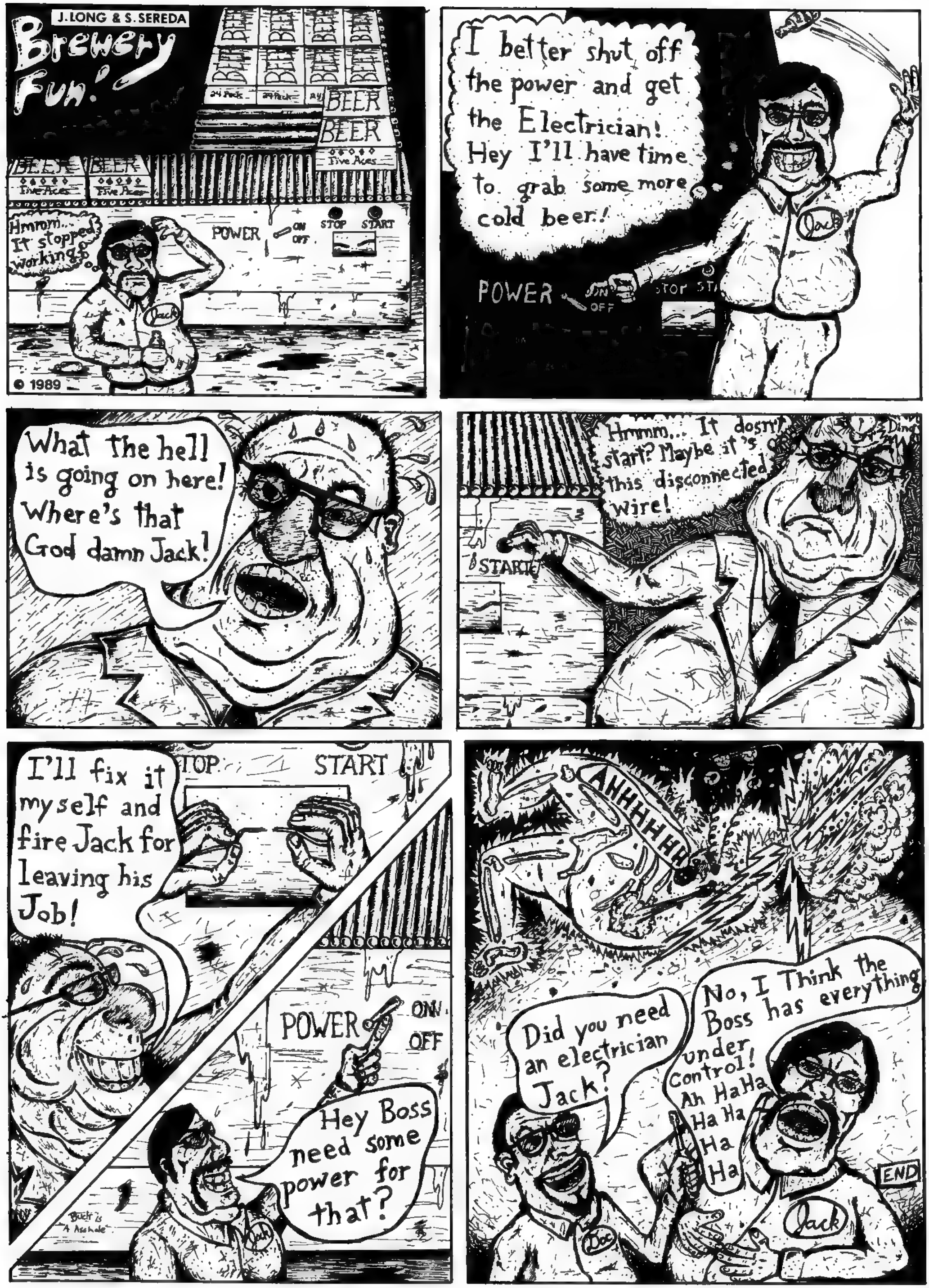
The Prince and the ArtGiRL

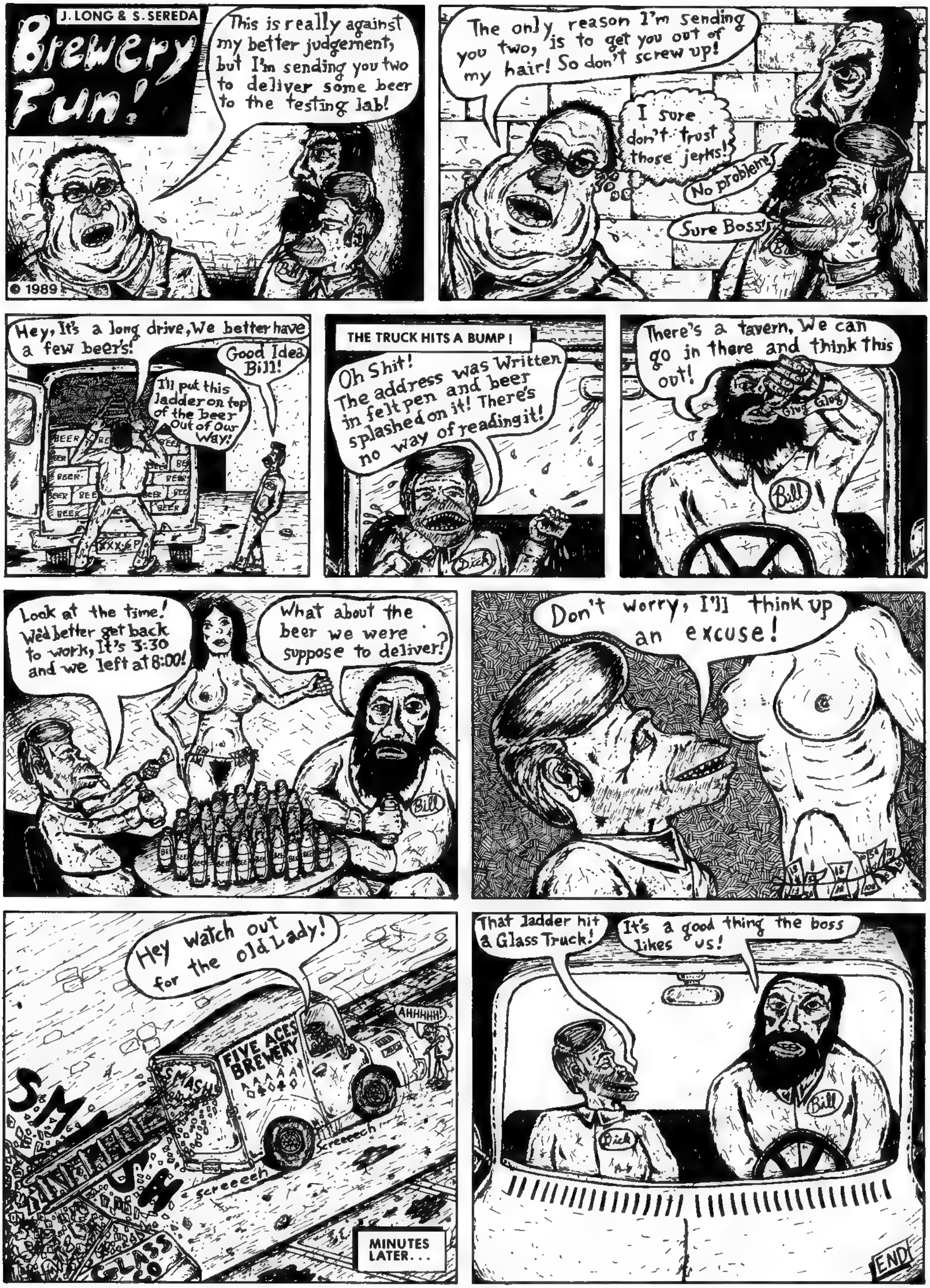

'ALLO, CAROL? THIS IS BOZAINA IN NICE! ... 'OW ARE YOU, BABEE?
BOZ! HI!!
BOZAINA IS A LIVE WIRE I MET ON A SCREWY FRENCH COMPUTER NETWORK. WE BECAME INSTANT FRIENDS AND STAYED SO EVEN AFTER THE FRENCH PHONE POLICE NAILED HER WITH AN $8,000.00 PHONE BILL. (IT WAS FREE FOR YANKS BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.)
©1990 CAROL LAY
HERE'S A PICTURE OF BOZAINA AND ME IN ENSENADA BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY AS WELL...
WHAT SHE'D CALLED FOR WAS TO TELL ME THAT AN ENGLISH STUDENT OF HERS, AN ARABIAN PRINCE, WAS ON HIS WAY TO L.A.
HE HAS A PACKAGE FOR YOU FROM ME ... CAN YOU MEET HIM?
OK... I DON'T SEE WHY NOT...
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM... HE IS VERY GENTLEMAN, HE IS VERY VERY RICH, HE IS VERY HANDSOME, AND SO SWEET AND FUNNY.
I'M SURE HE WILL TAKE YOU TO A VERY NICE RESTAURANT AND AFTERWARDS IF YOU WANT TO GO TO THE BED WITH HIM I WILL NOT MIND...
I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, BUT I WAS CERTAINLY READY FOR A DECENT MEAL AFTER LIVING ON FROZEN DINNERS AND TAKE-OUT FOOD FOR A WEEK...
SALSA
DIET MAYONNAISE
I WONDER IF I COULD EAT CAT FOOD WITHOUT BARFING IF I REALLY HAD TO...?
THE PRINCE CALLED THE VERY NEXT MORNING...
ALRIGHT... I'LL MEET YOU THERE AT 7:30
I SPENT MOST OF THE DAY DUPING TAPES AND COLLECTING A PACKAGE OF THINGS FOR BOZ...
CONTENTS:
4 TAPES (PERUVIAN FOLK TUNES, JAPANESE POP VOCALISTS, RUSSIAN JAZZ FROM THE '20'S, NOVELTY TUNES FROM OLD 78'S), THE LATEST CALVIN & HOBBS (HER FAVORITE CARTOON) 2 WEIRDOS A NEAT STUFF
A PHOTO OF SOME NAKED MEN, SOME EARRINGS, A PHOTO OF MY NEW DIGS & A LONG LETTER.
THEN I WALKED AROUND LAKE HOLLYWOOD TO WORK UP A REAL GOOD APPETITE.

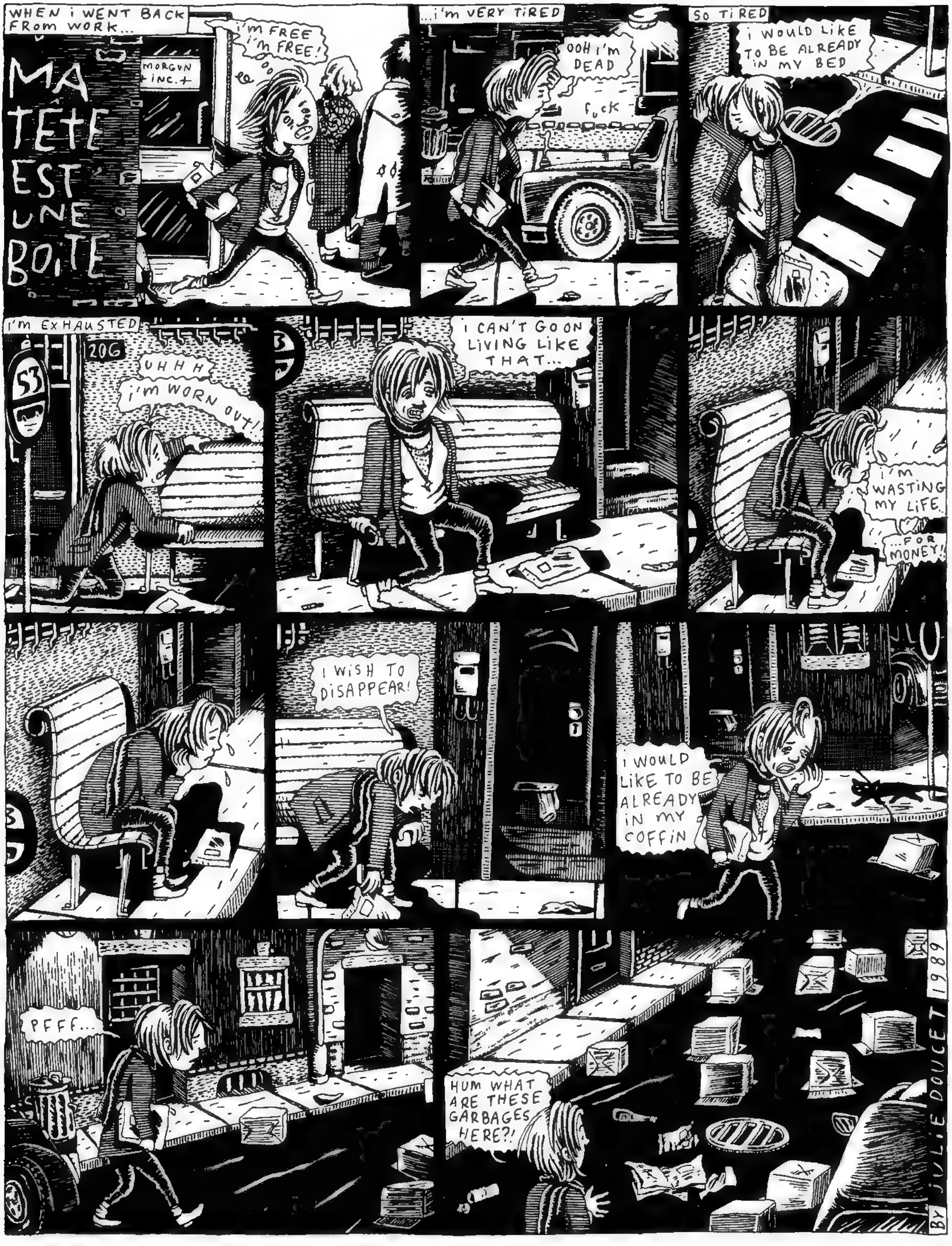

I GOT TO HIS HOTEL A LITTLE LATE, A SWANK JOINT IN THE MARINA WITH A LOT OF SECURITY.
UNLIKE ME...
GOD, I HOPE NO ONE SEES HOW DIRTY MY CAR IS.
WE MET IN THE LOBBY. I WASN'T EXPECTING LAWRENCE OF ARABIA BUT HE SORT OF DRESSED MORE LIKE FLOYD THE BARBER...
COMPUTER-SCRAMBLED TO PROTECT HIS IDENTITY.
WE HAD A DRINK IN THE LOUNGE. I FOUND HIM TO BE PLEASANT, INTELLIGENT, AND MILDLY AMUSING... AT FIRST...
BOZAINA HAD TOLD ME ABOUT HIS THREE OFFICIAL WIVES AND ELEVEN OFFICIAL CHILDREN SO I DIDN'T GRILL HIM TOO MUCH ABOUT HIS HOME LIFE.
SOON, I PACKED HIM INTO MY OLD TOYOTA AND DROVE US UP THE COAST TO A CHI-CHI RESTAURANT ON THE OCEAN IN MALIBU.
BOY, WAS I HUNGRY...
WE BOTH HAD THE SOFT SHELL CRAB AS WELL AS SALAD, APPETIZER, AND A VERY EXPENSIVE BOTTLE OF WINE.
I COULD HAVE LIVED FOR WEEKS ON WHAT THAT MEAL COST.
DURING DINNER, I FOUND THAT HIS INTERESTS INCLUDED BANKING, FRENCH WINES, REAL ESTATE, YACHTING, GOURMET FOOD, AND TRAVELING.
HAVE YOU BEEN TO PARIS?
NOT YET BUT I WANT TO... THERE'S A LOT OF ART I'D LIKE TO SEE THERE.

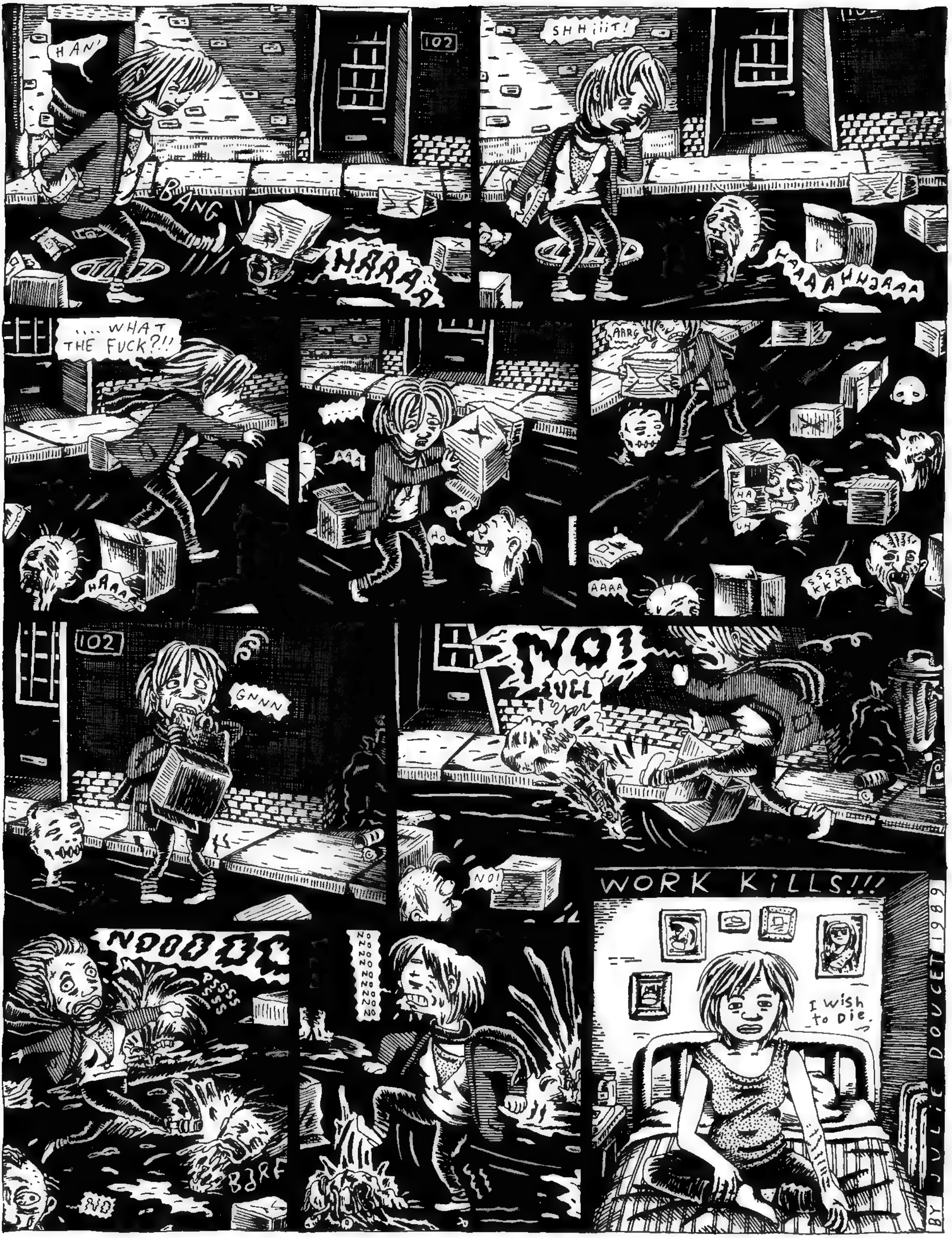

OH. I DO NOT KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ART.
OH.
WHAT KIND OF MUSIC DO YOU LIKE?
I AM DEAF TO MUSIC, BUT IF SOMEONE TELLS ME OF SOMETHING GOOD THEN I CAN SEE THE GOOD IN IT.
OH.
CONVERSATION SLOWED DOWN A BIT...
YOU HAVE A VERY NICE FIGURE FOR A GIRL SO TALL... VERY NICE.
THANK YOU.
I, OF COURSE, DISAGREE BUT I DON'T ARGUE IT.
THE PRINCE'S NEXT STOP WAS BOSTON FOR A FEW DAYS. HE ASKED ME IF I WOULD LIKE TO COME ALONG TO DO SOME SIGHTSEEING AND KEEP HIM COMPANY.
I WAS TEMPTED... I WAS CURIOUS TO SEE BOSTON...
...OCTOBER LEAVES... HISTORIC SITES...
...BUT COMMON SENSE PREVAILED AND I TOLD HIM I HAD A LOT OF WORK TO DO.
ACTUALLY, I WOULD HAVE CONSIDERED IT SERIOUSLY IF I COULD HAVE HAD A SEPARATE HOTEL ROOM...
WELL... THAT APPARENTLY WASN'T THE IDEA...
YOU ARE VERY NICE...
GROPE
UH-- YEAH... I GOTTA GO NOW!
I'M NO ANGEL BUT I FLEW OUT OF THERE FAST.
THE PRINCE CALLED A COUPLE OF NIGHTS LATER AT 11:30 P.M. AND TRIED TO TALK ME INTO GOING TO HIS HOTEL.
WHEN THAT FAILED, HE PESTERED ME SOME MORE TO GO TO BOSTON WITH HIM.
WELL, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I DON'T WANT TO GO BECAUSE I THINK YOU WOULD WANT ME TO GO TO BED WITH YOU.
NO, I AM NOT THAT KIND OF CHEAP MAN. IF YOU WANTED TO GO TO BED WITH ME, THAT WOULD BE A SEPARATE THING.
OH BROTHER.


STILL, I HAD VISIONS OF LOBSTERS AND CHOWDER DANCING IN MY HEAD...
I WANTED ADVENTURE... TRAVEL ... SEAFOOD.
IN IDLE MOMENTS, MY IMAGINATION WAS CARRIED AWAY EVEN FURTHER...
GOSH... THANKS FOR THE FABULOUS COAT, PRINCE. I WAS GETTING A BIT CHILLED...
THE MOST EXPENSIVE IMITATION FUR MONEY CAN BUY. ⇨
...BUT MY FRIEND AUDRI BROUGHT ME BACK TO EARTH.
THIS GUY HAS NOTHING TO OFFER BUT MONEY... AND YOU WERE GOING TO START A DIET ANYWAY.
I KNOW... I'M JUST INDULGING IN SOME FANTASIES...
BUT THE PRINCE KEPT CALLING ME AND I STARTED WONDERING...
CHRIS, WHY IS THIS GUY CHASING ME? I'M NO BEAUTY...
YOU HAVE THIS UNDERLYING SEXUALITY THAT OOZES OUT OF YOU IN THE MOST UNEXPECTED PLACES...
HUH? WHAT PLACES?
YOU KNOW... THE WAY YOU TALK OR MOVE... YOU TRY TO COVER IT UP BUT IT SHOWS THROUGH...
REALLY??
YEAH... YOU'RE PROBABLY DRIVING THIS GUY NUTS. ESPECIALLY SINCE HE CAN'T GET WHAT HE WANTS. HE'S USED TO HIS MONEY BUYING HIM EVERYTHING.
ME? UNDERLYING SEXUALITY??
THE EPISODE FINALLY ENDED WHEN HE MADE ONE LAST PLEA FOR ME TO GO TO BOSTON WITH HIM BEFORE HE TOOK OFF FOR THE AIRPORT...
I'M SORRY, BUT I REALLY HAVE A LOT OF WORK TO DO.
ALRIGHT-- I UNDERSTAND... JUST DO NOT PUT ME INTO ONE OF YOUR COMIC STORIES, OK?
THE END

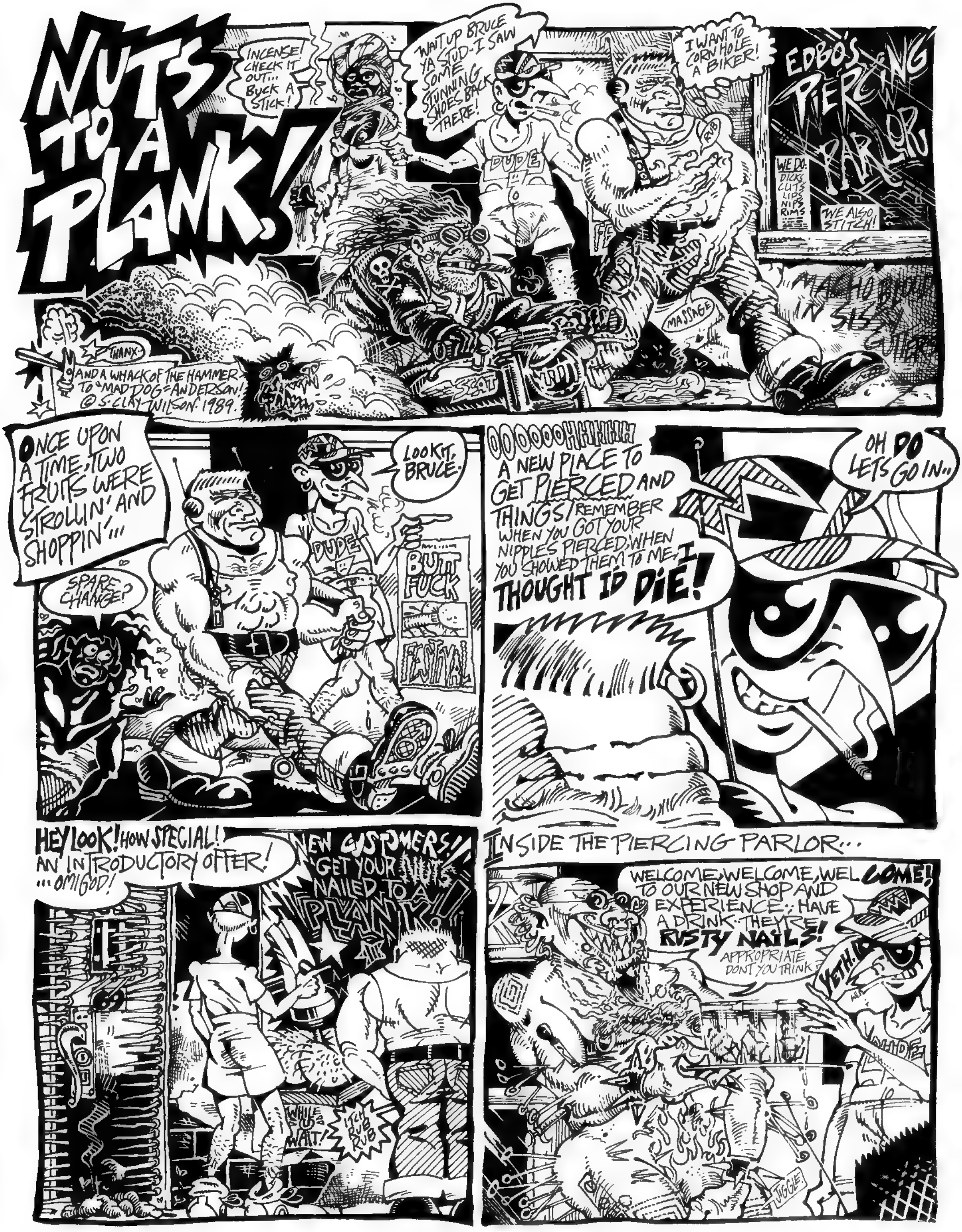

J. LONG & S. SEREDA
Brewery Fun!
BEER
24 Pack
Five Aces
Hmmm... It stopped working?
POWER
ON
OFF
STOP
START
© 1989
I better shut off the power and get the Electrician! Hey I'll have time to grab some more cold beer!
Jack
What the hell is going on here! Where's that God damn Jack!
Hmmm... It dosn't start? Maybe it's this disconnected wire!
Ding
START
I'll fix it myself and fire Jack for leaving his Job!
Hey Boss need some power for that?
Buck is A Asshole
AHHHHHHH
Did you need an electrician Jack?
No, I Think the Boss has everything under Control! Ah Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha
Doc
END

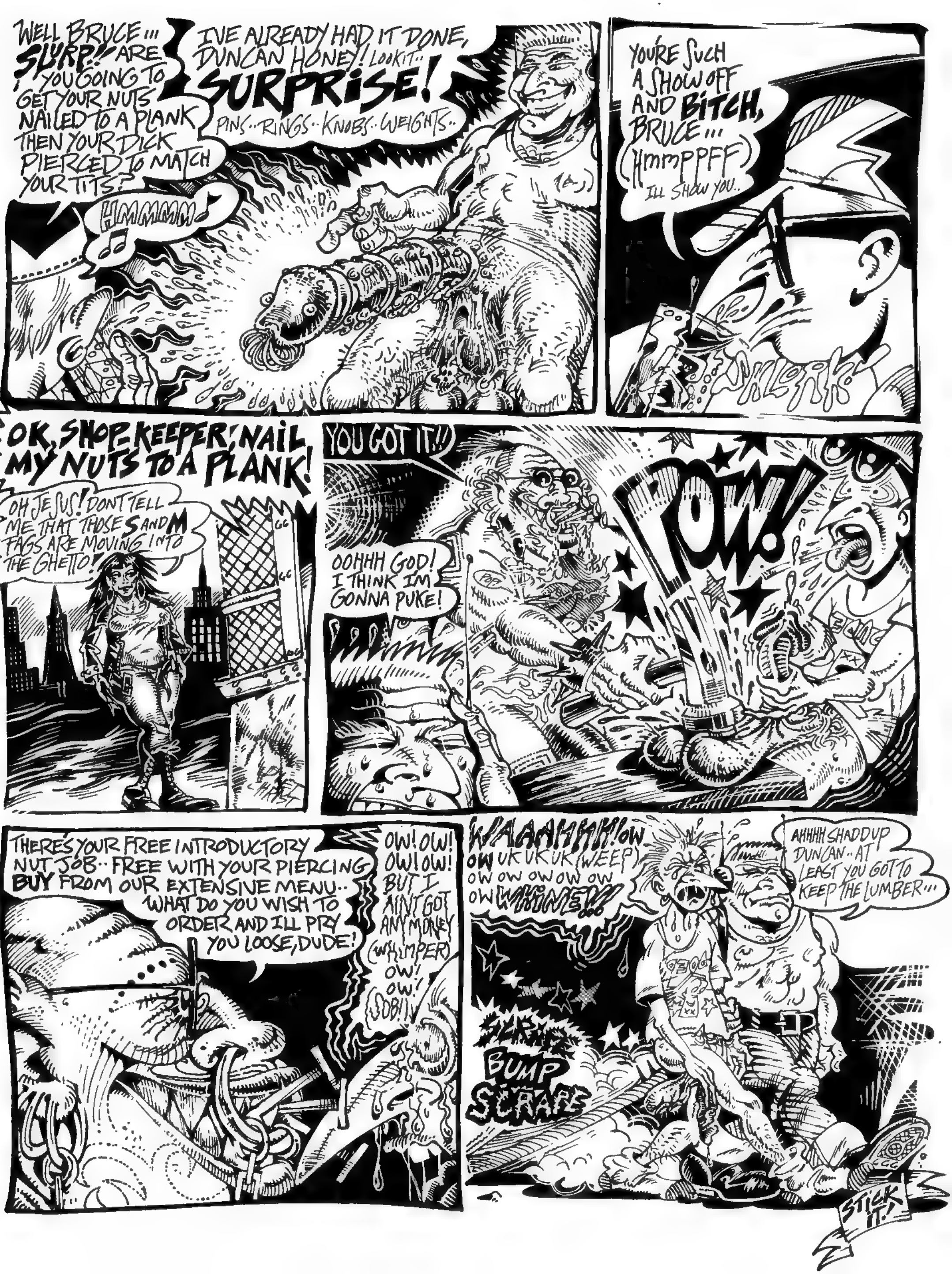

J. LONG & S. SERÉDA
Brewery Fun!
© 1989
This is really against my better judgement, but I'm sending you two to deliver some beer to the testing lab!
Bill
The only reason I'm sending you two, is to get you out of my hair! So don't screw up!
I sure don't trust those jerks!
No problem!
Sure Boss!
Hey, It's a long drive, We better have a few beer's!
Good Idea Bill!
I'll put this ladder on top of the beer Out of Our Way!
BEER
XXX-6P
THE TRUCK HITS A BUMP !
Oh Shit! The address was Written in felt pen and beer splashed on it! There's no way of reading it!
Dick
There's a tavern, We can go in there and think this out!
Glug Glug
Bill
Look at the time! We'd better get back to work, It's 3:30 and we left at 8:00!
What about the beer we were suppose to deliver?
BEER
Bill
Don't worry, I'll think up an excuse!
Hey watch out for the old Lady!
AHHHHH!
FIVE ACES BREWERY
SMASH
SMASH
screeeech
screeeech
GLASS
MINUTES LATER...
That ladder hit a Glass Truck!
It's a good thing the boss likes us!
Dick
Bill
END

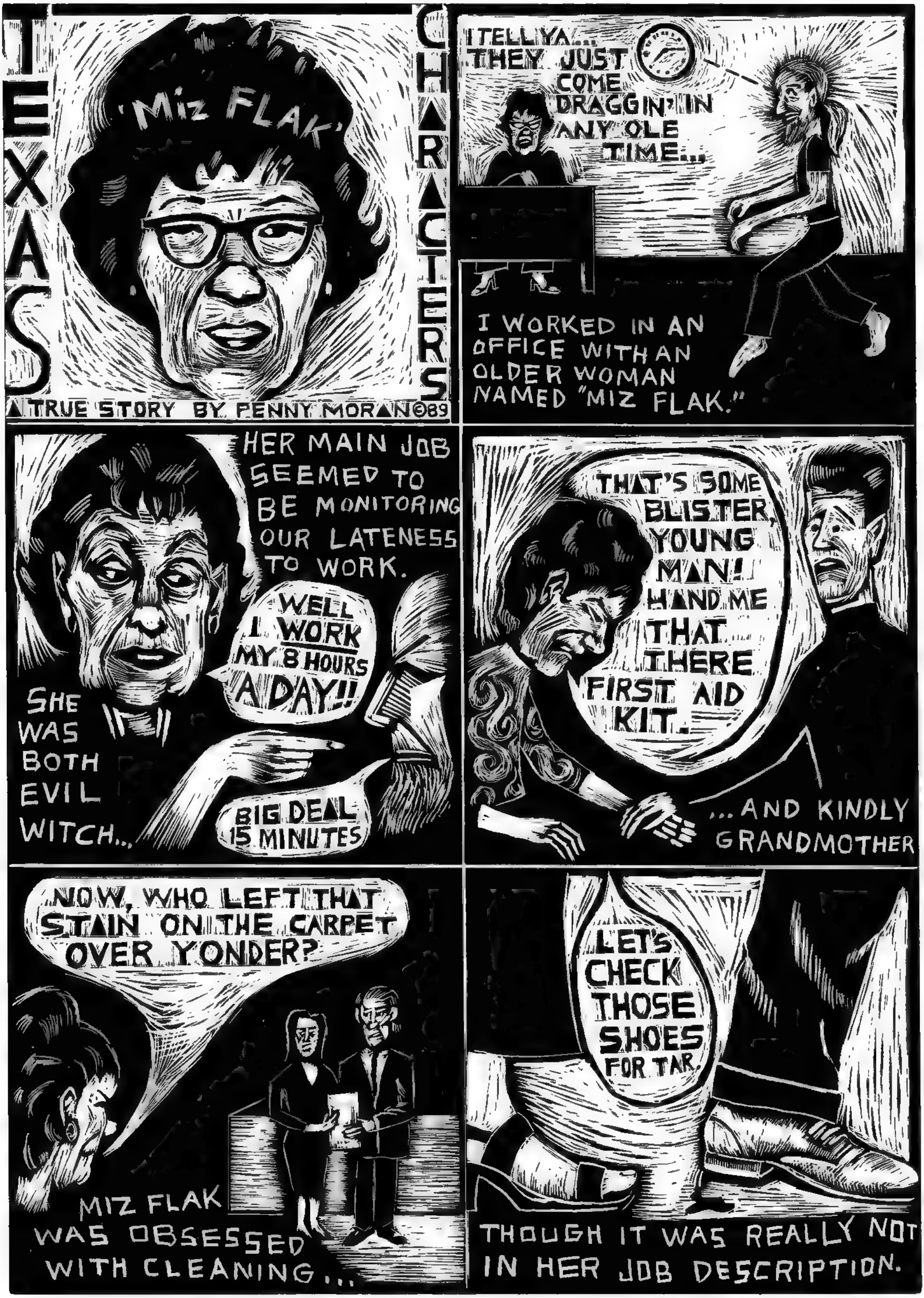

MA TÊTE EST UNE BOITE
WHEN i WENT BACK FROM WORK...
i'M FREE i'M FREE!
MORGUN inc.
...i'M VERY TiRED
OOH i'M DEAD
Fuck
SO TiRED
i WOULD LiKE TO BE ALREADY iN MY BED
i'M EXHAUSTED
53
206
UHHH
i'M WORN OUT!
I CAN'T GO ON LiVING LiKE THAT...
i'M WASTING MY LiFE
...FOR MONEY!
I WiSH TO DiSAPPEAR!
I WOULD LiKE TO BE ALREADY iN MY COFFiN
PFFF...
HUM WHAT ARE THESE GARBAGES HERE?!
BY JULIE DOUCET 1989

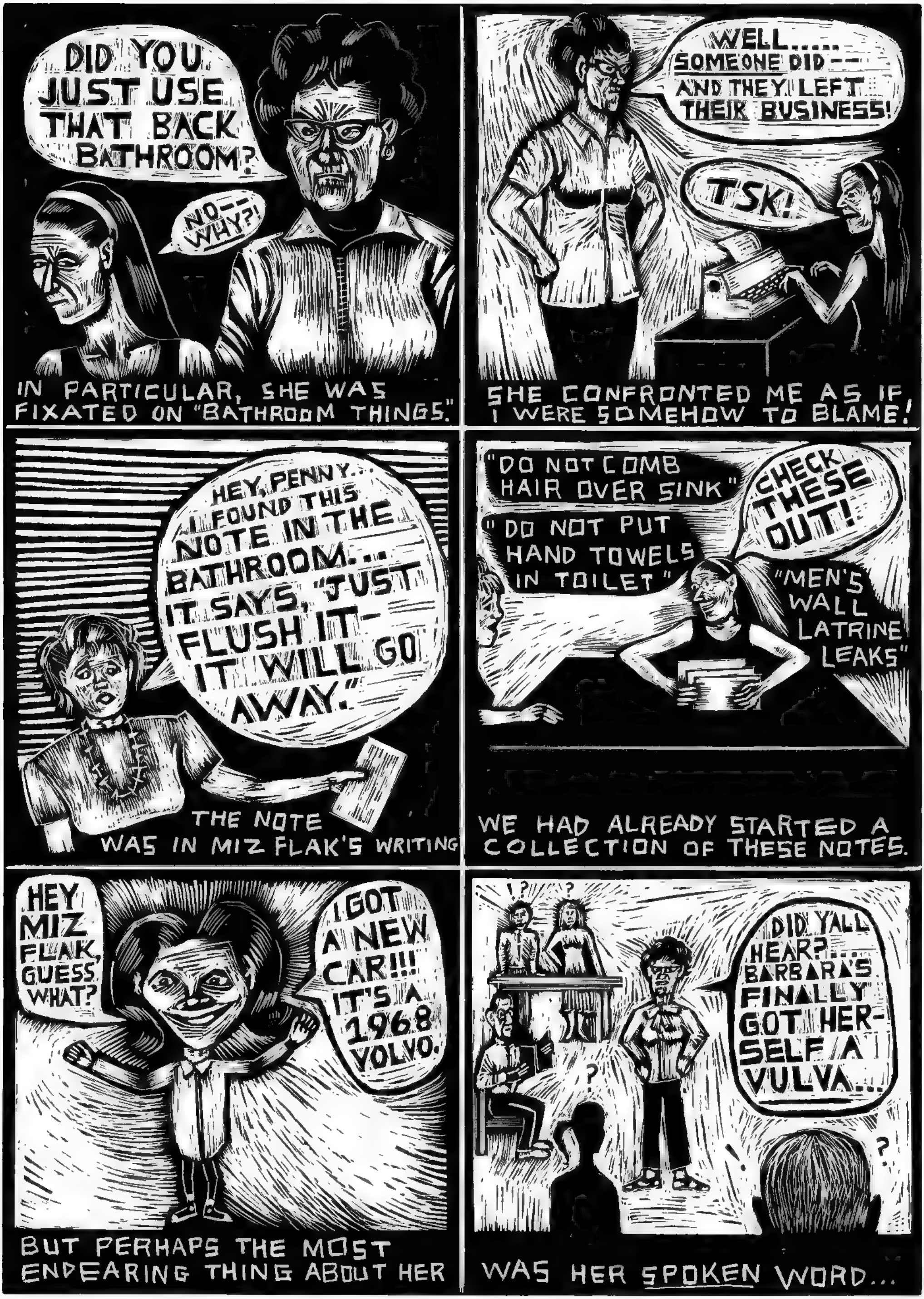

HAN!
102
BANG
HARAAA
SHHiiiT!
HAAAAHHARAAA
....WHAT THE FUCK?!!
HAAAA
AAA
HA
HO
AARG
HA
UH
AAAA
SSSSS KKKK
102
GNNN
NO!
UGL
NO!
WORK KiLLS!!!
NOOOOO
PSSSS SSS
BARF
NO
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
I wish to Die.
BY JULIE DOUCET 1989

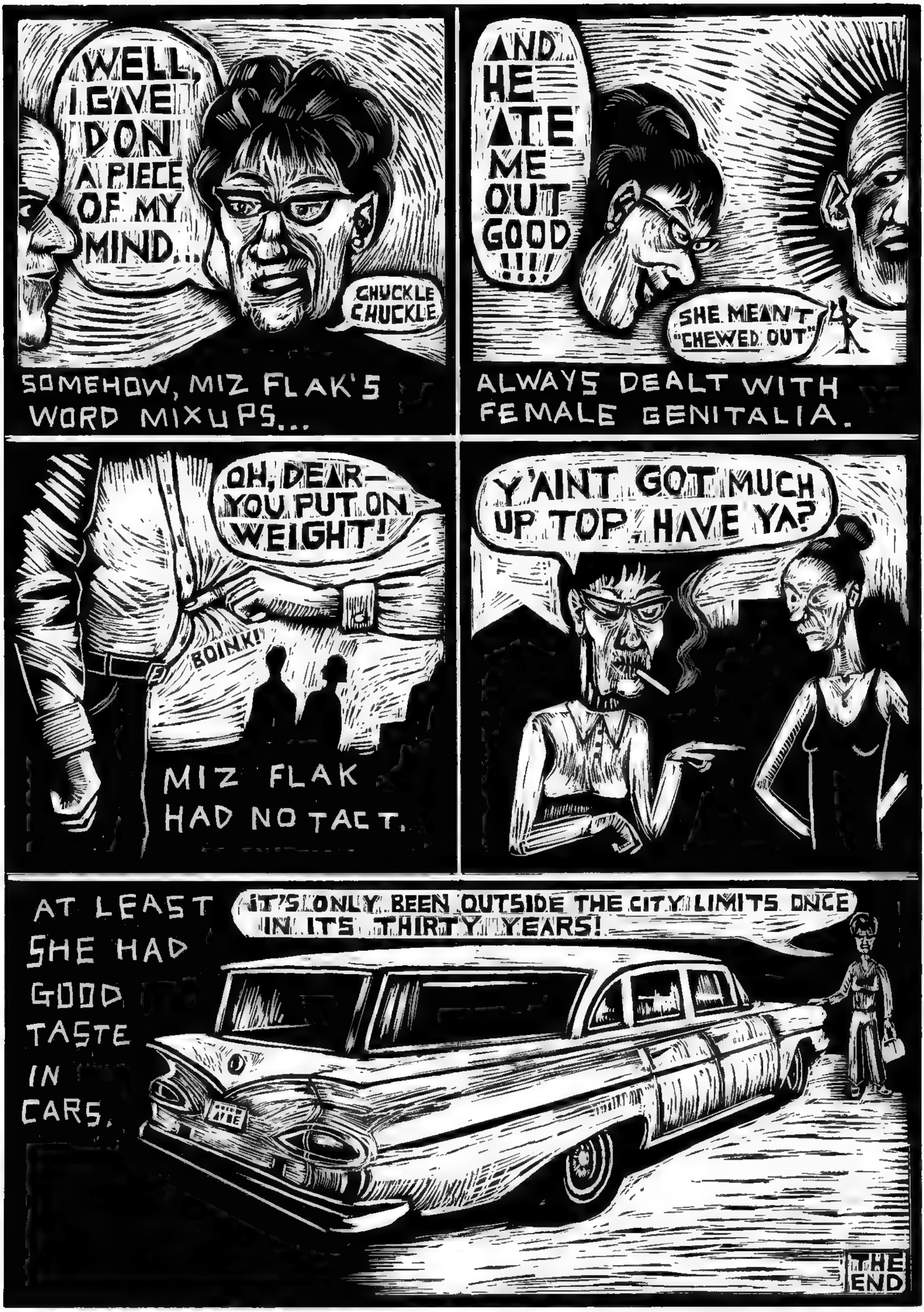
NUTS TO A PLANK!


NUTS TO A PLANK!
INCENSE! CHECK IT OUT... BUCK A STICK!
WAIT UP BRUCE YA STUD-I SAW SOME STUNNING SHOES BACK THERE!
I WANT TO CORN HOLE A BIKER!
EDBO'S PIERCING PARLOR
WE DO: DICKS CUTS LIPS NIPS RIMS
WE ALSO STITCH!
DUDE
RUB
MASSAGE
SCAT
THANX.
AND A WHACK OF THE HAMMER TO "MAD DOG" ANDERSON! © S. CLAY WILSON 1989.
ONCE UPON A TIME, TWO FRUITS WERE STROLLIN' AND SHOPPIN'...
LOOKIT, BRUCE.
SPARE CHANGE?
DUDE
BUTT FUCK FESTIVAL
OOOOOOHHHHHH A NEW PLACE TO GET PIERCED AND THINGS! REMEMBER WHEN YOU GOT YOUR NIPPLES PIERCED, WHEN YOU SHOWED THEM TO ME, I THOUGHT ID DIE!
OH DO LETS GO IN..
HEY LOOK! HOW SPECIAL! AN INTRODUCTORY OFFER! ...OMIGOD!
NEW CUSTOMERS!! GET YOUR NUTS NAILED TO A PLANK!
WHILE-U-WAIT!
ITCH RUB RUB
INSIDE THE PIERCING PARLOR...
WELCOME, WELCOME, WELCOME! TO OUR NEW SHOP AND EXPERIENCE; HAVE A DRINK. THEY'RE RUSTY NAILS! APPROPRIATE DONT YOU THINK?
YETH.
JIGGLE


WELL BRUCE... SLURP!! ARE YOU GOING TO GET YOUR NUTS NAILED TO A PLANK THEN YOUR DICK PIERCED TO MATCH YOUR TITS?
IVE ALREADY HAD IT DONE, DUNCAN HONEY! LOOKIT.. SURPRISE! PINS.. RINGS.. KNOBS.. WEIGHTS..
HMMMM♪
YOU'RE SUCH A SHOW OFF AND BITCH, BRUCE... (HMMPPFF) I'LL SHOW YOU..
SHLERK!
OK, SHOP-KEEPER, NAIL MY NUTS TO A PLANK!
OH JESUS! DONT TELL ME THAT THOSE S AND M FAGS ARE MOVING INTO THE GHETTO!
YOU GOT IT!!
OOHHH GOD! I THINK IM GONNA PUKE!
POW!
THERE'S YOUR FREE INTRODUCTORY NUT JOB.. FREE WITH YOUR PIERCING BUY FROM OUR EXTENSIVE MENU.. WHAT DO YOU WISH TO ORDER AND ILL PRY YOU LOOSE, DUDE!
OW! OW! OW! OW! BUT I AINT GOT ANY MONEY (WHIMPER) OW! OW! (SOB!)
WAAAHHHH! OW OW UK UK UK (WEEP) OW OW OW OW OW OW WHIIINE!!...
AHHHH SHADDUP DUNCAN.. AT LEAST YOU GOT TO KEEP THE LUMBER...
SCRAPE BUMP SCRAPE
STICK IT!

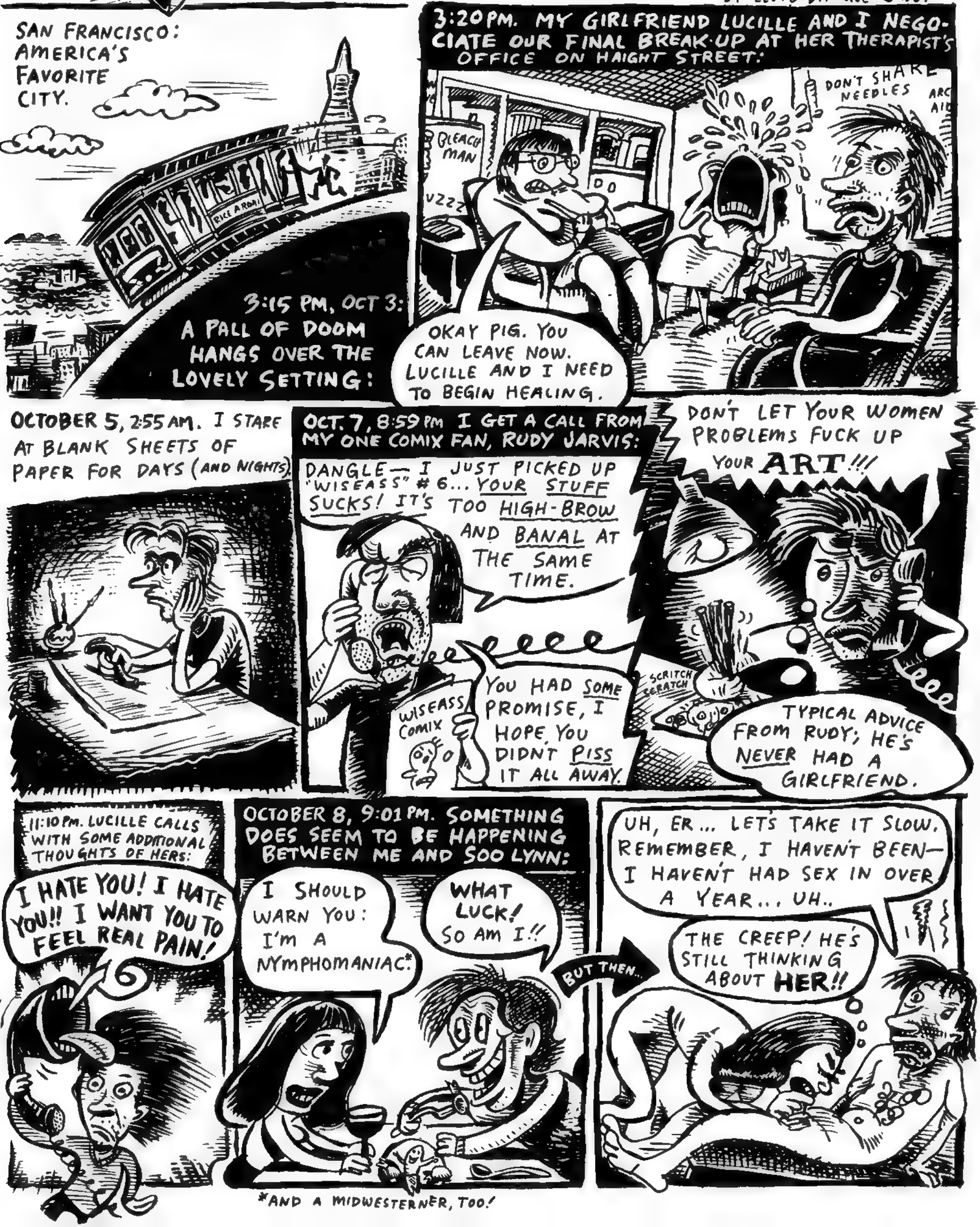

TEXAS CHARACTERS
'Miz FLAK'
A TRUE STORY BY PENNY MORAN ©89
I TELL YA... THEY JUST COME DRAGGIN' IN ANY OLE TIME...
I WORKED IN AN OFFICE WITH AN OLDER WOMAN NAMED "MIZ FLAK."
HER MAIN JOB SEEMED TO BE MONITORING OUR LATENESS TO WORK.
WELL I WORK MY 8 HOURS A DAY!!
BIG DEAL 15 MINUTES
SHE WAS BOTH EVIL WITCH...
THAT'S SOME BLISTER, YOUNG MAN! HAND ME THAT THERE FIRST AID KIT.
...AND KINDLY GRANDMOTHER
NOW, WHO LEFT THAT STAIN ON THE CARPET OVER YONDER?
MIZ FLAK WAS OBSESSED WITH CLEANING...
LET'S CHECK THOSE SHOES FOR TAR
THOUGH IT WAS REALLY NOT IN HER JOB DESCRIPTION.

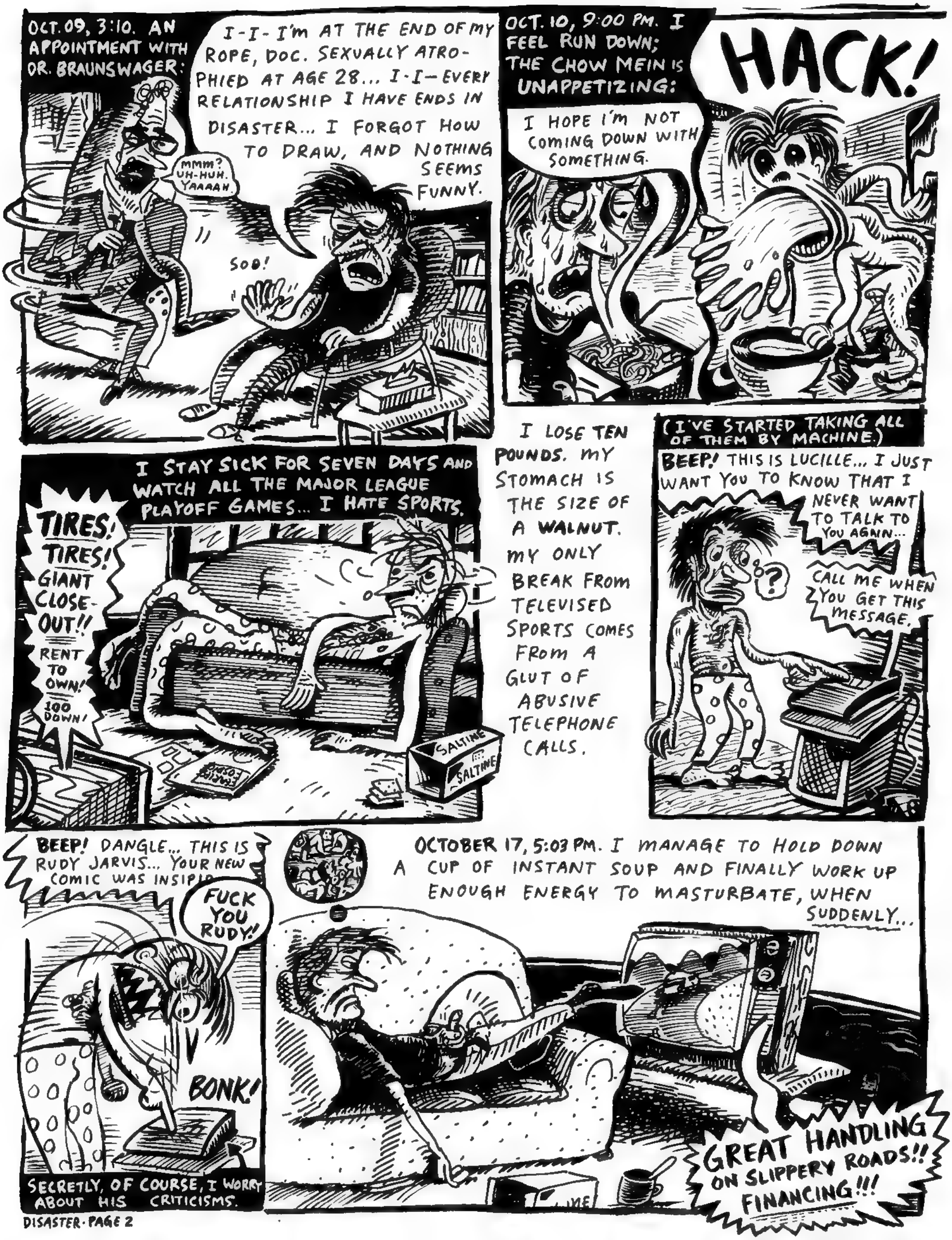

DID YOU JUST USE THAT BACK BATHROOM?
NO-- WHY?!
IN PARTICULAR, SHE WAS FIXATED ON "BATHROOM THINGS."
WELL..... SOMEONE DID-- AND THEY LEFT THEIR BUSINESS!
TSK!
SHE CONFRONTED ME AS IF I WERE SOMEHOW TO BLAME!
HEY, PENNY... I FOUND THIS NOTE IN THE BATHROOM... IT SAYS, "JUST FLUSH IT- IT WILL GO AWAY."
THE NOTE WAS IN MIZ FLAK'S WRITING
"DO NOT COMB HAIR OVER SINK"
"DO NOT PUT HAND TOWELS IN TOILET"
CHECK THESE OUT!
"MEN'S WALL LATRINE LEAKS"
WE HAD ALREADY STARTED A COLLECTION OF THESE NOTES.
HEY MIZ FLAK, GUESS WHAT?
I GOT A NEW CAR!!! IT'S A 1968 VOLVO.
BUT PERHAPS THE MOST ENDEARING THING ABOUT HER
!? ? ? ! ?
DID Y'ALL HEAR?... BARBARA'S FINALLY GOT HER-SELF A VULVA...
WAS HER SPOKEN WORD...

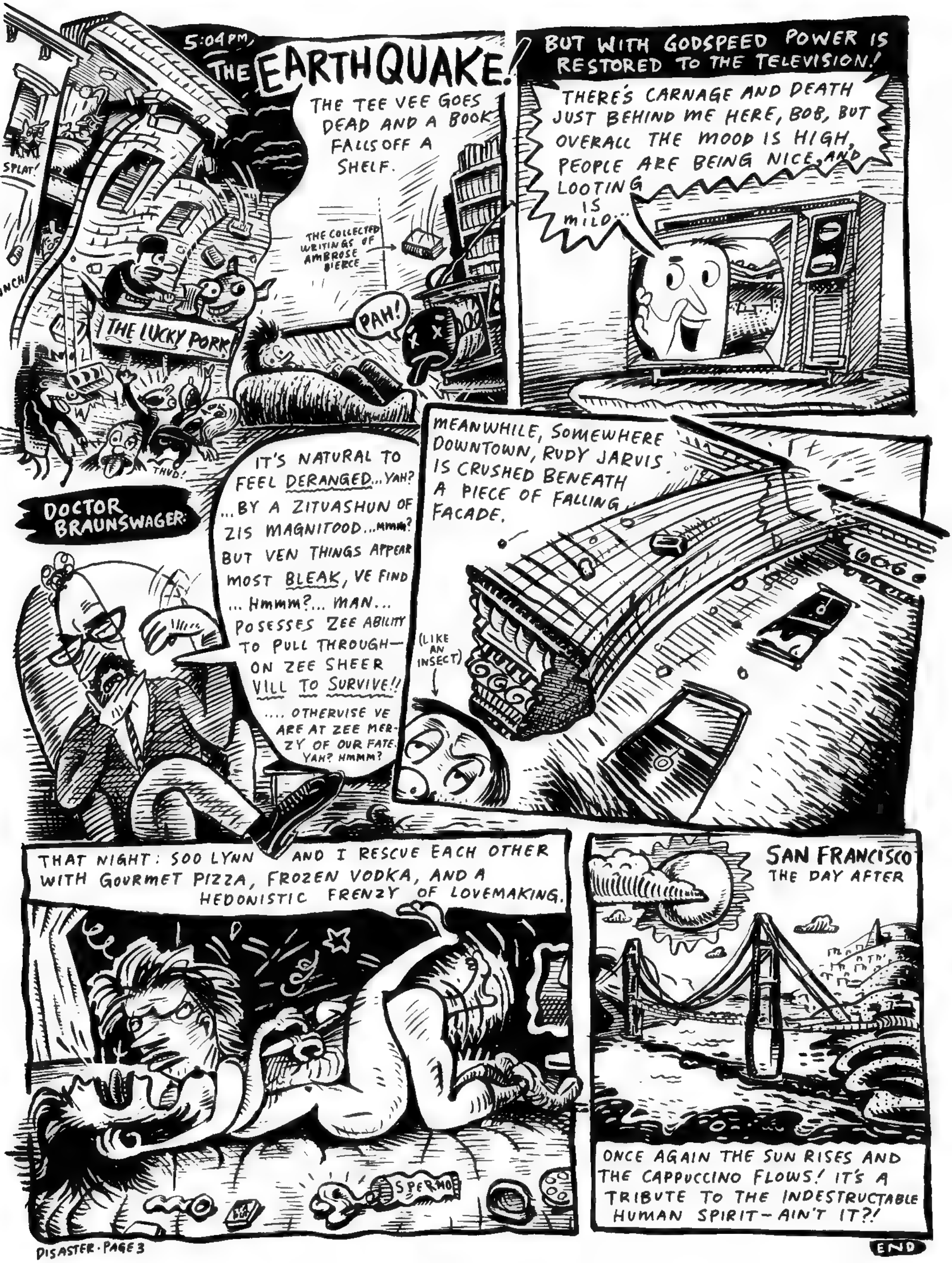

WELL, I GAVE DON A PIECE OF MY MIND...
CHUCKLE CHUCKLE
SOMEHOW, MIZ FLAK'S WORD MIXUPS...
AND HE ATE ME OUT GOOD !!!!
SHE MEANT "CHEWED OUT"
ALWAYS DEALT WITH FEMALE GENITALIA.
OH, DEAR— YOU PUT ON WEIGHT!
BOINK!
MIZ FLAK HAD NO TACT.
Y'AINT GOT MUCH UP TOP, HAVE YA?
AT LEAST SHE HAD GOOD TASTE IN CARS.
IT'S ONLY BEEN OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS ONCE IN ITS THIRTY YEARS!
THE END

Report from the DISASTER SCENE

BY LLOYD DANGLE © 1989


SAN FRANCISCO: AMERICA'S FAVORITE CITY.
RICE A RONI
3:15 PM, OCT 3: A PALL OF DOOM HANGS OVER THE LOVELY SETTING:
3:20 PM. MY GIRLFRIEND LUCILLE AND I NEGOCIATE OUR FINAL BREAK-UP AT HER THERAPIST'S OFFICE ON HAIGHT STREET:
BLEACH MAN
VZZZ
DON'T SHARE NEEDLES
ARC AID
OKAY PIG. YOU CAN LEAVE NOW. LUCILLE AND I NEED TO BEGIN HEALING.
OCTOBER 5, 2:55 AM. I STARE AT BLANK SHEETS OF PAPER FOR DAYS (AND NIGHTS)
OCT. 7, 8:59 PM I GET A CALL FROM MY ONE COMIX FAN, RUDY JARVIS:
DANGLE— I JUST PICKED UP "WISEASS" #6... YOUR STUFF SUCKS! IT'S TOO HIGH-BROW AND BANAL AT THE SAME TIME.
WISEASS COMIX
YOU HAD SOME PROMISE, I HOPE YOU DIDN'T PISS IT ALL AWAY.
DON'T LET YOUR WOMEN PROBLEMS FUCK UP YOUR ART!!!
SCRITCH SCRATCH
TYPICAL ADVICE FROM RUDY; HE'S NEVER HAD A GIRLFRIEND.
11:10 PM. LUCILLE CALLS WITH SOME ADDITIONAL THOUGHTS OF HERS:
I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!! I WANT YOU TO FEEL REAL PAIN!
OCTOBER 8, 9:01 PM. SOMETHING DOES SEEM TO BE HAPPENING BETWEEN ME AND SOO LYNN:
I SHOULD WARN YOU: I'M A NYMPHOMANIAC*
WHAT LUCK! SO AM I!!
BUT THEN...
UH, ER... LET'S TAKE IT SLOW. REMEMBER, I HAVEN'T BEEN— I HAVEN'T HAD SEX IN OVER A YEAR... UH..
THE CREEP! HE'S STILL THINKING ABOUT HER!!
*AND A MIDWESTERNER, TOO!

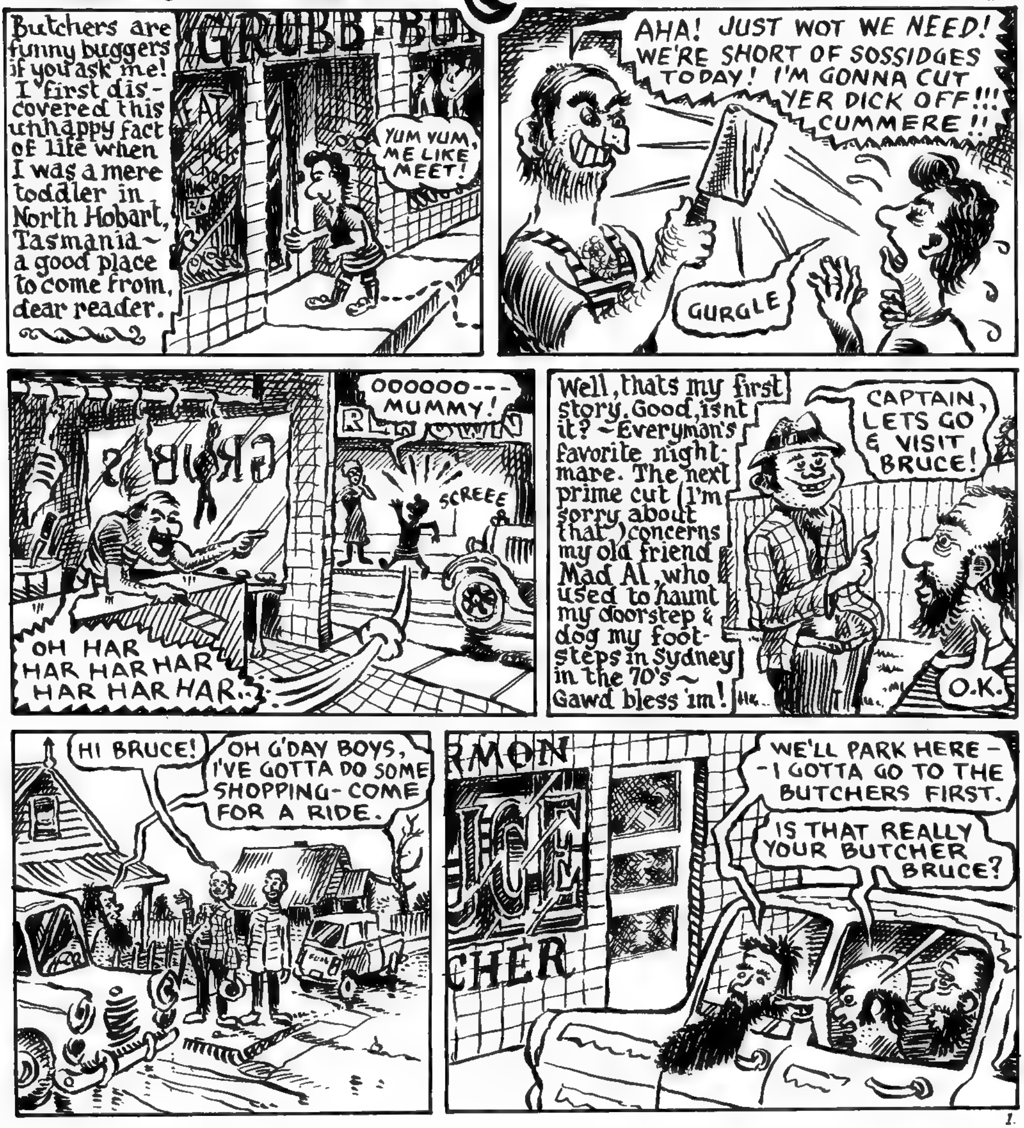

OCT. 09, 3:10. AN APPOINTMENT WITH DR. BRAUNSWAGER:
I-I-I'M AT THE END OF MY ROPE, DOC. SEXUALLY ATROPHIED AT AGE 28... I-I—EVERY RELATIONSHIP I HAVE ENDS IN DISASTER... I FORGOT HOW TO DRAW, AND NOTHING SEEMS FUNNY.
MMM? UH-HUH. YAAAAH.
SOB!
OCT. 10, 9:00 PM. I FEEL RUN DOWN; THE CHOW MEIN IS UNAPPETIZING:
I HOPE I'M NOT COMING DOWN WITH SOMETHING.
HACK!
I STAY SICK FOR SEVEN DAYS AND WATCH ALL THE MAJOR LEAGUE PLAYOFF GAMES... I HATE SPORTS.
TIRES! TIRES! GIANT CLOSE-OUT!! RENT TO OWN! 100 DOWN!
SALTINE
SALTINE
I LOSE TEN POUNDS. MY STOMACH IS THE SIZE OF A WALNUT. MY ONLY BREAK FROM TELEVISED SPORTS COMES FROM A GLUT OF ABUSIVE TELEPHONE CALLS.
(I'VE STARTED TAKING ALL OF THEM BY MACHINE.)
BEEP! THIS IS LUCILLE... I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I NEVER WANT TO TALK TO YOU AGAIN...
?
CALL ME WHEN YOU GET THIS MESSAGE.
BEEP! DANGLE... THIS IS RUDY JARVIS... YOUR NEW COMIC WAS INSIPI
FUCK YOU RUDY!!
BONK!
SECRETLY, OF COURSE, I WORRY ABOUT HIS CRITICISMS.
OCTOBER 17, 5:03 PM. I MANAGE TO HOLD DOWN A CUP OF INSTANT SOUP AND FINALLY WORK UP ENOUGH ENERGY TO MASTURBATE, WHEN SUDDENLY...
GREAT HANDLING ON SLIPPERY ROADS!! FINANCING!!!

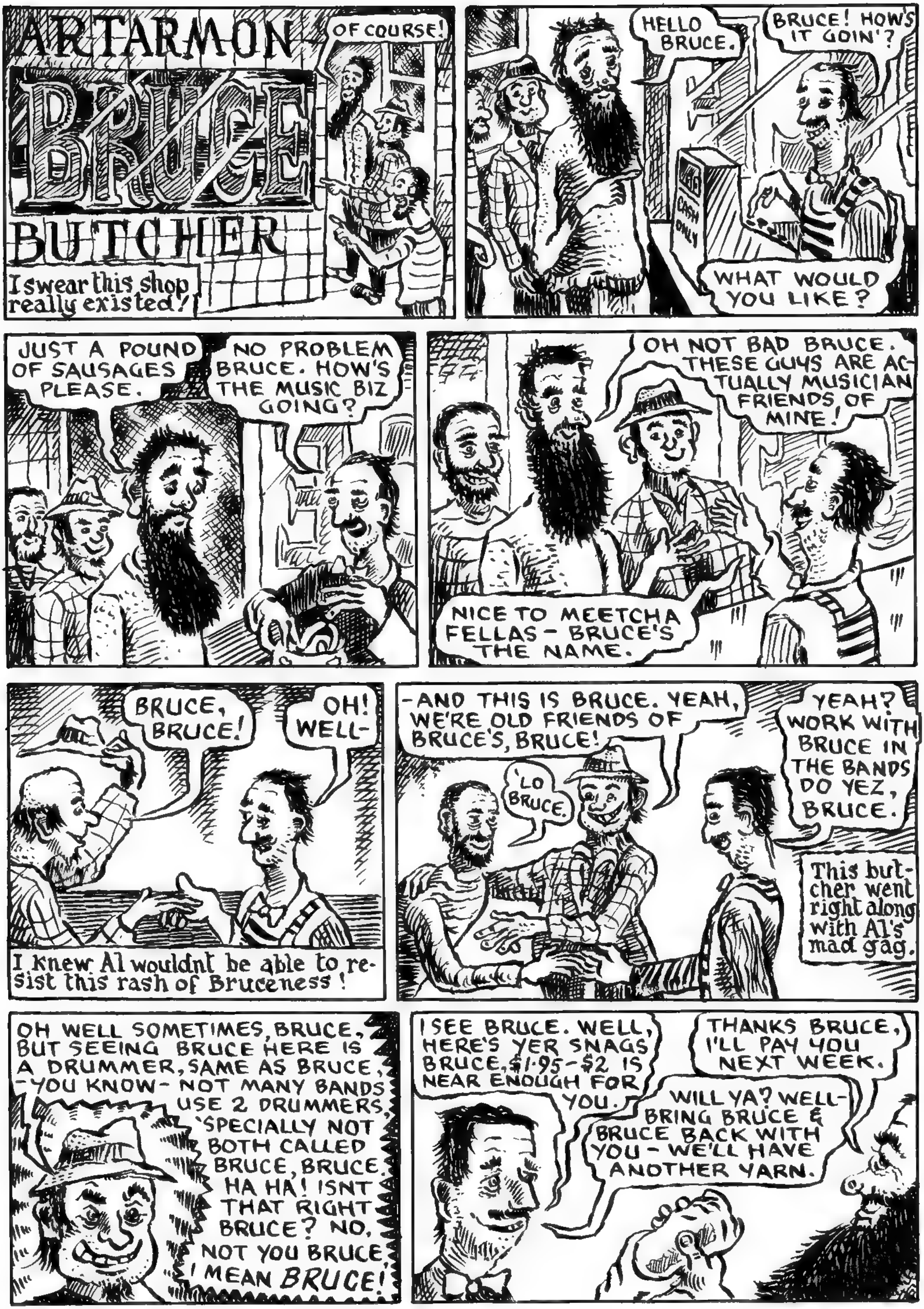

5:04 PM,
THE EARTHQUAKE!
THE TEE VEE GOES DEAD AND A BOOK FALLS OFF A SHELF.
SPLAT!
CRUNCH!
THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF AMBROSE BIERCE
THE LUCKY PORK
PAH!
THUD!
BUT WITH GODSPEED POWER IS RESTORED TO THE TELEVISION!
THERE'S CARNAGE AND DEATH JUST BEHIND ME HERE, BOB, BUT OVERALL THE MOOD IS HIGH, PEOPLE ARE BEING NICE, AND LOOTING IS MILD...
DOCTOR BRAUNSWAGER:
IT'S NATURAL TO FEEL DERANGED...YAH? ...BY A ZITUASHUN OF ZIS MAGNITOOD...mmm? BUT VEN THINGS APPEAR MOST BLEAK, VE FIND ...Hmmm?... MAN... POSESSES ZEE ABILITY TO PULL THROUGH— ON ZEE SHEER VILL TO SURVIVE!!
.... OTHERVISE VE ARE AT ZEE MERZY OF OUR FATE. YAH? HMMM?
MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE DOWNTOWN, RUDY JARVIS IS CRUSHED BENEATH A PIECE OF FALLING FACADE.
(LIKE AN INSECT)
THAT NIGHT: SOO LYNN AND I RESCUE EACH OTHER WITH GOURMET PIZZA, FROZEN VODKA, AND A HEDONISTIC FRENZY OF LOVEMAKING.
SPERMO
SAN FRANCISCO THE DAY AFTER
ONCE AGAIN THE SUN RISES AND THE CAPPUCCINO FLOWS! IT'S A TRIBUTE TO THE INDESTRUCTABLE HUMAN SPIRIT— AIN'T IT?!
END

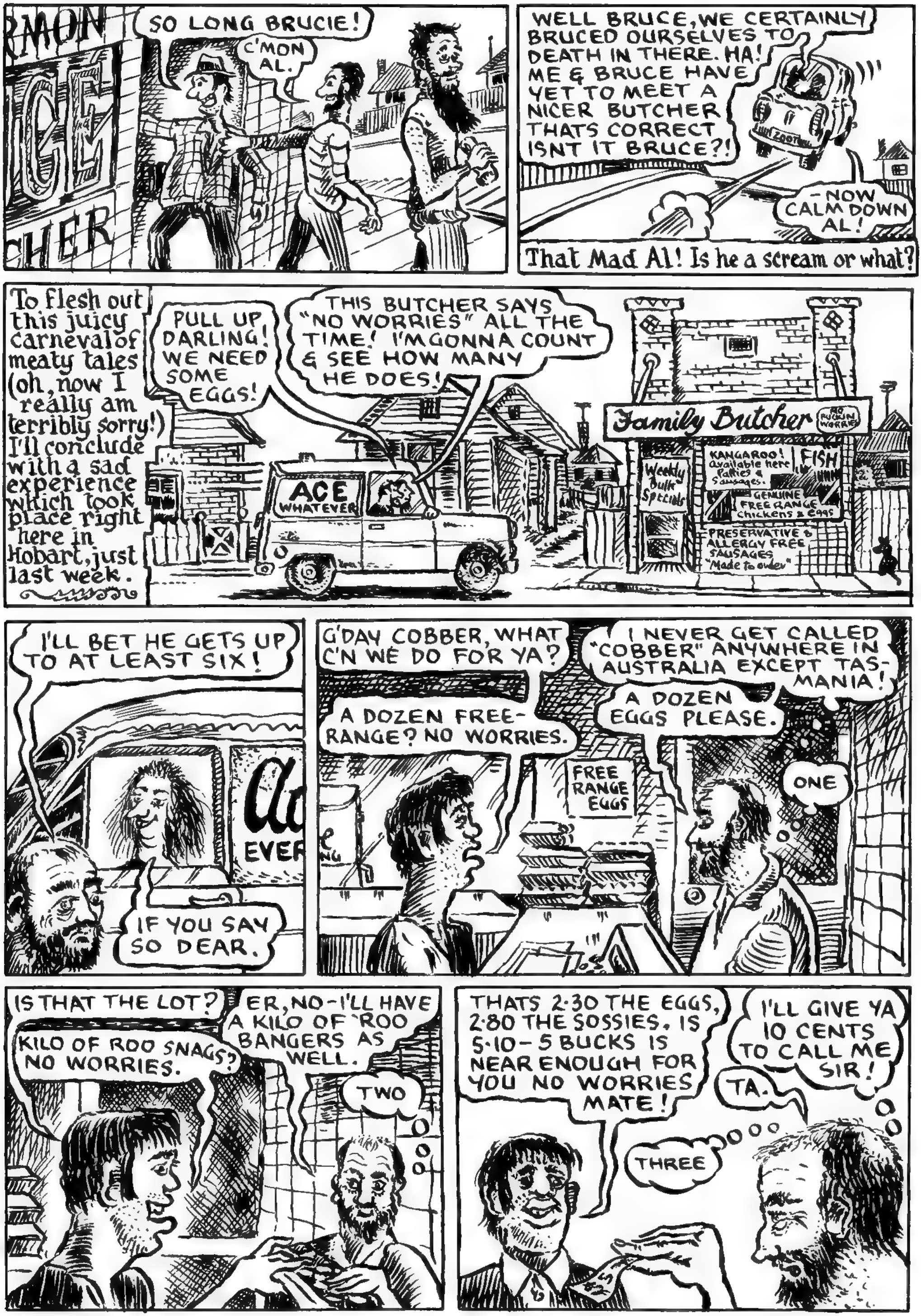
true BUTCHER STORIES

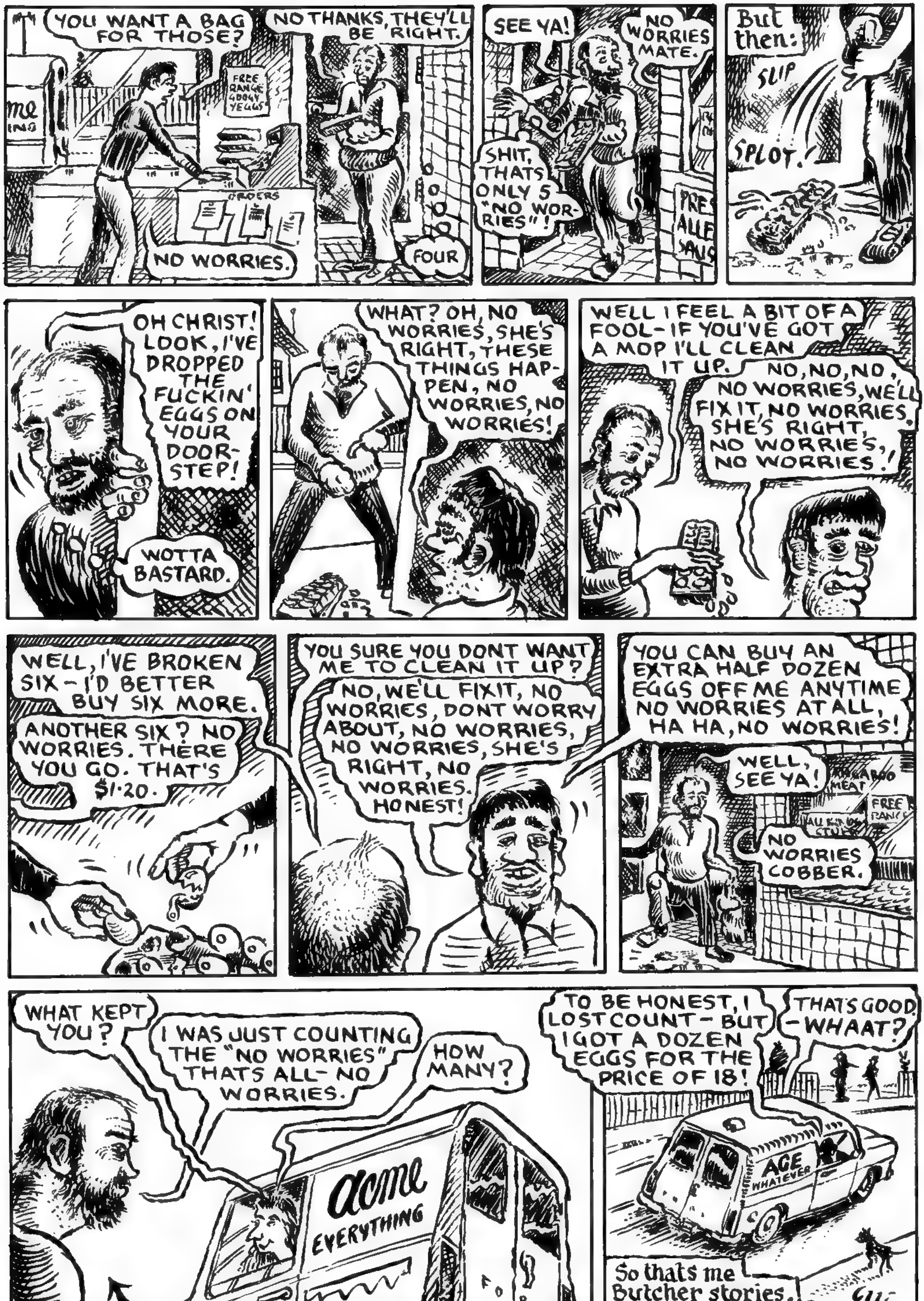
by LINZEE R. NOLD

#34 © 1989 ELLÉ


Butchers are funny buggers if you ask me! I first discovered this unhappy fact of life when I was a mere toddler in North Hobart, Tasmania ~ a good place to come from, dear reader.
GRUBB·BU
YUM YUM, ME LIKE MEET!
AHA! JUST WOT WE NEED! WE'RE SHORT OF SOSSIDGES TODAY! I'M GONNA CUT YER DICK OFF!!! CUMMERE!!
GURGLE
OOOOOO--- MUMMY!
SCREEE
OH HAR HAR HAR HAR HAR HAR HAR HAR..
Well, thats my first story. Good, isnt it? ~ Everyman's favorite nightmare. The next prime cut (I'm sorry about that) concerns my old friend Mad Al, who used to haunt my doorstep & dog my footsteps in Sydney in the 70's ~ Gawd bless 'im!
CAPTAIN, LETS GO & VISIT BRUCE!
O.K.
HI BRUCE!
OH G'DAY BOYS, I'VE GOTTA DO SOME SHOPPING - COME FOR A RIDE.
RMON
CHER
WE'LL PARK HERE - I GOTTA GO TO THE BUTCHERS FIRST.
IS THAT REALLY YOUR BUTCHER BRUCE?


ARTARMON
~~BRUCE~~ BRUCE
BUTCHER
I swear this shop really existed!
OF COURSE!
HELLO BRUCE.
BRUCE! HOW'S IT GOIN'?
CASH ONLY
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE?
JUST A POUND OF SAUSAGES PLEASE.
NO PROBLEM BRUCE. HOW'S THE MUSIC BIZ GOING?
OH NOT BAD BRUCE. THESE GUYS ARE ACTUALLY MUSICIAN FRIENDS OF MINE!
NICE TO MEETCHA FELLAS - BRUCE'S THE NAME.
BRUCE, BRUCE!
OH! WELL-
I knew Al wouldnt be able to resist this rash of Bruceness!
-AND THIS IS BRUCE. YEAH, WE'RE OLD FRIENDS OF BRUCE'S, BRUCE!
'LO BRUCE.
YEAH? WORK WITH BRUCE IN THE BANDS DO YEZ, BRUCE.
This butcher went right along with Al's mad gag.
OH WELL SOMETIMES, BRUCE, BUT SEEING BRUCE HERE IS A DRUMMER, SAME AS BRUCE, -YOU KNOW- NOT MANY BANDS USE 2 DRUMMERS, 'SPECIALLY NOT BOTH CALLED BRUCE, BRUCE, HA HA! ISNT THAT RIGHT BRUCE? NO, NOT YOU BRUCE I MEAN BRUCE!
I SEE BRUCE. WELL, HERE'S YER SNAGS BRUCE, $1·95-$2 IS NEAR ENOUGH FOR YOU.
THANKS BRUCE, I'LL PAY YOU NEXT WEEK.
WILL YA? WELL- BRING BRUCE & BRUCE BACK WITH YOU - WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER YARN.


RMON
ICE
CHER
SO LONG BRUCIE!
C'MON AL.
WELL BRUCE, WE CERTAINLY BRUCED OURSELVES TO DEATH IN THERE. HA! ME & BRUCE HAVE YET TO MEET A NICER BUTCHER THATS CORRECT ISNT IT BRUCE?!
ZOOT
-NOW CALM DOWN AL!
That Mad Al! Is he a scream or what?
To flesh out this juicy carneval of meaty tales (oh, now I really am terribly sorry!) I'll conclude with a sad experience which took place right here in Hobart, just last week.
PULL UP DARLING! WE NEED SOME EGGS!
THIS BUTCHER SAYS "NO WORRIES" ALL THE TIME! I'M GONNA COUNT & SEE HOW MANY HE DOES!
ACE WHATEVER
Family Butcher
NO FUCKIN WORRIES
Weekly Bulk Specials
KANGAROO! Available here Patties & Sausages.
FISH
GENUINE FREE RANGE Chickens & Eggs
PRESERVATIVE & ALLERGY FREE SAUSAGES "Made to order"
I'LL BET HE GETS UP TO AT LEAST SIX!
Ac
EVER
IF YOU SAY SO DEAR.
G'DAY COBBER, WHAT C'N WE DO FOR YA?
I NEVER GET CALLED "COBBER" ANYWHERE IN AUSTRALIA EXCEPT TASMANIA!
A DOZEN EGGS PLEASE.
A DOZEN FREE-RANGE? NO WORRIES.
FREE RANGE EGGS
ONE
IS THAT THE LOT?
ER, NO-I'LL HAVE A KILO OF 'ROO BANGERS AS WELL.
KILO OF ROO SNAGS? NO WORRIES.
TWO
THATS 2·30 THE EGGS, 2·80 THE SOSSIES, IS 5·10 – 5 BUCKS IS NEAR ENOUGH FOR YOU NO WORRIES MATE!
I'LL GIVE YA 10 CENTS TO CALL ME SIR!
TA.
THREE


YOU WANT A BAG FOR THOSE?
FREE RANGE GOOGY YEGGS
ORDERS
NO WORRIES.
NO THANKS, THEY'LL BE 'RIGHT.
FOUR
SEE YA!
NO WORRIES MATE.
SHIT, THATS ONLY 5 "NO WORRIES"!
PRES ALLE SAUS
But then:
SLIP
SPLOT!
OH CHRIST! LOOK, I'VE DROPPED THE FUCKIN' EGGS ON YOUR DOOR-STEP!
WOTTA BASTARD.
WHAT? OH, NO WORRIES, SHE'S RIGHT, THESE THINGS HAPPEN, NO WORRIES, NO WORRIES!
WELL I FEEL A BIT OF A FOOL - IF YOU'VE GOT A MOP I'LL CLEAN IT UP.
NO, NO, NO, NO WORRIES, WE'LL FIX IT, NO WORRIES, SHE'S RIGHT, NO WORRIES, NO WORRIES!
WELL, I'VE BROKEN SIX - I'D BETTER BUY SIX MORE.
ANOTHER SIX? NO WORRIES. THERE YOU GO. THAT'S $1·20.
YOU SURE YOU DONT WANT ME TO CLEAN IT UP?
NO, WE'LL FIXIT, NO WORRIES, DONT WORRY ABOUT, NO WORRIES, NO WORRIES, SHE'S RIGHT, NO WORRIES. HONEST!
YOU CAN BUY AN EXTRA HALF DOZEN EGGS OFF ME ANYTIME NO WORRIES AT ALL, HA HA, NO WORRIES!
WELL, SEE YA!
KANGAROO MEAT
FREE RANGE
ALL KINDS STUFF
NO WORRIES COBBER.
WHAT KEPT YOU?
I WAS JUST COUNTING THE "NO WORRIES" THATS ALL - NO WORRIES.
HOW MANY?
acme EVERYTHING
TO BE HONEST, I LOST COUNT - BUT I GOT A DOZEN EGGS FOR THE PRICE OF 18!
THATS GOOD. - WHAAT?
ACE WHATEVER
So thats me Butcher stories.
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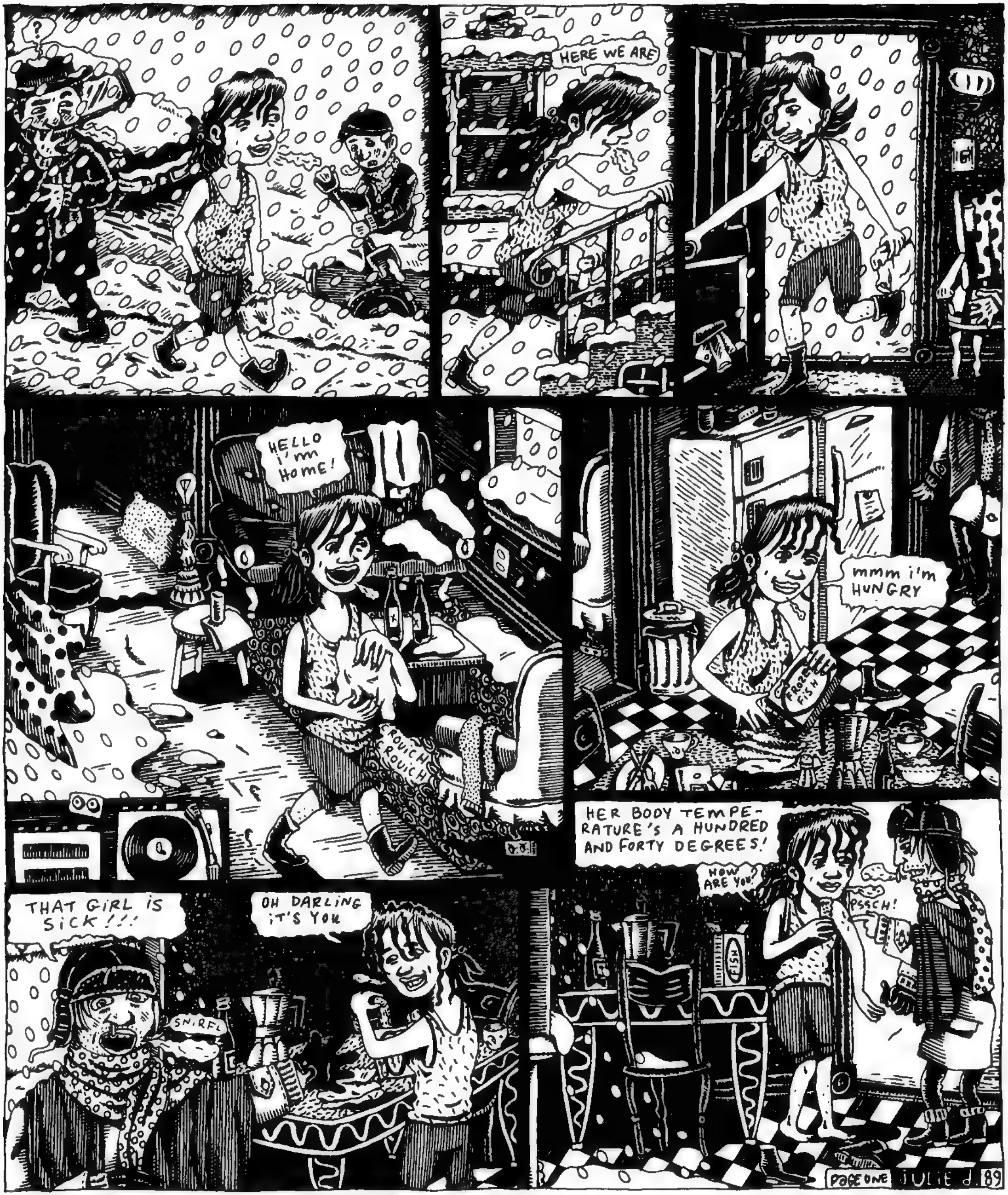
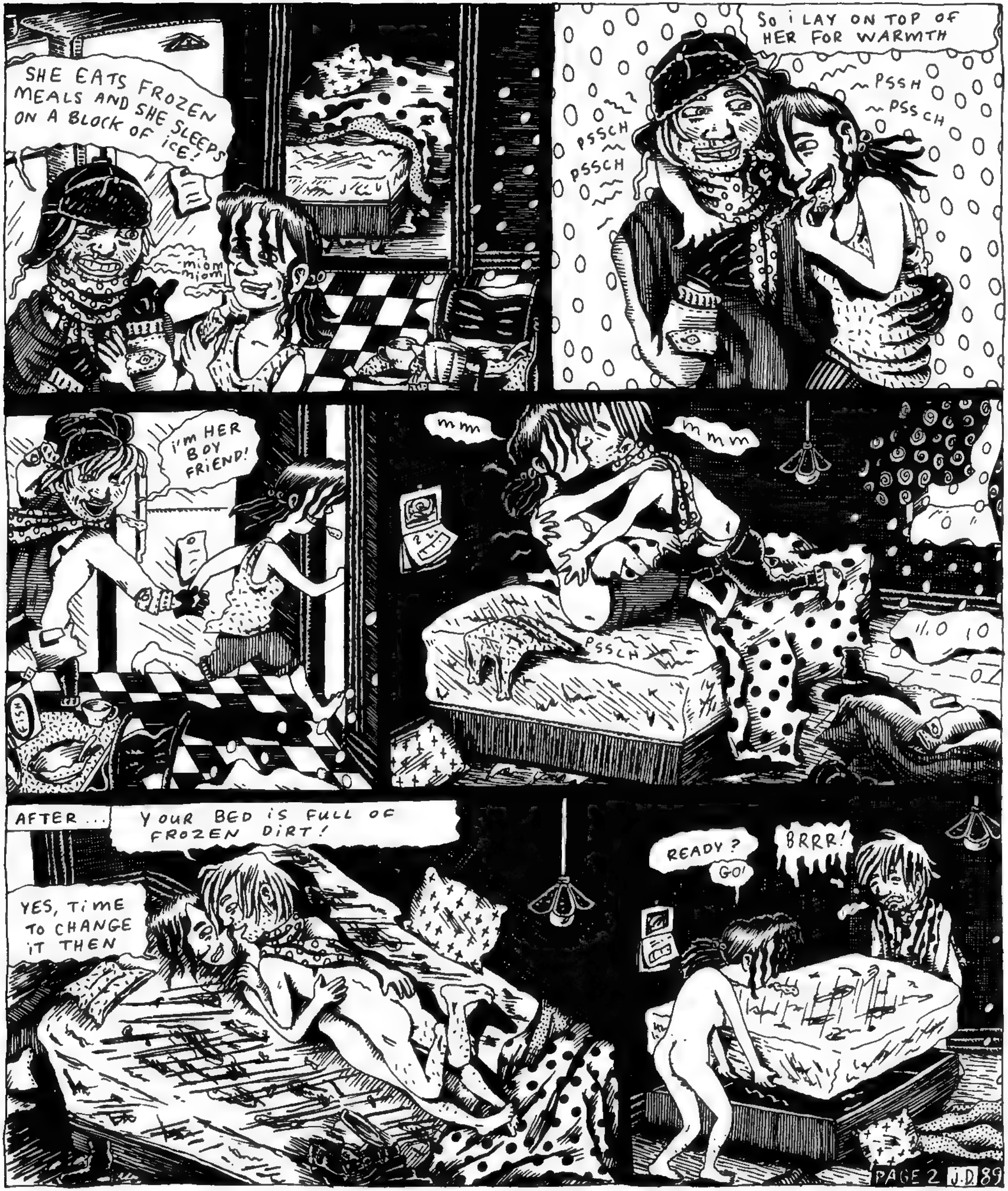
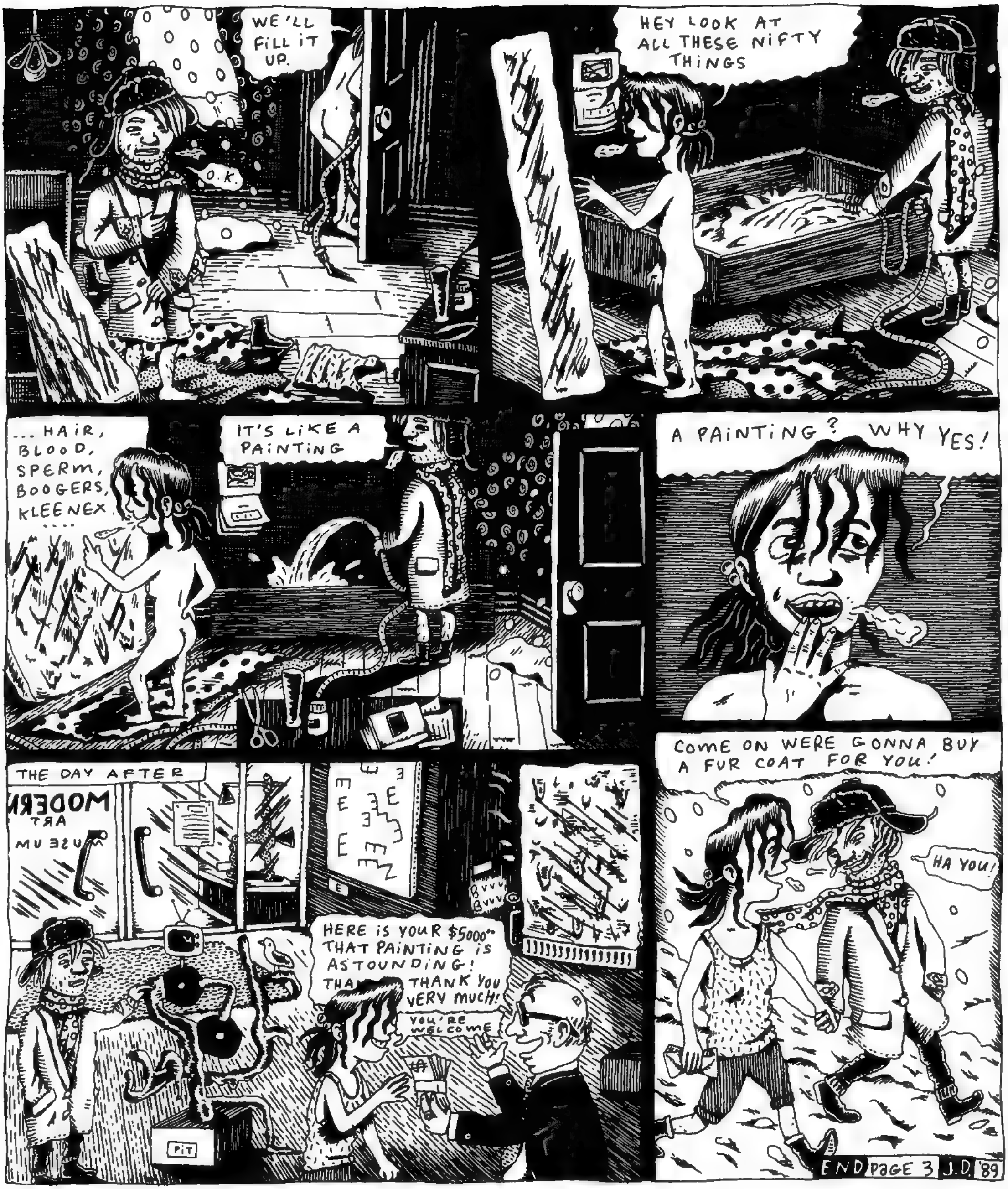
Dear Reader - this is nearest yet to how I really look. Aint it shockin'?


?
HERE WE ARE
HELLO i'm HOME!
ROUICH ROUICH
mmm i'm HUNGRY
FROZEN FISH
THAT GIRL IS SICK!!!
SNIRFL
OH DARLING IT'S YOU
HER BODY TEMPERATURE'S A HUNDRED AND FORTY DEGREES!
HOW ARE YOU?
PSSCH!
FISH
PAGE ONE
JULIE d. 89

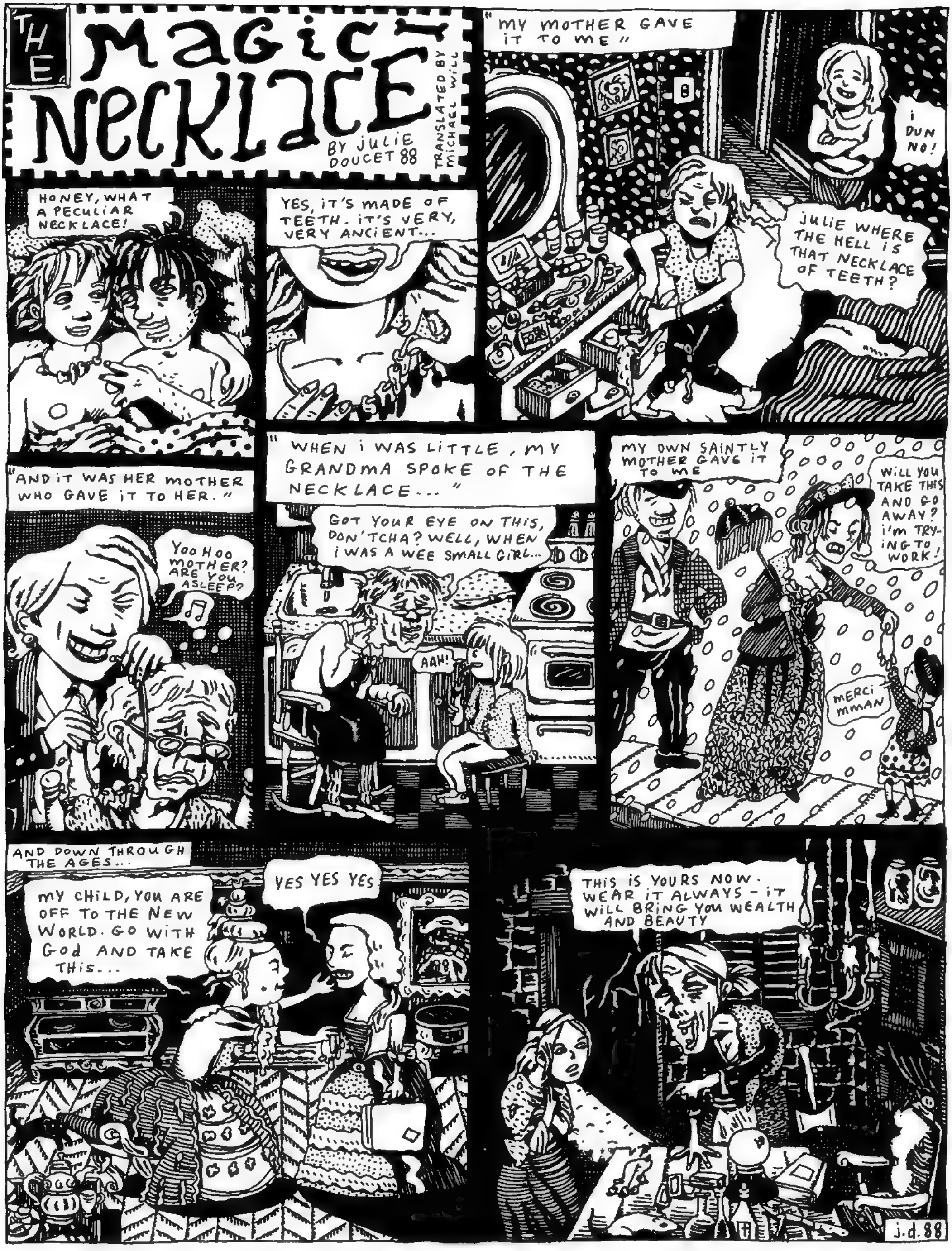

SHE EATS FROZEN MEALS AND SHE SLEEPS ON A BLOCK OF ICE!
miom miom
So i LAY ON TOP OF HER FOR WARMTH
PSSCH
PSSCH
PSSH
PSSCH
i'm HER BOY FRIEND!
mm
mmm
PSSCH
AFTER...
YOUR BED IS FULL OF FROZEN DIRT!
YES, TIME TO CHANGE IT THEN
READY?
GO!
BRRR!
PAGE 2
J.D. 89

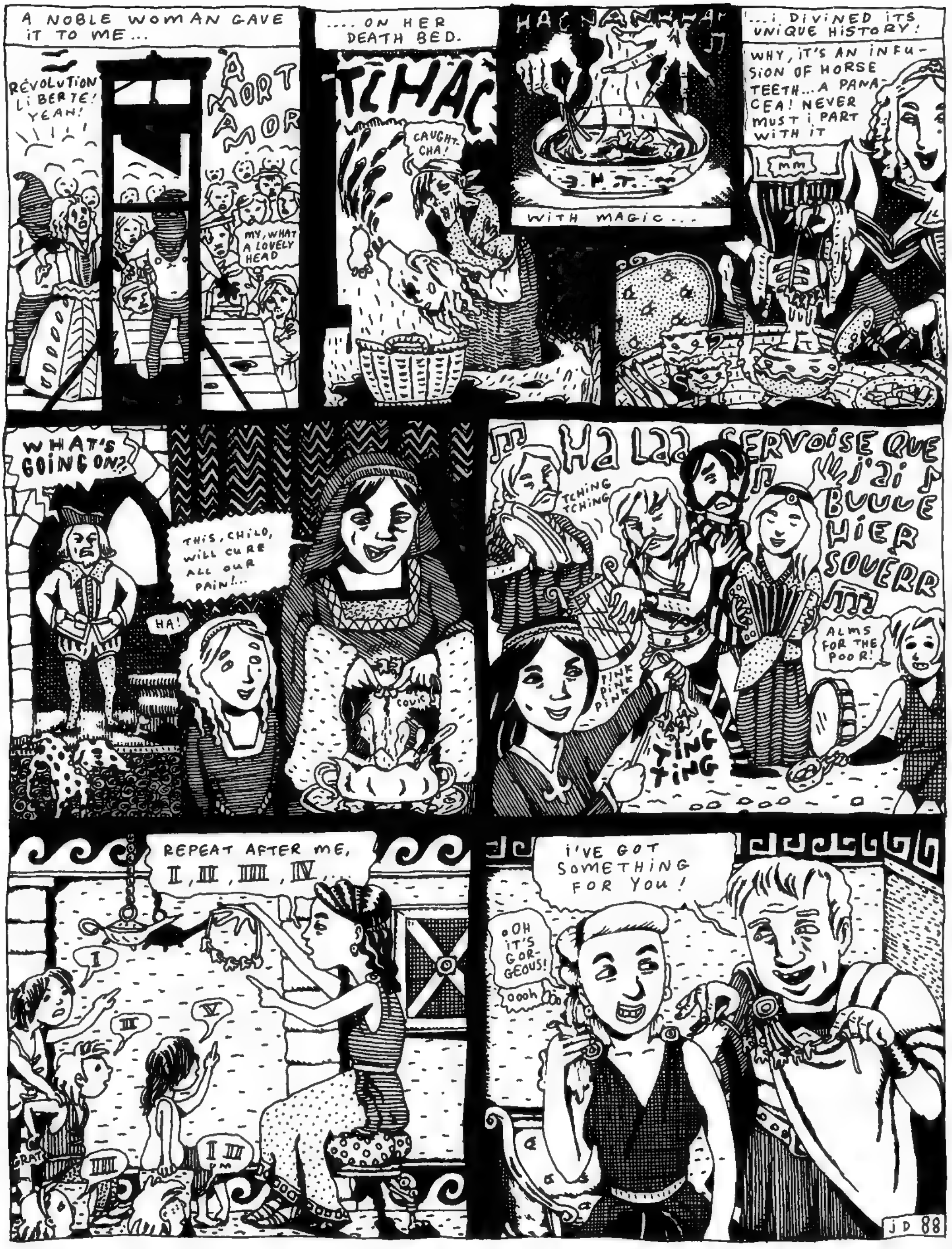

WE'LL FILL IT UP.
O.K.
HEY LOOK AT ALL THESE NIFTY THINGS
...HAIR, BLOOD, SPERM, BOOGERS, KLEENEX....
IT'S LIKE A PAINTING
A PAINTING? WHY YES!
THE DAY AFTER
MODERN ART MUSEUM
HERE IS YOUR $5000⁰⁰ THAT PAINTING IS ASTOUNDING!
THA— THANK YOU VERY MUCH!
YOU'RE WELCOME
PIT
COME ON WERE GONNA BUY A FUR COAT FOR YOU!
HA YOU!
END page 3 J.D. '89

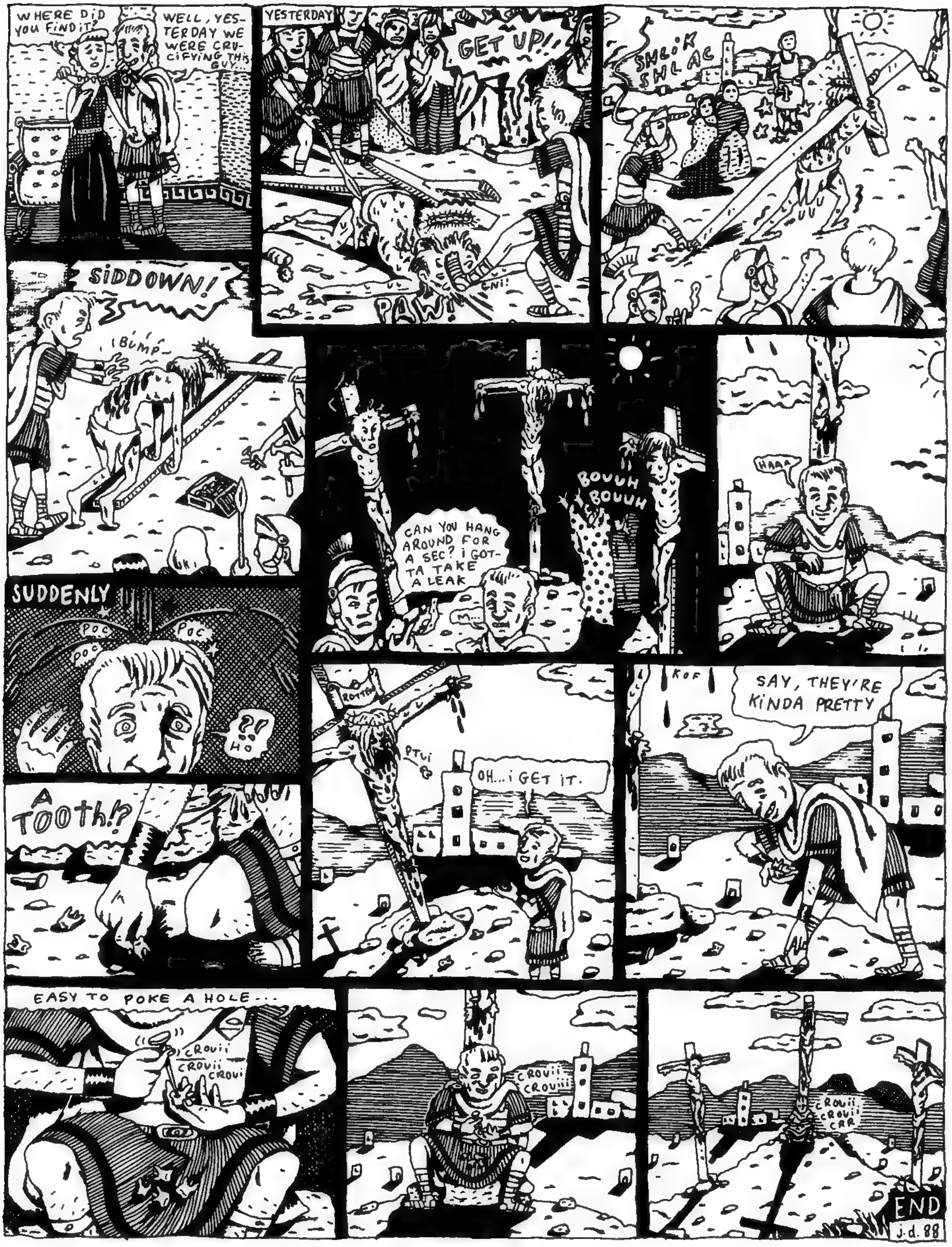
THE MAGIC NECKLACE

BY JULIE DOUCET 88

TRANSLATED BY MICHAEL WILL

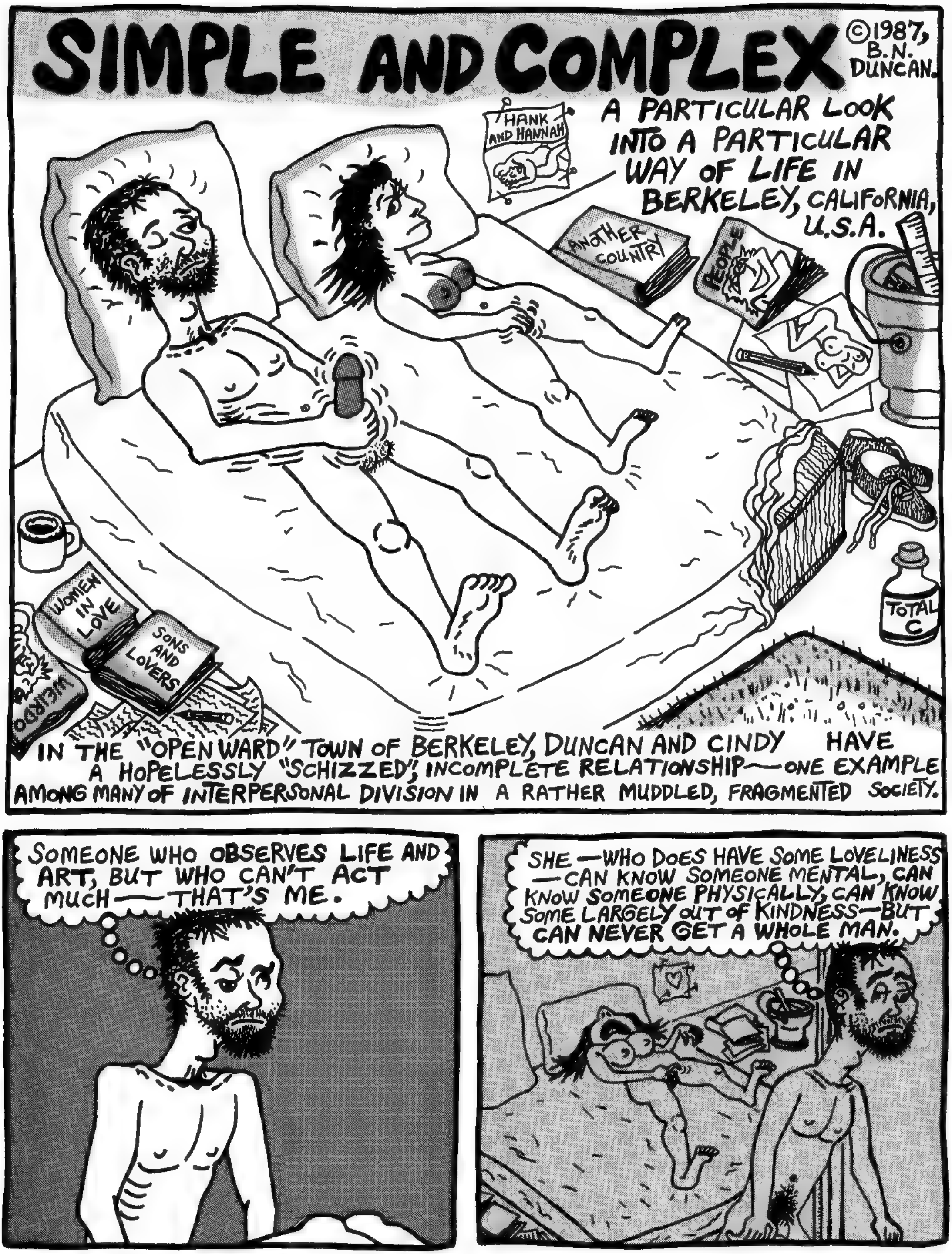

HONEY, WHAT A PECULIAR NECKLACE!
YES, IT'S MADE OF TEETH. IT'S VERY, VERY ANCIENT...
"MY MOTHER GAVE IT TO ME"
JULIE WHERE THE HELL IS THAT NECKLACE OF TEETH?
I DUN NO!
"AND IT WAS HER MOTHER WHO GAVE IT TO HER."
YOO HOO MOTHER? ARE YOU ASLEEP?
"WHEN I WAS LITTLE, MY GRANDMA SPOKE OF THE NECKLACE..."
GOT YOUR EYE ON THIS, DON'TCHA? WELL, WHEN I WAS A WEE SMALL GIRL...
AAH!
MY OWN SAINTLY MOTHER GAVE IT TO ME
WILL YOU TAKE THIS AND GO AWAY? I'M TRYING TO WORK!
MERCI MMAN
AND DOWN THROUGH THE AGES...
MY CHILD, YOU ARE OFF TO THE NEW WORLD. GO WITH GOD AND TAKE THIS...
YES YES YES
THIS IS YOURS NOW. WEAR IT ALWAYS - IT WILL BRING YOU WEALTH AND BEAUTY
j.d. 88


A NOBLE WOMAN GAVE IT TO ME...
RÉVOLUTION LIBERTÉ! YEAH!
À MORT À MOR
MY, WHAT A LOVELY HEAD
....ON HER DEATH BED.
TCHAC
CAUGHT-CHA!
HACNANHHA
WITH MAGIC...
...I DIVINED ITS UNIQUE HISTORY!
WHY, IT'S AN INFUSION OF HORSE TEETH... A PANACEA! NEVER MUST I PART WITH IT
MM
WHAT'S GOING ON?!
THIS, CHILD, WILL CURE ALL OUR PAIN!...
HA!
COUIC
HA LAA SERVOISE QUE J'AI BUULE HIER SOUERR
TCHING TCHING
PINK PINK PINK
TING TING
ALMS FOR THE POOR!
REPEAT AFTER ME, I, III, IIII, IV...
I
III
V
IIII
I III
GRAT
I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU!
OH IT'S GORGEOUS!
oooh
JD 88

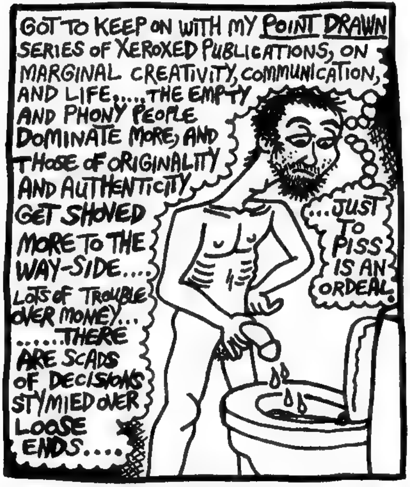

WHERE DID YOU FIND IT?
WELL, YESTERDAY WE WERE CRUCIFYING THIS GUY...
YESTERDAY
GET UP!!
PAW!
GNI!
SHLIK SHLAC
SIDDOWN!
BUMP
BOUUH BOUUH
CAN YOU HANG AROUND FOR A SEC? I GOTTA TAKE A LEAK
M...
HAAA
SUDDENLY
POC
POC
POC
?! HO
A TOOTH!?
ROTTCH
PTUI
OH... I GET IT.
KOF
SAY, THEY'RE KINDA PRETTY
EASY TO POKE A HOLE...
CROUII CROUII CROUII
CROUII CROUIII
CROUII CROUII CRR
END
j.d. 88

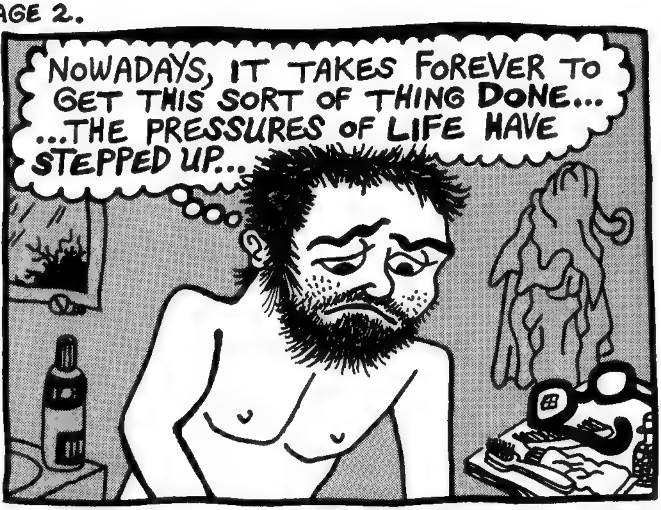
SIMPLE AND COMPLEX

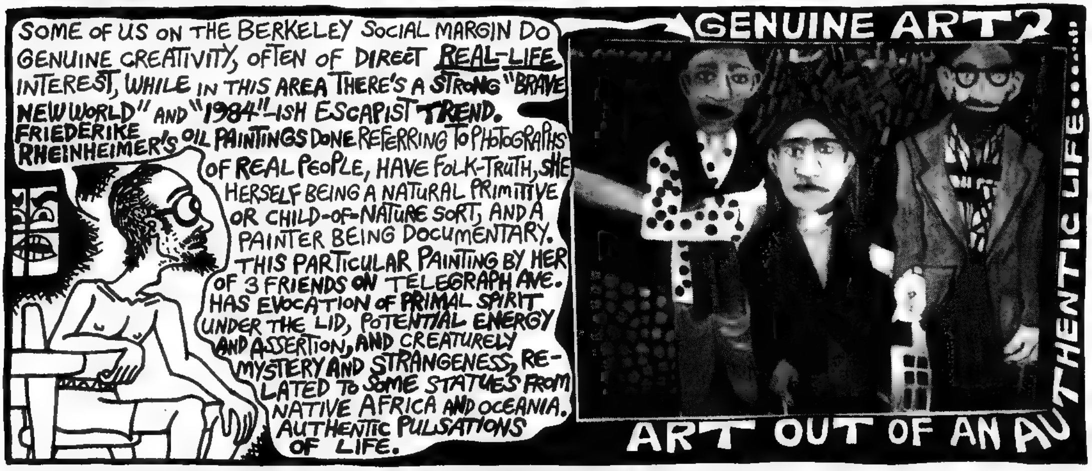
©1987, B.N. DUNCAN.

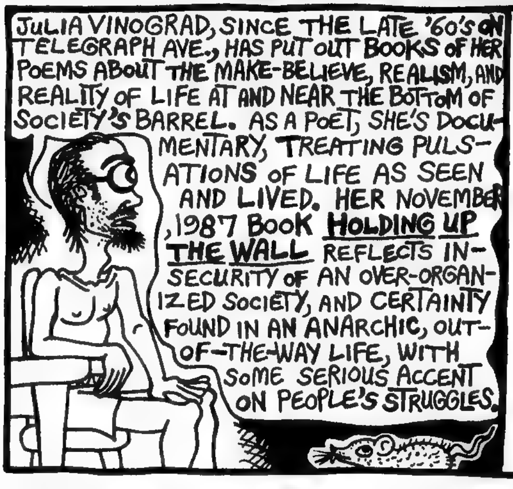

A PARTICULAR LOOK INTO A PARTICULAR WAY OF LIFE IN BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.
HANK AND HANNAH
ANOTHER COUNTRY
PEOPLE
TOTAL C
WOMEN IN LOVE
SONS AND LOVERS
WEIRDO
IN THE "OPEN WARD" TOWN OF BERKELEY, DUNCAN AND CINDY HAVE A HOPELESSLY "SCHIZZED", INCOMPLETE RELATIONSHIP — ONE EXAMPLE AMONG MANY OF INTERPERSONAL DIVISION IN A RATHER MUDDLED, FRAGMENTED SOCIETY.
SOMEONE WHO OBSERVES LIFE AND ART, BUT WHO CAN'T ACT MUCH — THAT'S ME.
SHE — WHO DOES HAVE SOME LOVELINESS — CAN KNOW SOMEONE MENTAL, CAN KNOW SOMEONE PHYSICALLY, CAN KNOW SOME LARGELY OUT OF KINDNESS — BUT CAN NEVER GET A WHOLE MAN.

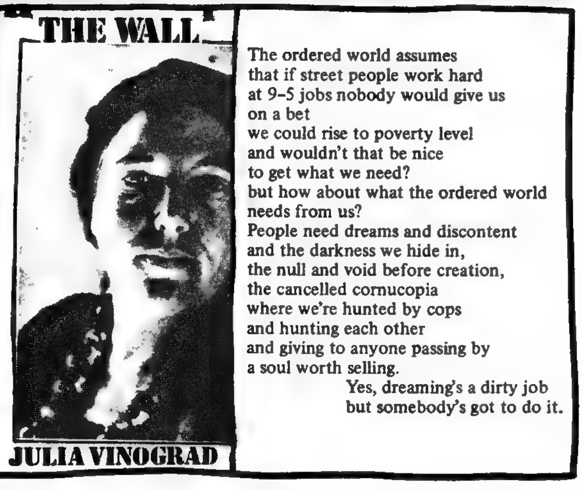
SIMPLE AND COMPLEX——PAGE 2.


GOT TO KEEP ON WITH MY POINT DRAWN SERIES OF XEROXED PUBLICATIONS, ON MARGINAL CREATIVITY, COMMUNICATION, AND LIFE.... THE EMPTY AND PHONY PEOPLE DOMINATE MORE, AND THOSE OF ORIGINALITY AND AUTHENTICITY GET SHOVED MORE TO THE WAY-SIDE.... LOTS OF TROUBLE OVER MONEY... ......THERE ARE SCADS OF DECISIONS STYMIED OVER LOOSE ENDS....
...JUST TO PISS IS AN ORDEAL.


NOWADAYS, IT TAKES FOREVER TO GET THIS SORT OF THING DONE... ...THE PRESSURES OF LIFE HAVE STEPPED UP...


SOME OF US ON THE BERKELEY SOCIAL MARGIN DO GENUINE CREATIVITY, OFTEN OF DIRECT REAL-LIFE INTEREST, WHILE IN THIS AREA THERE'S A STRONG "BRAVE NEW WORLD" AND "1984"-ISH ESCAPIST TREND. FRIEDERIKE RHEINHEIMER'S OIL PAINTINGS DONE REFERRING TO PHOTOGRAPHS OF REAL PEOPLE, HAVE FOLK-TRUTH, SHE HERSELF BEING A NATURAL PRIMITIVE OR CHILD-OF-NATURE SORT, AND A PAINTER BEING DOCUMENTARY. THIS PARTICULAR PAINTING BY HER OF 3 FRIENDS ON TELEGRAPH AVE. HAS EVOCATION OF PRIMAL SPIRIT UNDER THE LID, POTENTIAL ENERGY AND ASSERTION, AND CREATURELY MYSTERY AND STRANGENESS, RELATED TO SOME STATUES FROM NATIVE AFRICA AND OCEANIA. AUTHENTIC PULSATIONS OF LIFE.
GENUINE ART?
ART OUT OF AN AUTHENTIC LIFE.....


JULIA VINOGRAD, SINCE THE LATE '60'S ON TELEGRAPH AVE., HAS PUT OUT BOOKS OF HER POEMS ABOUT THE MAKE-BELIEVE, REALISM, AND REALITY OF LIFE AT AND NEAR THE BOTTOM OF SOCIETY'S BARREL. AS A POET, SHE'S DOCUMENTARY, TREATING PULSATIONS OF LIFE AS SEEN AND LIVED. HER NOVEMBER, 1987 BOOK HOLDING UP THE WALL REFLECTS INSECURITY OF AN OVER-ORGANIZED SOCIETY, AND CERTAINTY FOUND IN AN ANARCHIC, OUT-OF-THE-WAY LIFE, WITH SOME SERIOUS ACCENT ON PEOPLE'S STRUGGLES.

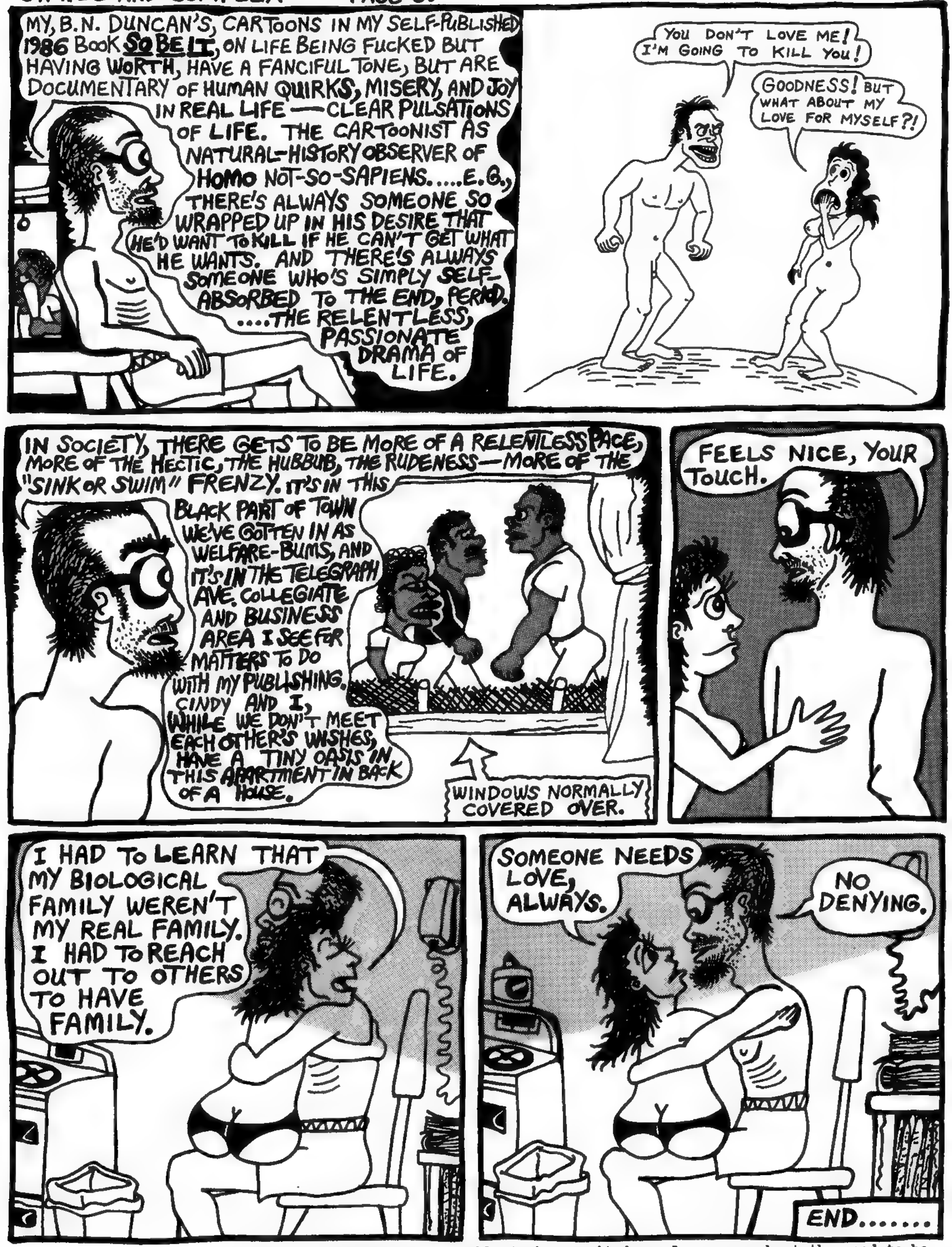


THE WALL

The ordered world assumes
that if street people work hard
at 9–5 jobs nobody would give us
on a bet
we could rise to poverty level
and wouldn't that be nice
to get what we need?
but how about what the ordered world
needs from us?
People need dreams and discontent
and the darkness we hide in,
the null and void before creation,
the cancelled cornucopia
where we're hunted by cops
and hunting each other
and giving to anyone passing by
a soul worth selling.
Yes, dreaming's a dirty job
but somebody's got to do it.

JULIA VINOGRAD

SIMPLE AND COMPLEX——PAGE 3.


MY, B.N. DUNCAN'S, CARTOONS IN MY SELF-PUBLISHED 1986 BOOK SO BE IT, ON LIFE BEING FUCKED BUT HAVING WORTH, HAVE A FANCIFUL TONE, BUT ARE DOCUMENTARY OF HUMAN QUIRKS, MISERY, AND JOY IN REAL LIFE —CLEAR PULSATIONS OF LIFE. THE CARTOONIST AS NATURAL-HISTORY OBSERVER OF HOMO NOT-SO-SAPIENS.....E.G., THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE SO WRAPPED UP IN HIS DESIRE THAT HE'D WANT TO KILL IF HE CAN'T GET WHAT HE WANTS. AND THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE WHO'S SIMPLY SELF-ABSORBED TO THE END, PERIOD. ....THE RELENTLESS, PASSIONATE DRAMA OF LIFE.
YOU DON'T LOVE ME! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!
GOODNESS! BUT WHAT ABOUT MY LOVE FOR MYSELF?!
IN SOCIETY, THERE GETS TO BE MORE OF A RELENTLESS PACE, MORE OF THE HECTIC, THE HUBBUB, THE RUDENESS—MORE OF THE "SINK OR SWIM" FRENZY. IT'S IN THIS BLACK PART OF TOWN WE'VE GOTTEN IN AS WELFARE-BUMS, AND IT'S IN THE TELEGRAPH AVE. COLLEGIATE AND BUSINESS AREA I SEE FOR MATTERS TO DO WITH MY PUBLISHING. CINDY AND I, WHILE WE DON'T MEET EACH OTHER'S WISHES, HAVE A TINY OASIS IN THIS APARTMENT IN BACK OF A HOUSE.
WINDOWS NORMALLY COVERED OVER.
FEELS NICE, YOUR TOUCH.
I HAD TO LEARN THAT MY BIOLOGICAL FAMILY WEREN'T MY REAL FAMILY. I HAD TO REACH OUT TO OTHERS TO HAVE FAMILY.
SOMEONE NEEDS LOVE, ALWAYS.
NO DENYING.
END.......

Duncan and Cindy, while unable to be a united couple, agree about the need to be a member of a loving couple.

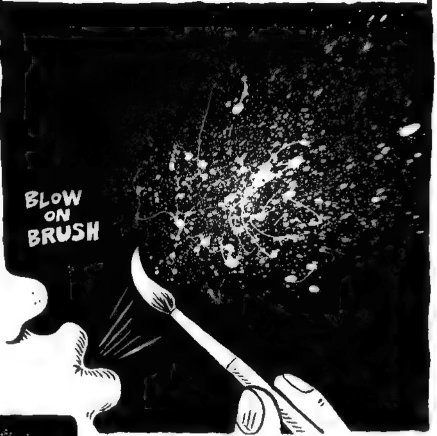
THE ROOM

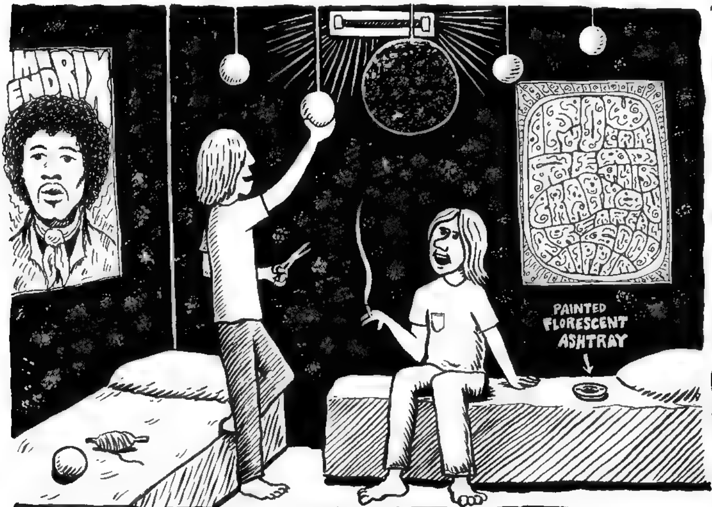
1968 — 1970

©'89 D. WORDEN

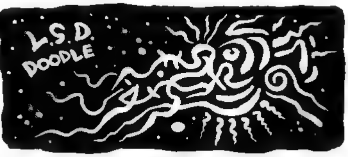
THE ROOM WAS MY FRIEND MIKE'S BEDROOM WHICH HE CONVERTED INTO A BLACK LIGHT TRIP-OUT PALACE. MIKE COVERED THE ROOM COMPLETELY WITH BLACK CONSTRUCTION PAPER AND ON THIS WE SPLATTERED FLORESCENT PAINT AND HUNG A FEW PSYCHEDELIC POSTERS.

METHOD OF SPLATATION —

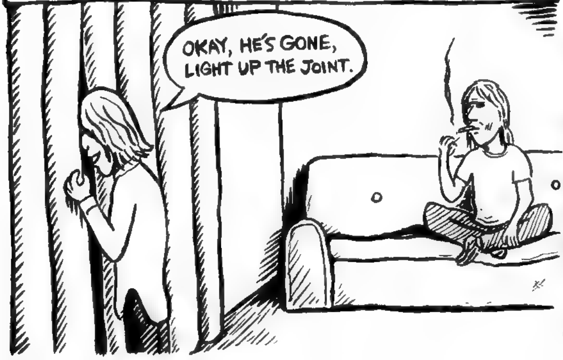

BLOW ON BRUSH


HENDRIX
PAINTED FLORESCENT ASHTRAY

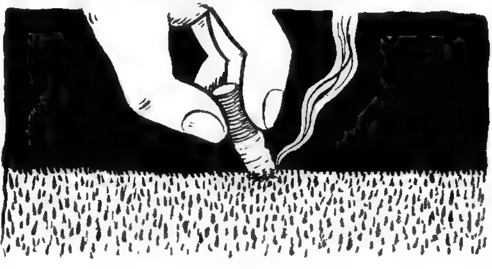
FROM THE CEILING WE STRUNG FLORESCENT GLOBES FOR AN OUTER SPACE LOOK. THE FINISHED EFFECT WAS RATHER AMAZING. WE HUNG OUT THEIR QUITE A BIT AS SUBURBAN TEENAGE DOPERS.



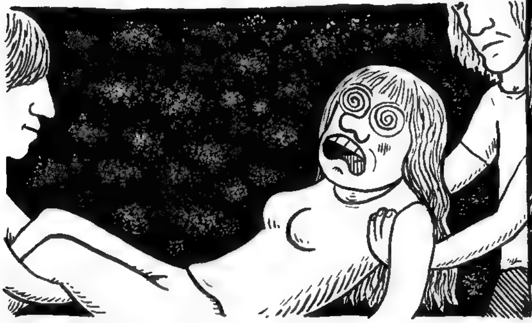
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT MIKE'S FATHER WENT SQUARE DANCING AND LEFT THE HOUSE IN THE CARE OF HIS 3 TEEN OFFSPRING.


OKAY, HE'S GONE, LIGHT UP THE JOINT.

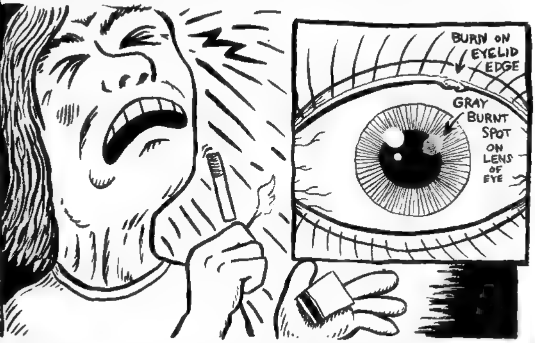
FIRST NIGHT I WAS EVER AT THEIR HOUSE I WAS LOOKING FOR AN ASH-TRAY IN THE LIVING ROOM AND MIKES SISTER SAID "JUST USE THE RUG" AND PROCEEDED TO CRUSH OUT HER CIG BUTT INTO THE CARPET.



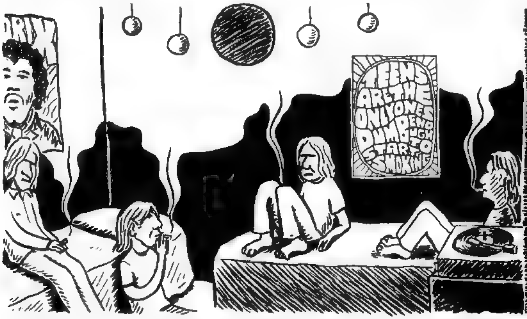
THE ROOM WAS NOT APPRECIATED BY ALL. ONCE A DISTRAUGHT GIRL ON L.S.D. HAD TO BE CARRIED OUT WHILE PLEADING, "I'D BE FINE IF THERE JUST WEREN'T ALL THOSE SPOTS ON THE WALLS!"



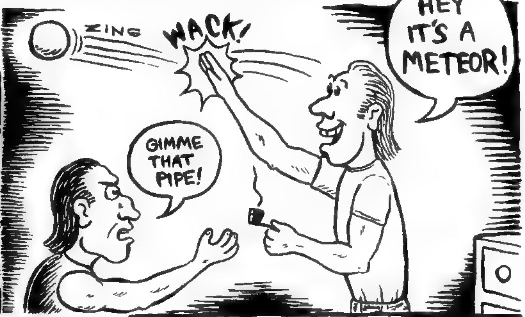
MY OWN PARTICULAR WORST EXPERIENCE IN THE ROOM ON L.S.D. OCCURRED WHEN I STRUCK A MATCH AND HALF THE LIT HEAD BROKE OFF AND FLEW INTO MY EYE.


BURN ON EYELID EDGE
GRAY BURNT SPOT ON LENS OF EYE

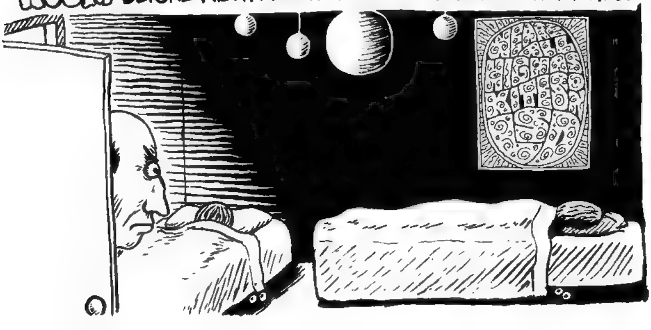
THE ROOM WOULD OFTEN BECOME SO FOUL WITH TOBACCO SMOKE IT'S A WONDER IT COULD SUPPORT LIFE. WE'D SIT IN THERE FOR HOURS LISTENING TO JIMI, VELVETS, CANNED HEAT OR THE WHITE ALBUM ON A $25 STEREO


TEENS ARE THE ONLY ONES DUMB ENOUGH TO START SMOKING

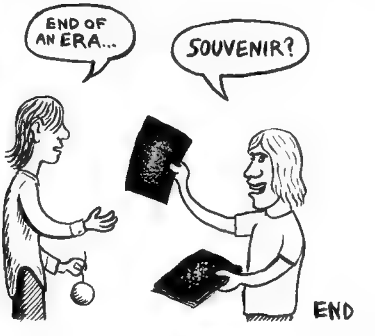
ONCE SOME OBNOXIOUS GREASER TYPES WE KNEW CRASHED THE ROOM AND KNOCKED ALL THE PLANETS OFF THE CEILING. WE GAVE THEM OLD STEMS AND SEEDS TO SMOKE AND THE MORONS DID.

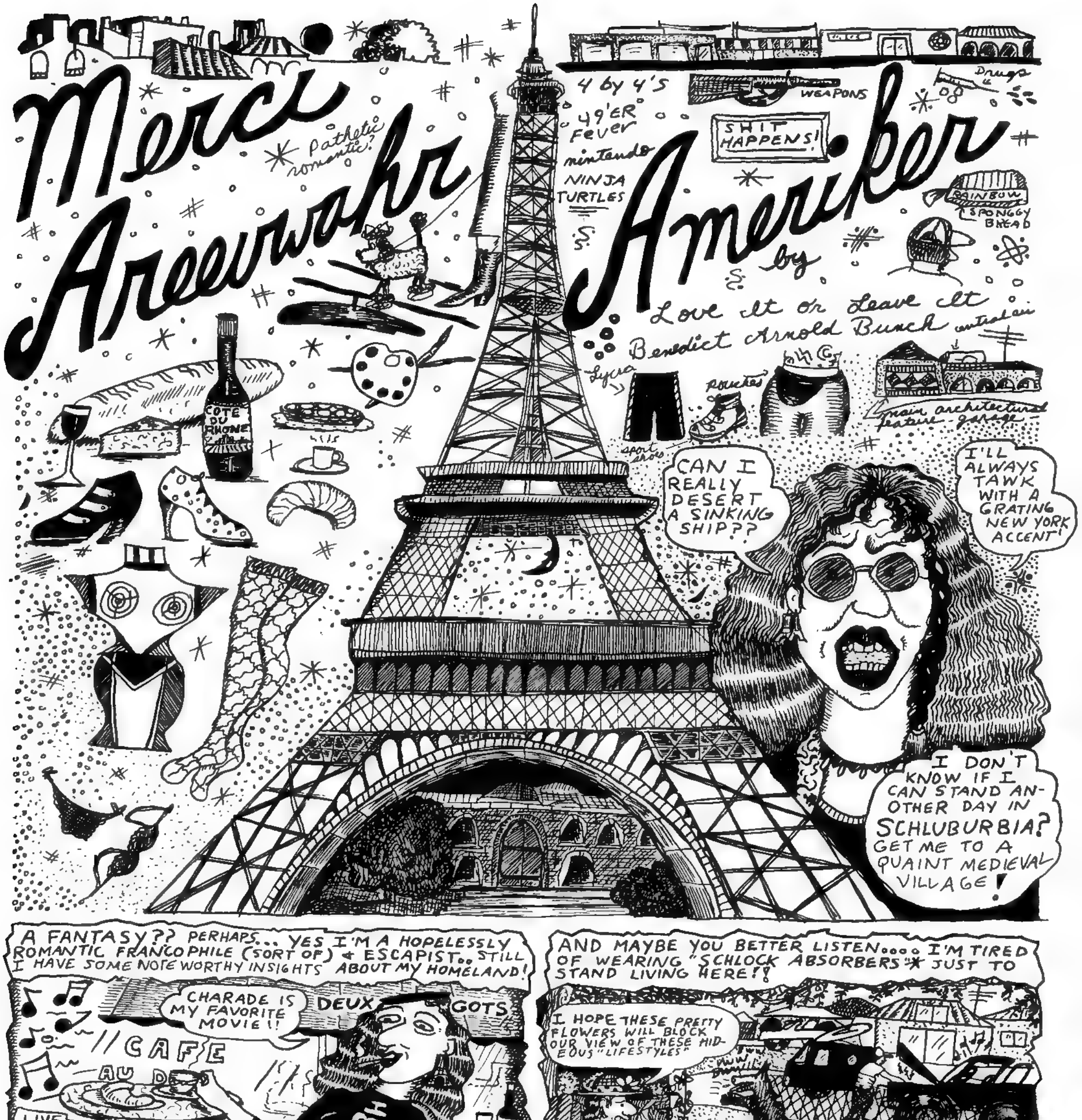

ZING
WACK!
HEY IT'S A METEOR!
GIMME THAT PIPE!

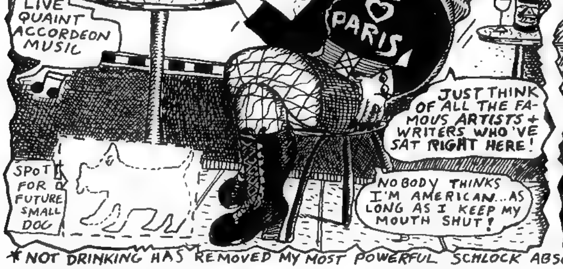
WHEN IT GOT LATE WE'D HAVE TO QUIET DOWN SO AS TO HEAR THE RUMBLE OF MIKE'S FATHER'S TRUCK AS IT PULLED INTO THE DRIVEWAY. THAT WAS OUR CUE TO EITHER PRETEND TO BE SLEEPING OR HIDE UNDER BEDS OR IN THE CLOSET UNTIL HE LOOKED INTO THE ROOM BEFORE RETIRING .... THEN WE'D RESUME ACTIVITIES.

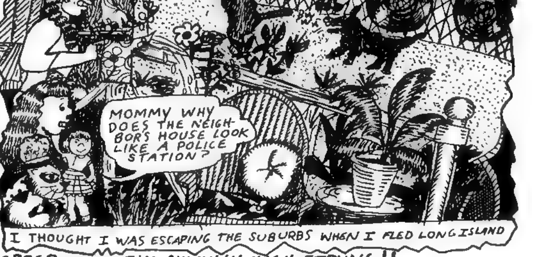


FINALLY MIKE'S FATHER MADE HIM TEAR DOWN THE ROOM BUT BY THEN WE WERE BURNT OUT ON IT ANYWAY.

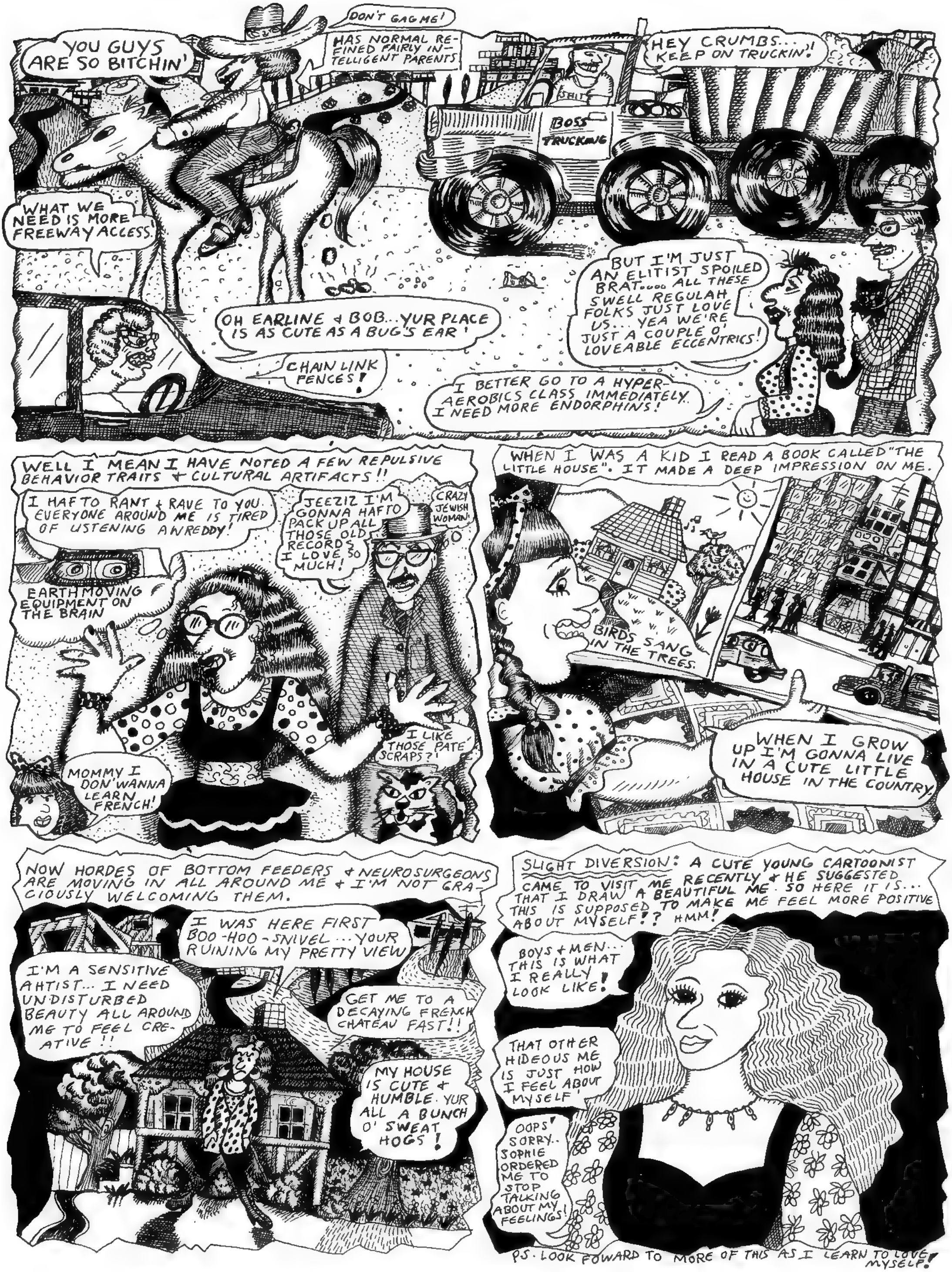

END OF AN ERA...
SOUVENIR?
END


Merci Areewahr Ameriker
by
Love It or Leave It
Benedict Arnold Bunch
pathetic romantic?
COTE DU RHONE
4 by 4's
49'ER Fever
nintendo
NINJA TURTLES
WEAPONS
Drugs
SHIT HAPPENS!
RAINBOW
SPONGGY BREAD
Lycra
sport shoes
main architectural feature garage
CAN I REALLY DESERT A SINKING SHIP??
I'LL ALWAYS TAWK WITH A GRATING NEW YORK ACCENT!
I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN STAND ANOTHER DAY IN SCHLUBURBIA? GET ME TO A QUAINT MEDIEVAL VILLAGE!

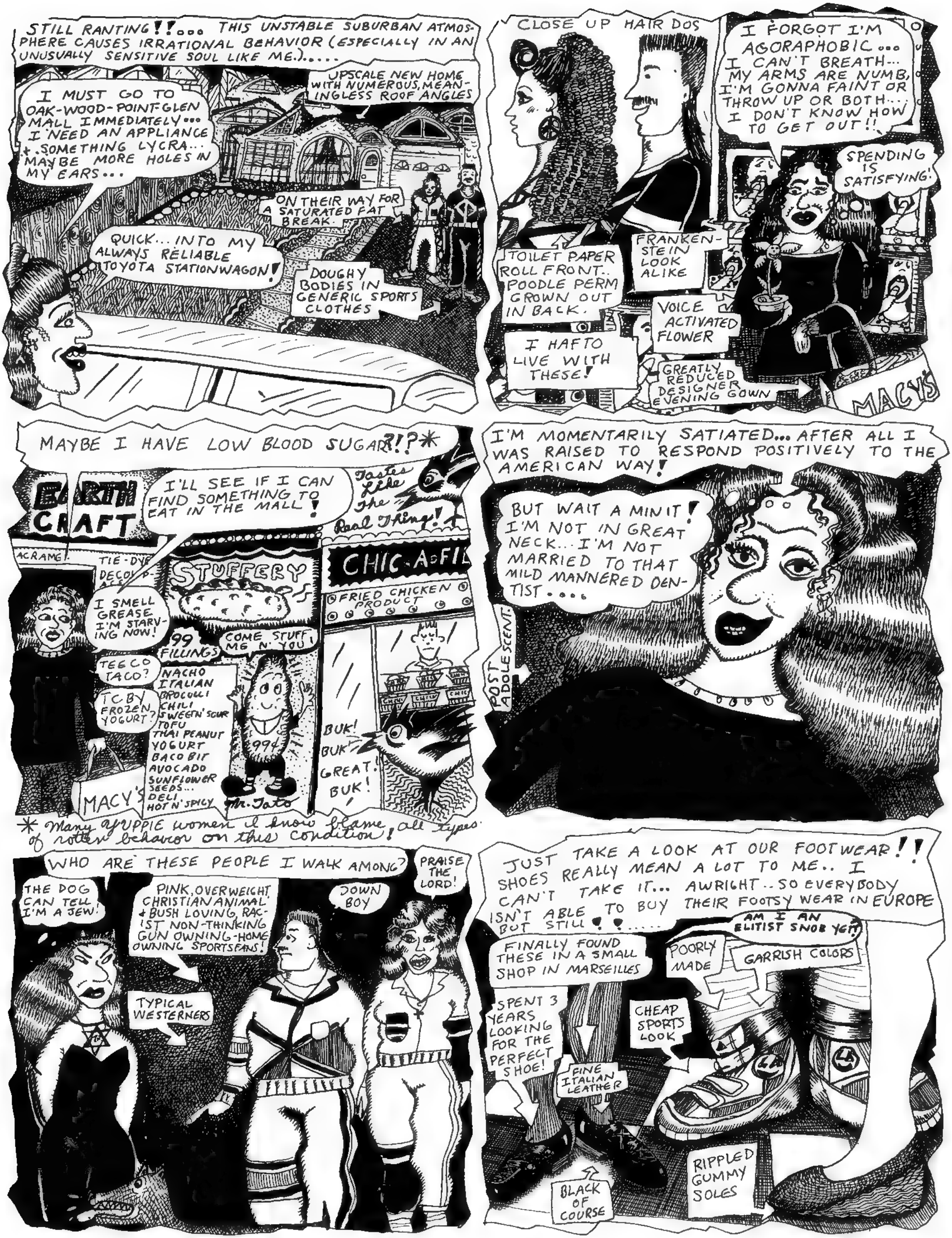

A FANTASY?? PERHAPS... YES I'M A HOPELESSLY ROMANTIC FRANCOPHILE (SORT OF) + ESCAPIST.. STILL I HAVE SOME NOTEWORTHY INSIGHTS ABOUT MY HOMELAND!
CHARADE IS MY FAVORITE MOVIE!!
DEUX
GOTS
CAFE AU D
LIVE QUAINT ACCORDEON MUSIC
PARIS
JUST THINK OF ALL THE FAMOUS ARTISTS + WRITERS WHO'VE SAT RIGHT HERE!
SPOT FOR FUTURE SMALL DOG
NOBODY THINKS I'M AMERICAN... AS LONG AS I KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT!

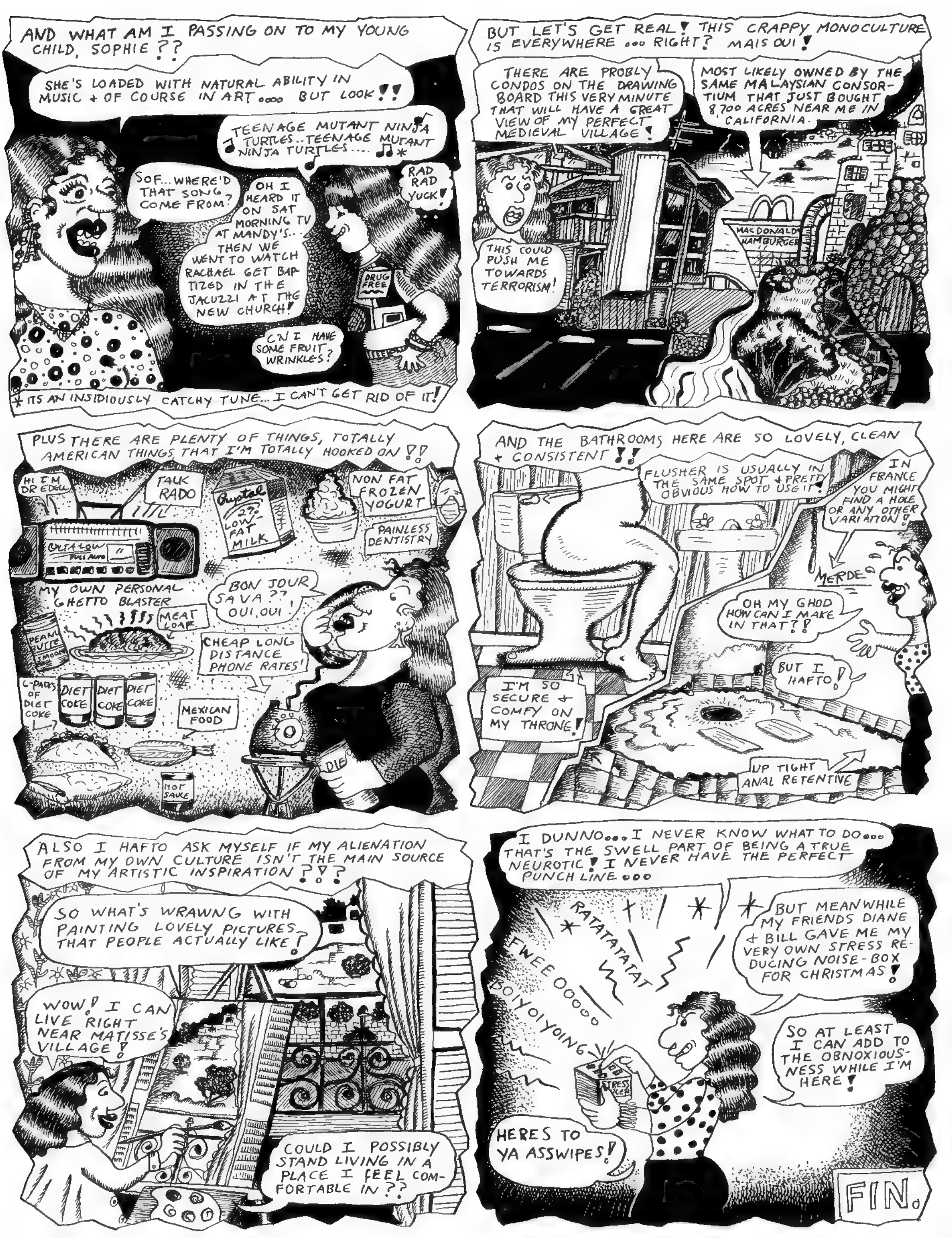

AND MAYBE YOU BETTER LISTEN.... I'M TIRED OF WEARING "SCHLOCK ABSORBERS"* JUST TO STAND LIVING HERE!!
I HOPE THESE PRETTY FLOWERS WILL BLOCK OUR VIEW OF THESE HIDEOUS "LIFESTYLES"
MOMMY WHY DOES THE NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE LOOK LIKE A POLICE STATION?
I THOUGHT I WAS ESCAPING THE SUBURBS WHEN I FLED LONG ISLAND

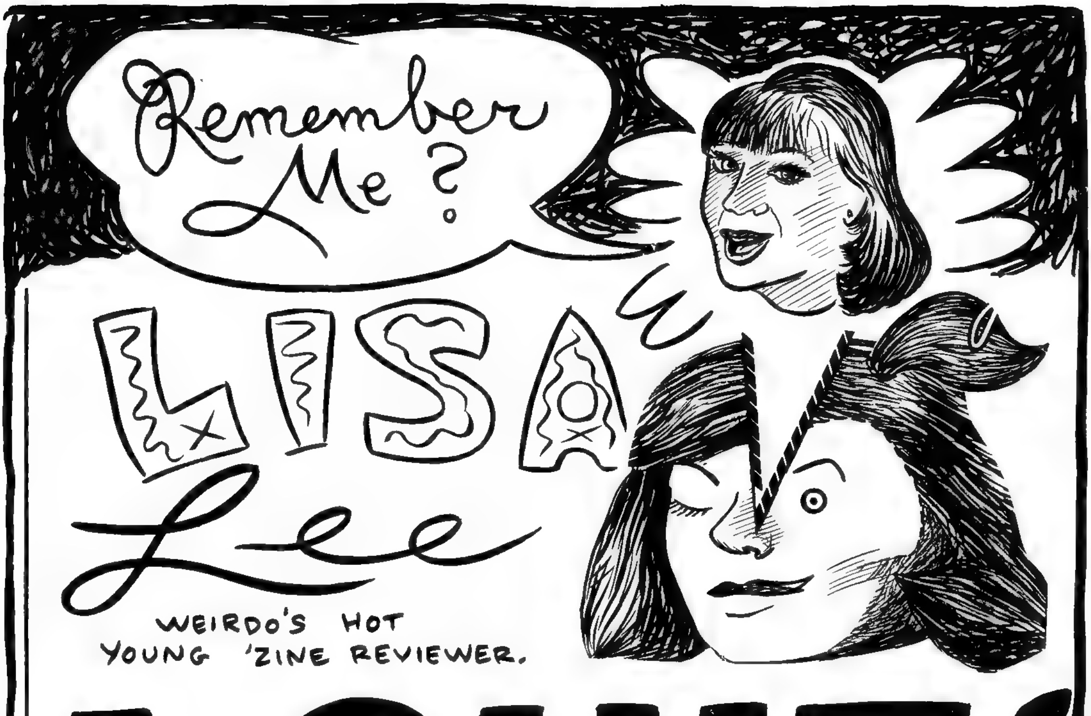
* NOT DRINKING HAS REMOVED MY MOST POWERFUL SCHLOCK ABSORBER ... YES I'M AWFULLY HIGH STRUNG!!


YOU GUYS ARE SO BITCHIN'
DON'T GAG ME!
HAS NORMAL REFINED FAIRLY INTELLIGENT PARENTS
HEY CRUMBS... KEEP ON TRUCKIN'!
SHIT
BOSS TRUCKING
WHAT WE NEED IS MORE FREEWAY ACCESS.
OH EARLINE & BOB... YUR PLACE IS AS CUTE AS A BUG'S EAR'
CHAIN LINK FENCES!
BUT I'M JUST AN ELITIST SPOILED BRAT..... ALL THESE SWELL REGULAH FOLKS JUST LOVE US.. YEA WE'RE JUST A COUPLE O' LOVEABLE ECCENTRICS!
I BETTER GO TO A HYPER-AEROBICS CLASS IMMEDIATELY. I NEED MORE ENDORPHINS!
WELL I MEAN I HAVE NOTED A FEW REPULSIVE BEHAVIOR TRAITS & CULTURAL ARTIFACTS!!
I HAF TO RANT & RAVE TO YOU. EVERYONE AROUND ME IS TIRED OF LISTENING AWREDDY!
JEEZIZ I'M GONNA HAFTO PACK UP ALL THOSE OLD RECORDS I LOVE SO MUCH!
CRAZY JEWISH WOMAN!
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT ON THE BRAIN
I LIKE THOSE PATE SCRAPS?!
MOMMY I DON'WANNA LEARN FRENCH!
WHEN I WAS A KID I READ A BOOK CALLED "THE LITTLE HOUSE". IT MADE A DEEP IMPRESSION ON ME.
BIRDS SANG IN THE TREES.
WHEN I GROW UP I'M GONNA LIVE IN A CUTE LITTLE HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.
NOW HORDES OF BOTTOM FEEDERS & NEUROSURGEONS ARE MOVING IN ALL AROUND ME & I'M NOT GRACIOUSLY WELCOMING THEM.
I WAS HERE FIRST BOO-HOO-SNIVEL... YOUR RUINING MY PRETTY VIEW
I'M A SENSITIVE AHTIST... I NEED UNDISTURBED BEAUTY ALL AROUND ME TO FEEL CREATIVE!!
GET ME TO A DECAYING FRENCH CHATEAU FAST!!
MY HOUSE IS CUTE & HUMBLE. YUR ALL A BUNCH O' SWEAT HOGS!
SLIGHT DIVERSION: A CUTE YOUNG CARTOONIST CAME TO VISIT ME RECENTLY & HE SUGGESTED THAT I DRAW A BEAUTIFUL ME. SO HERE IT IS... THIS IS SUPPOSED TO MAKE ME FEEL MORE POSITIVE ABOUT MYSELF!? HMM!
BOYS & MEN.. THIS IS WHAT I REALLY LOOK LIKE!
THAT OTHER HIDEOUS ME IS JUST HOW I FEEL ABOUT MYSELF'
OOPS' SORRY.. SOPHIE ORDERED ME TO STOP TALKING ABOUT MY FEELINGS!

PS. LOOK FOWARD TO MORE OF THIS AS I LEARN TO LOVE MYSELF!


STILL RANTING!!... THIS UNSTABLE SUBURBAN ATMOSPHERE CAUSES IRRATIONAL BEHAVIOR (ESPECIALLY IN AN UNUSUALLY SENSITIVE SOUL LIKE ME.).....
I MUST GO TO OAK-WOOD-POINT-GLEN MALL IMMEDIATELY... I NEED AN APPLIANCE + SOMETHING LYCRA... MAYBE MORE HOLES IN MY EARS...
UPSCALE NEW HOME WITH NUMEROUS, MEANINGLESS ROOF ANGLES
ON THEIR WAY FOR A SATURATED FAT BREAK.
QUICK... INTO MY ALWAYS RELIABLE TOYOTA STATIONWAGON!
DOUGHY BODIES IN GENERIC SPORTS CLOTHES
CLOSE UP HAIR DOS
TOILET PAPER ROLL FRONT.. POODLE PERM GROWN OUT IN BACK.
FRANKENSTEIN LOOK ALIKE
I HAFTO LIVE WITH THESE!
I FORGOT I'M AGORAPHOBIC... I CAN'T BREATH... MY ARMS ARE NUMB, I'M GONNA FAINT OR THROW UP OR BOTH... I DON'T KNOW HOW TO GET OUT!!
SPENDING IS SATISFYING!
VOICE ACTIVATED FLOWER
GREATLY REDUCED DESIGNER EVENING GOWN
MACY'S
MAYBE I HAVE LOW BLOOD SUGAR?!?*
EARTH CRAFT
MACRAME
TIE-DYE DECOR ACC
I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND SOMETHING TO EAT IN THE MALL!
Tastes Like The Real Thing!
STUFFERY
CHIC-A-FIL
FRIED CHICKEN PRODUCT
I SMELL GREASE I'M STARVING NOW!
99 FILLINGS
COME STUFF ME N' YOU!
TEECO TACO?
TCBY FROZEN YOGURT?
NACHO ITALIAN BROCULLI CHILI SWEET N' SOUR TOFU THAI PEANUT YOGURT BACO BIT AVOCADO SUNFLOWER SEEDS... DELI HOT N' SPICY
99¢
Mr. Tato
MACY'S
BUK! BUK! GREAT! BUK!
* Many YUPPIE women I know blame all types of rotten behavior on this condition!
I'M MOMENTARILY SATIATED... AFTER ALL I WAS RAISED TO RESPOND POSITIVELY TO THE AMERICAN WAY!
BUT WAIT A MINIT! I'M NOT IN GREAT NECK... I'M NOT MARRIED TO THAT MILD MANNERED DENTIST...
POST ADOLESCENT.
WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE I WALK AMONG?
THE DOG CAN TELL I'M A JEW!
PINK, OVERWEIGHT CHRISTIAN ANIMAL + BUSH LOVING, RACIST NON-THINKING GUN OWNING-HOME OWNING SPORTSFANS!
DOWN BOY
PRAISE THE LORD!
TYPICAL WESTERNERS
JUST TAKE A LOOK AT OUR FOOTWEAR!! SHOES REALLY MEAN A LOT TO ME.. I CAN'T TAKE IT... AWRIGHT.. SO EVERYBODY ISN'T ABLE TO BUY THEIR FOOTSY WEAR IN EUROPE BUT STILL!!.....
AM I AN ELITIST SNOB YET?
FINALLY FOUND THESE IN A SMALL SHOP IN MARSEILLES
POORLY MADE
GARRISH COLORS
SPENT 3 YEARS LOOKING FOR THE PERFECT SHOE!
CHEAP SPORTS LOOK
FINE ITALIAN LEATHER
BLACK OF COURSE
RIPPLED GUMMY SOLES


AND WHAT AM I PASSING ON TO MY YOUNG CHILD, SOPHIE ??
SHE'S LOADED WITH NATURAL ABILITY IN MUSIC + OF COURSE IN ART ... BUT LOOK!!
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES.. TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES.... *
SOF... WHERE'D THAT SONG COME FROM?
OH I HEARD IT ON SAT MORNING TV AT MANDY'S.. THEN WE WENT TO WATCH RACHAEL GET BAPTIZED IN THE JACUZZI AT THE NEW CHURCH!
RAD RAD YUCK!
DRUG FREE
C'N I HAVE SOME FRUIT WRINKLES?
* ITS AN INSIDIOUSLY CATCHY TUNE... I CAN'T GET RID OF IT!
BUT LET'S GET REAL! THIS CRAPPY MONOCULTURE IS EVERYWHERE ... RIGHT? MAIS OUI!
THERE ARE PROBLY CONDOS ON THE DRAWING BOARD THIS VERY MINUTE THAT WILL HAVE A GREAT VIEW OF MY PERFECT MEDIEVAL VILLAGE!
MOST LIKELY OWNED BY THE SAME MALAYSIAN CONSORTIUM THAT JUST BOUGHT 8,700 ACRES NEAR ME IN CALIFORNIA.
MACDONALD HAMBURGER
THIS COULD PUSH ME TOWARDS TERRORISM!
PLUS THERE ARE PLENTY OF THINGS, TOTALLY AMERICAN THINGS THAT I'M TOTALLY HOOKED ON!!
HI I'M DR EDELL
TALK RADO
Crystal 2% LOW-FAT MILK
NON FAT FROZEN YOGURT
PAINLESS DENTISTRY
ULTRA LOW FULL AUTO
MY OWN PERSONAL GHETTO BLASTER
BON JOUR SA VA ?? OUI, OUI!
PEANUT BUTTER SMOOTH
MEAT LOAF
CHEAP LONG DISTANCE PHONE RATES!
6-PACKS OF DIET COKE
DIET COKE
DIET COKE
DIET COKE
MEXICAN FOOD
HOT SAUCE
DIET
AND THE BATHROOMS HERE ARE SO LOVELY, CLEAN + CONSISTENT!!
FLUSHER IS USUALLY IN THE SAME SPOT + PRETTY OBVIOUS HOW TO USE IT!
IN FRANCE YOU MIGHT FIND A HOLE OR ANY OTHER VARIATION!
MERDE
OH MY GHOD HOW CAN I MAKE IN THAT?!
BUT I HAFTO!
I'M SO SECURE + COMFY ON MY THRONE!
UP TIGHT ANAL RETENTIVE
ALSO I HAFTO ASK MYSELF IF MY ALIENATION FROM MY OWN CULTURE ISN'T THE MAIN SOURCE OF MY ARTISTIC INSPIRATION ?!?
SO WHAT'S WRAWNG WITH PAINTING LOVELY PICTURES THAT PEOPLE ACTUALLY LIKE!
WOW! I CAN LIVE RIGHT NEAR MATISSE'S VILLAGE!
COULD I POSSIBLY STAND LIVING IN A PLACE I FEEL COMFORTABLE IN??
I DUNNO... I NEVER KNOW WHAT TO DO... THAT'S THE SWELL PART OF BEING A TRUE NEUROTIC! I NEVER HAVE THE PERFECT PUNCH LINE...
RATATATATAT
FWEEOOOOO
BOIYOIYOING
BUT MEANWHILE MY FRIENDS DIANE + BILL GAVE ME MY VERY OWN STRESS REDUCING NOISE-BOX FOR CHRISTMAS!
SO AT LEAST I CAN ADD TO THE OBNOXIOUSNESS WHILE I'M HERE!
STRESS RELIEVER
HERES TO YA ASSWIPES!
FIN.


Remember Me?

LISA Lee

WEIRDO'S HOT YOUNG 'ZINE REVIEWER.

I QUIT!

THAT'S RIGHT! *I QUIT!* TEARFULLY, I BLURTED THIS OUT, "SPILLED MY GUTS" IN FRONT OF THE WHOLE STAFF HERE AT THE *Weirdo* CORPORATE OFFICES LAST MONTH. BUT BECAUSE THEY FEARED *MY* EXIT WOULD RUIN *Weirdo*, AVALINE AND ROB DECIDED TO FOLD THIS RAG — AND NOW THEY'RE TRYING TO SMEAR MY REPUTATION BY CLAIMING I WAS A **LOVE SLAVE**. (CAN YOU IMAGINE! ME! LISA LEE! A SLAVE TO LOVE — OR ANYTHING FOR THAT MATTER? UNLESS OF COURSE IT LEADS TO FINANCIAL SUCCESS). SO WHAT IF I TOOK A KICKBACK ON THOSE BLOW JOBS I GAVE TO ALL OF ROBERT'S CROW QUILL SALESMEN?! HOW ELSE AM I GONNA GET OUT OF THIS LOUSY TRAILER THAT STINKS LIKE LIZARDS AND SKUNKS AND THERE'S NO T.V. NO JOAN LUNDEN TO GET ME OFF IN THE MORNING!

ACTUALLY, I *HAD* TO TAKE THE MONEY FROM THOSE SLIME BUCKET SALESMEN. SEEING THAT GOLD MERCEDES CRUSHED IN THE RUBBLE OF THE I-880 FREEWAY (S.F. EARTHQUAKE) *INSTANTLY* CLARIFIED MY PRIORITIES!

UNH UNH!
$
"IF ITS ROCKIN' DON'T COME 'A KNOCKIN'"
—anon.
(or "Truckin'" Bob!)

HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SUCH A FOOL TO HAVE PUT MY *FAST TRACK* ASPIRATIONS ON HOLD IN SERVICE OF THESE HIPPIE CARTOONISTS? COULD I BE A HIPPIE TRAPPED INSIDE A YUPPIE BODY?!

AND **WHAT'S THIS? INK!**

TEARS OF INK FLOW FROM MY VACCUOUS 2-DIMENSIONAL EYES... GOD KNOWS I TRIED TO DELIVER SOMETHING DECENT IN THIS DINKY LITTLE COLUMN.

FIRST MY BOOK, TRIP INTO WEALTH, MAN.

ONLY ONE BRIGHT YOUNG WIMP SENT IN HIS $5.00. ANONYMOUSE BOSCHE, I THANK YOU... BUT IT'LL BARELY COVER THE TIP FOR VALET PARKING AT FOLSOM LAKE WHEN I GO ON MY DREAM DATE WITH T. EARL OF CARMICHAEL, CA., WINNER OF THE CONTEST. IS THERE A TRAILER BEHIND YOUR HOUSE WITH ENOUGH PARKING FOR A GOLD MERCEDES?

AND THE PURPOSE (SUPPOSED) OF MY EMPLOYMENT: 'ZINE REVIEW. ALL THOSE FLATULENT ATTEMPTS AT ANGST! (NO WONDER I PREFERRED GIVING HEAD) TAKE IT FROM THE PEA BRAIN BEHIND THESE ESTEE LAUDER LIPS: COPY MACHINES ARE CRYING FOR MERCY! AND WHY MAKE EVERYONE MISERABLE? OF COURSE IF YOU INSIST ON CONTINUING IN COMICS, YOU'LL FIND LOTS OF ENTHUSIASM AND ENCOURAGEMENT IN A LITTLE MAG CALLED COMICS F/X HERE'S THE ADDRESS:

COMICS F/X %
MU PRESS
PO BOX 95968
SEATTLE, WA 98145-2968

"They'll do you right" sez ARSENIO HALL (ONE OF MY OLD LOVERS.)

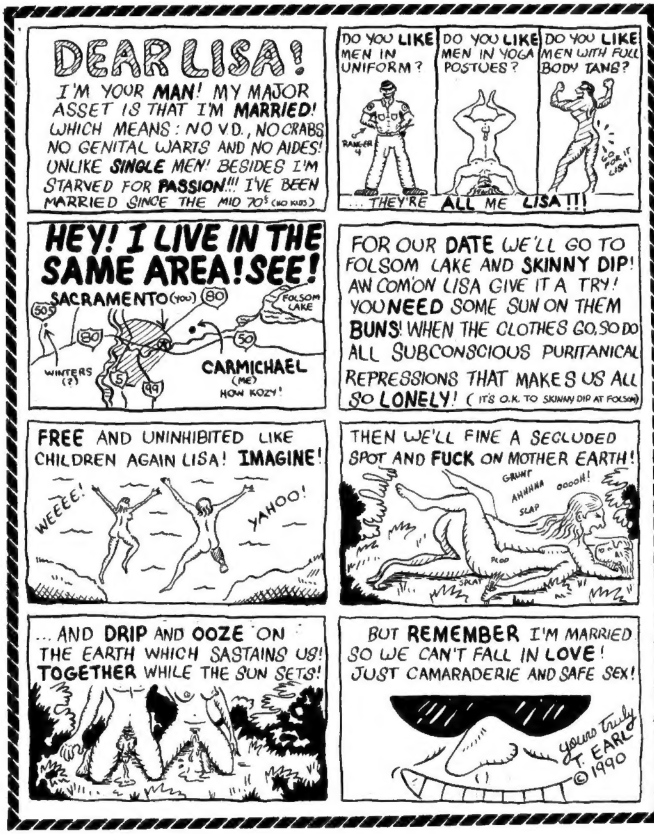
SO WHERE DOES THAT PUT ME IN THE 90'S NOW THAT I'M LEAVING COMICS BEHIND— IT PUTS ME OUT THERE IN THE REAL WORLD. PUSHING THE LIMITS, OF HUMAN GREED TO THE MAX! FUCK THIS PLACE! IVAN BOSKEY I LOVE YOU.

YOU AND T. EARL CAN WRITE ME AT THIS BOX:

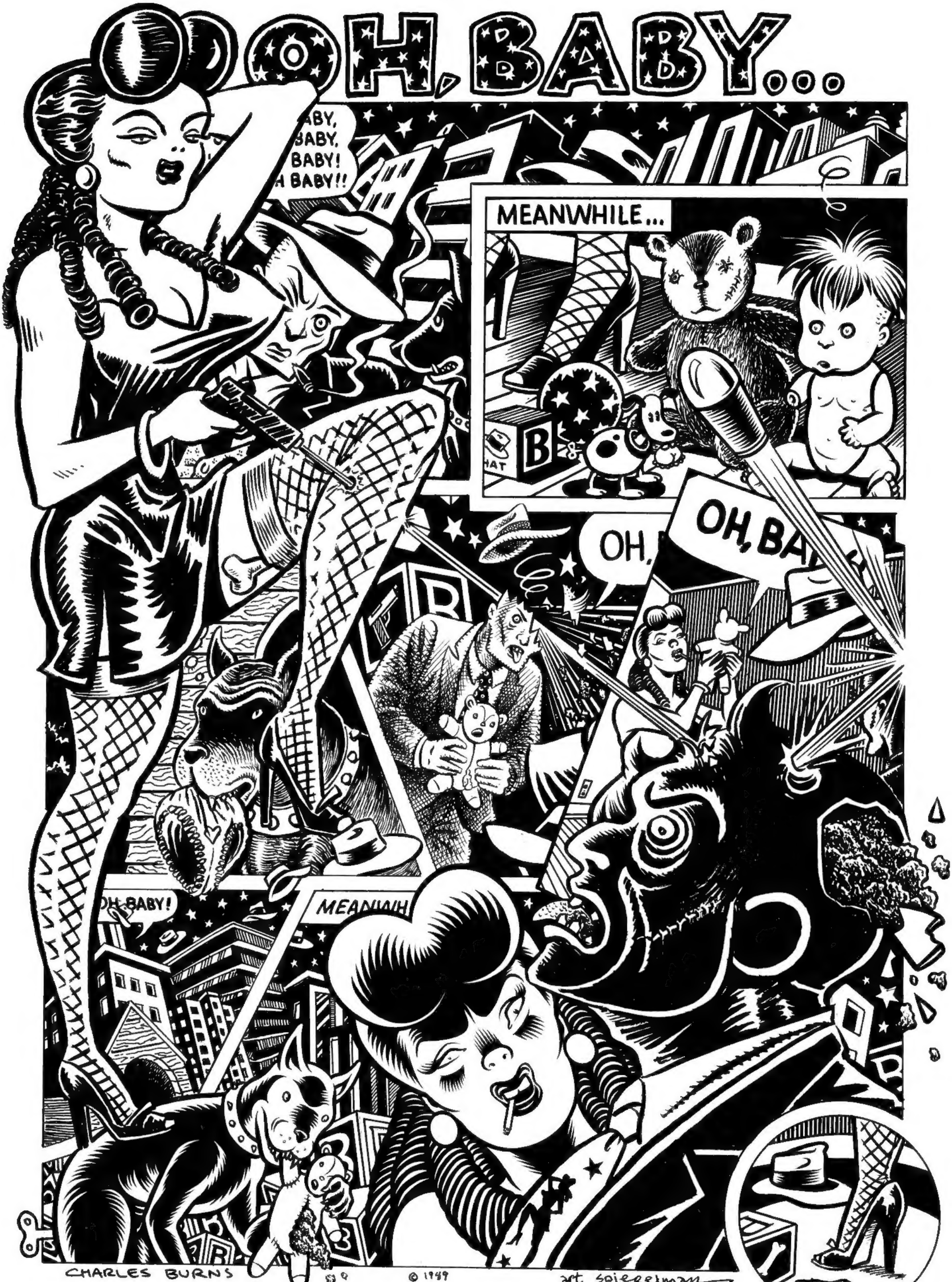
Lisa Lee c/o CAMILLIA VERDEVICH
P.O. BOX 191594
Sacramento, CALIF 95819

'Bye and Luv Ya! Leesee

DREAM DATE CONTEST WINNER!


DEAR LISA!
I'M YOUR MAN! MY MAJOR ASSET IS THAT I'M MARRIED! WHICH MEANS: NO V.D., NO CRABS NO GENITAL WARTS AND NO AIDES! UNLIKE SINGLE MEN! BESIDES I'M STARVED FOR PASSION!!! I'VE BEEN MARRIED SINCE THE MID 70's (NO KIDS)
DO YOU LIKE MEN IN UNIFORM?
RANGER 4
DO YOU LIKE MEN IN YOGA POSTUES?
DO YOU LIKE MEN WITH FULL BODY TANS?
GO FOR IT LISA!
... THEY'RE ALL ME LISA!!!
HEY! I LIVE IN THE SAME AREA! SEE!
SACRAMENTO (YOU)
80
505
80
50
5
99
FOLSOM LAKE
WINTERS (?)
CARMICHAEL (ME)
HOW KOZY!
FOR OUR DATE WE'LL GO TO FOLSOM LAKE AND SKINNY DIP! AW COM'ON LISA GIVE IT A TRY! YOU NEED SOME SUN ON THEM BUNS! WHEN THE CLOTHES GO, SO DO ALL SUBCONSCIOUS PURITANICAL REPRESSIONS THAT MAKES US ALL SO LONELY! (IT'S O.K. TO SKINNY DIP AT FOLSOM)
FREE AND UNINHIBITED LIKE CHILDREN AGAIN LISA! IMAGINE!
WEEEE!
YAHOO!
THEN WE'LL FINE A SECLUDED SPOT AND FUCK ON MOTHER EARTH!
GRUNT
AHHHHA
OOOOH!
SLAP
PLOP
SPLAT
... AND DRIP AND OOZE ON THE EARTH WHICH SASTAINS US! TOGETHER WHILE THE SUN SETS!
BUT REMEMBER I'M MARRIED SO WE CAN'T FALL IN LOVE! JUST CAMARADERIE AND SAFE SEX!
yours truly T. EARL © 1990

I'M OFF TO GREENER ($$) PA$TURE$!


OH, BABY...
ABY,
BABY,
BABY!
H BABY!!
MEANWHILE...
B
HAT
OH,
OH, BA
OH, BABY!
MEANWH

CHARLES BURNS © 1989 art spiegelman

A Pyramid Scan
CW.
C2C • Quality • CBZ